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THE

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FOURTH READER:

CONTAINING

A SIMPLE, COMPREHENSIVE, AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ELOCUTION; NUMEROUS AND CLASSIFIED EXERCISES IN READING AND DECLAMATION; COPIOUS NOTES; AND A COMPLETE SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX.

BY RICHARD GREENE PARKER
AND
J. MADISON WATSON.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

1869.

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PREFACE.

THE opportunities presented in this volume for the practice of all the characteristics of a good reader are many and important; and the selections themselves, made as they are from so great a number of authors whose works are well known and highly estimated, while they subserve the purpose for which they have been arranged, can not fail to inform the understanding, improve the taste, and cultivate the heart.

Part First embraces a simple, complete, and eminently practical Treatise on Elocution. The principles and rules are stated in a succinct and lucid manner, and followed by examples and exercises of sufficient number and extent to enable the student thoroughly to master *each* point as presented, as well as to acquire a distinct comprehension of the parts as a *whole*.

In Part Second, while the exercises in reading have been graded in a systematic manner, presenting the simplest pieces first in order, it will also be found that a strict classification has been preserved with regard to the nature of the subjects. Many of the pieces have never before appeared in any reading-books; and, in most of those which are not entirely new, some new feature, or features, will be found to give freshness and peculiar adaptation.

It has been our especial aim, while introducing a great variety of the choicest literature of the English language into this work, to reject such pieces as, from the nature of their subjects, would not be understood by the pupils for whom the book has been prepared.

Great pains have been taken to indicate the pronunciation of all words liable to be mispronounced, *where* they occur; and in

notes, placed for convenience *at the bottom of each page*, will be found full explanations of difficult or uncommon words, not only by their appropriate synonyms, but, wherever necessary, by an extended paraphrase. Biographical sketches of noted persons whose names occur in the reading exercises, and explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions, are also given in the notes.

The improvements made in the revision of this work are many and important. The two general divisions of Elocution, Orthoëpy and Expression, are recognized, and all the subdivisions under each introduced, thus involving the addition of a thorough, though simple, orthoëpical and orthographical Analysis of Words and of Phonetic Exercises, as well as the introduction of new sections on Slur and Monotone, and many new and apt examples for illustration. In order to afford pupils opportunities to exercise their judgment, taste, and discrimination, in determining the use and application of these examples, several of them are left *unmarked* under each section.

The collection of Reading Lessons has been greatly improved by judicious omissions, and by the introduction of a number of the most interesting and deservedly popular recent productions, both in prose and verse. The classification of the Lessons is more systematic and thorough than that ever before attempted in any corresponding work. The pieces are divided into formal sections in each of which only one leading subject is treated, or one important element of Elocution rendered prominent. It is confidently believed that all practical AIDS are furnished by the orthoëpical notation, the index to words defined and words pronounced, the copious notes, and, for temporary purposes, the index to editions.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1866.

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PART I.

HISTORY

PART I.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. GOOD ELOCUTION, in reading or speaking, is uttering ideäs understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOËPY and EXPRESSION.

ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. ORAL ELEMENTS are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. ORAL ELEMENTS ARE PRODUCED by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS OF SPEECH are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. VOICE IS PRODUCED by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.[1]

6. ORAL ELEMENTS ARE DIVIDED into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

7. TONICS are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. SUBTONICS are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. ATONICS are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. LETTERS are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. THE ALPHABET IS DIVIDED into vowels and consonants.

12. VOWELS are the letters that usually represent the tonic elements. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.[2]

13. A DIPHTHONG is the union of two vowels in one syllable; as, *ou* in *our*.

14. A DIGRAPH, or Improper Diphthong, is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as *oa* in l*oa*f, *ou* in c*ou*rt.

15. A TRIPHTHONG is the union of three vowels in one syllable; as *eau* in b*eau*, *ieu* in ad*ieu*.

16. CONSONANTS[3] are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng*; th subtonic, and *th* atonic.

17. LABIALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* may be

---

[1] **Larynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea or windpipe, consisting of five gristly pieces which form the organ of voice.

[2] **W not a Vowel.**—As *w*, standing alone, does not represent a pure or unmodified tone in the English language, it is not here classified with the vowels.

[3] **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, literally meaning, *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately, and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *taken* (*kn*).

regarded as a nasal labial, as its sound is affected by the nose. *F* and *v* are labia-dentals.

18. DENTALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

19. LINGUALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

20. PALATALS are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

21. COGNATES are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, &c.

22. ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *pique*.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the pupils to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the figured vowel, or ĭtalic consonant, four times—thus; åge,—å, å, å, å; āte,—ā, ā, ā, ā: ât,—â, â, â, â; ăsh,—ă, ă, ă, ă, &c. He will exercise the class until

each pupil can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

å or ā,[1]	as in	åge,	āte.	ı̊ or ī,	as in	ı̊ce,	chīld.
å or ă,	"	åt,	ăsh.	ı̊ or ĭ,	"	ı̊nk,	ĭnch.
å,	"	årt,	årm.	o̊ or ō,	"	o̊ld,	hōme.
å,	"	åll,	båll.	o̊ or ŏ,[5]	"	o̊n,	frŏst.
å,[2]	"	båre,	cåre.	o̊,	"	do̊,	prŏve.
å,[3]	"	åsk,	glåss.	u̇ or ū,[6]	"	cu̇be,	cūre.
è or ē,	"	hè,	thēse.	ů or ŭ,	"	bůd,	hŭsh.
è or ĕ,	"	èlk,	ĕnd.	ů,	"	fůll,	půsh.
è,[4]	"	hèr,	vĕrse.	*ou*,	"	*our*,	h*ou*se.

[1] **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

[2] **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by *a*, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say, ā.

[3] **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by *a*, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening å.

[4] **E Third.**—The third element represented by *e*, is *e* as heard in *end*, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

[5] **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by (o̊ or ŏ) the same marks as its regular second power. This modified or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in *not*, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *ŏff*, *sŏft*, *crŏss*, *cŏst*, *brŏth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gŏne*, *begŏne*; *lŏng*, *alŏng*, *prŏng*, *sŏng*, *strŏng*, *thŏng*, *thrŏng*, *wrŏng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad *a* (*a* in *all*), is *vulgar*.

[6] **U initial—preceded by R.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *ūse*. When *u* long, or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as, *rude*, *sure*, *brew*.

II. SUBTONICS.

b,	as in	*b*a*b*e,	or*b*.	*r*,[1]	as in	*r*ake,	ba*r*.
d,	"	*d*id,	*d*im.	th,	"	this,	wi*th*.
g,	"	*g*ag,	*g*ig.	*v*,	"	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
j,	"	*j*oin,	*j*oint.	*w*,	"	*w*ake,	*w*ise.
l,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane.	*y*,	"	*y*ard,	*y*es.
m,	"	*m*ild,	*m*ind.	*z*,	"	*z*est,	ga*z*e.
n,	"	*n*ame,	*n*ine.	z,	"	azure,	glazier.
ng,	"	ga*ng*,	sa*ng*.				

III. ATONICS.

f,	as in	*f*ame,	*f*ife.	*t*,	as in	*t*art,	toas*t*.
h,	"	*h*ark,	*h*arm.	*th*,	"	*th*ank,	you*th*.
k,	"	*k*ind,	*k*iss.	*ch*,	"	*ch*ase,	mar*ch*.
p,	"	*p*ipe,	*p*ump.	*sh*,	"	*sh*ade,	*sh*ake.
s,	"	*s*ame,	*s*ense.	*wh*,[2]	"	*wh*ale,	*wh*ite.

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p*; or*b*, *b*, &c. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

[1] **R trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. *R* may be *trilled* when immediately followed by a vowel in the same syllable. When thus situated in emphatic words, it should always be trilled. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

[2] **Wh.**—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

ATONICS.		SUBTONICS.	
lip,	*p.*	orb,	*b.*
*f*ife,	*f.*	vase,	*v.*
white,	*wh.*	wise,	*w.*
save,	*s.*	zeal,	*z.*
*sh*ade,	*sh.*	azure,	*z.*
*ch*arm,	*ch.*	join,	*j.*
tart,	*t.*	did,	*d.*
thing,	*th.*	this,	*th.*
kink,	*k.*	gig,	*g.*

IV.
ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first power* are *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in the words, g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee′, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For ȧ, *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee′, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For å, *ai, ua;* as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For å, *au, e, ea, ua;* as in h*au*nt, s*e*rgeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For å, *au, aw, eo, o, oa, ou;* as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, c*o*rk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For å, *ai, e, ea, ei;* as in ch*ai*r, th*e*re, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For ė, *ea, ee, ei, eo, ey, i, ie;* as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, val*i*se, f*ie*ld.

For ė, *a, ai, ay, ea, ei, eo, ie, u, ue;* as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ė, *ea, i, o, ou, u, ue, y;* as in *ea*rth, g*i*rl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, b*u*rn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For ī, *ai, ei, eye, ie, oi, ui, uy, y, ye;* as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, m*y*, r*ye*.

For ī, *ai, e, ee, ie, o, oi, u, ui, y;* as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, h*y*mn.

For ô, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in h*au*tboy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For o̊, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in wh*a*t, h*ou*gh, kn*ow*ledge.

For o̊, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, sp*oo*n, s*ou*p, r*u*de, fr*ui*t.

For ů, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ů, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For ů, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; as in w*o*lf, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow*; as in n*ow*.

For oi (åi), *oy*; as in b*oy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh*, *ph*; as in cou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, *g*; as in *g*em, *g*in.

For k, *c*, *ch*, *gh*, *q*; as in *c*ole, con*ch*, lou*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, *c*; as in *c*ell.

For t, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danced, *Th*ames, *phth*isic.

For v, *f*, *ph*; as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.

For y, *i*; as in pin*i*on.

For z, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in suffi*c*e, ro*s*e, *x*ebec.

For z, *g*, *s*; as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.

For ng, *n*; as in a*n*ger, ba*n*k.

For ch, *t*; as in fus*t*ian.

For sh, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in o*c*ean, *ch*aise, *s*ure, a*ss*ure, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables, as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sounds. Students will not pass from these exercises until they can utter the elements represented by the figured vowels in whatever order the instructor may require. As the *fifth* element rep-

resented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. The *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words. For convenience, *f* only is introduced in these combinations.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1.	bȧ,	bå,	bă,	bā,	bār,	bāf;	bė,	bē,	bēr;
	bi,	bī;	bŏ,	bō,	bō;	bŭ,	bū,	bŭ;	bou.
	ăb,	āb,	ăb,	āb,	ārb,	āf;	ėb,	ēb,	ērb;
	ĭb,	īb;	ŏb,	ōb,	ōb;	ŭb,	ūb,	ŭb;	oub.
	dȧ,	då,	dă,	dā,	dār,	dāf;	dė,	dē,	dēr;
	di,	dī;	dŏ,	dō,	dō;	dŭ,	dū,	dŭ;	dou.
	ăd,	ād,	ăd,	ād,	ārd,	āf;	ėd,	ēd,	ērd;
	ĭd,	īd;	ŏd,	ōd,	ōd;	ŭd,	ūd,	ŭd;	oud.
	gȧ,	gå,	gă,	gā,	gār,	gāf;	gė,	gē,	gēr;
	gi,	gī;	gŏ,	gō,	gō;	gŭ,	gū,	gŭ;	gou.
	ăg,	āg,	ăg,	āg,	ārg,	āf;	ėg,	ēg,	ērg;
	ĭg,	īg;	ŏg,	ōg,	ōg;	ŭg,	ūg,	ŭg;	oug.
2.	jāf,	jār,	jă,	jā,	jā,	jȧ;	jēr,	jē,	jė;
	ji,	jī;	jŏ,	jō,	jō;	jŭ,	jū,	jŭ;	jou.
	lāf,	lār,	lă,	lā,	lā,	lȧ;	lēr,	lē,	lė;
	li,	lī;	lŏ,	lō,	lō;	lŭ,	lū,	lŭ;	lou.
	āf,	ārl,	ăl,	āl,	āl,	ȧl;	ērl,	ēl,	ėl;
	ĭl,	īl;	ŏl,	ōl,	ōl;	ŭl,	ūl,	ŭl;	oul.
	māf,	mār,	mă,	mā,	mā,	mȧ;	mēr,	mē,	mė;
	mi,	mī;	mŏ,	mō,	mō;	mŭ,	mū,	mŭ;	mou.
	āf,	ārm,	ăm,	ām,	ām,	ȧm;	ērm,	ēm,	ėm;
	ĭm,	īm;	ŏm,	ōm,	ōm;	ŭm,	ūm,	ŭm;	oum.
3.	nȧ,	nå,	nă,	nār,	nāf,	nȧ;	nė,	nēr,	nē;
	ni,	nī;	nŏ,	nō,	nō;	nŭ,	nū,	nŭ;	nou.
	ăng,	ārng,	ăng,	āf,	āng,	ȧng;	ėng,	ērng,	ėng;
	ĭng,	īng;	ŏng,	ōng,	ōng;	ŭng,	ūng,	ŭng;	oung.
	rȧ,	rå,	rār,	rā,	rā,	rāf;	rė,	rēr,	rē;
	ri,	rī;	rŏ,	rō,	rō;	rŭ,	rū,	rŭ;	rou.

4. thȧ, thå, thȧr, thȧf, thå, thȧ; thėr, thė, thė;
thi, thī; thȯ, thȯ, thȯ; thu, thū, thŭ; thou.
åth, åth; åf, åth, årth, åth; ėth, ėrth, ėth;
ith, ith; ȯth, ȯth, ȯth; ūth, ūth, ŭth; outh
vȧ, vå, vȧr, vå, vȧf, vå; vėr, vė, vė;
vi, vī; vȯ, vȯ, vȯ; vu, vū, vŭ; vou.
åv, åf, åv, ȧv, åv, årv; ėrv, ėv, ėv;
iv, īv; ȯv, ȯv, ȯv; ūv, ŭv, ūv; ouv.
wȧ, wå, wȧr, wå, wå, wȧf; wėr, wė, wė;
wi, wī; wȯ, wȯ, wȯ; wu, wū, wŭ; wou.

5. yȧ, yå, yȧ, yȧ, yȧr, yȧf; yė, yė, yėr;
yi, yī; yȯ, yȯ, yȯ; yu, yū, yŭ; you.
zou; zū, zŭ, zu; zȯ, zȯ, zȯ; zi, zī;
zėr, zė, zė; zȧf, zȧr, zå, zå, zå, zȧ.
ouz; ūz, ŭz, uz; ȯz, ȯz, ȯz; iz, īz;
ėrz, ėz, ėz; åf, årz, åz, åz, åz, ȧz.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fă, få, fȧ, fȧr, fȧf; fē, fĕ, fėr;
fī, fĭ; fō, fŏ, fȯ; fū, fŭ, fů; fou.
hȧr, hȧf, hå, hȧ, hā, hă; hē, hĕ, hėr;
hī, hĭ; hō, hŏ, hȯ; hū, hŭ, hŭ; hou.
āk, ăk, åk, ȧk, ȧrk, åf; ēk, ĕk, ėrk;
īk, ĭk; ōk, ŏk, ȯk; ūk, ŭk, ŭk; ouk.
pā, pă, på, pȧ, pȧr, pȧf; pē, pĕ, pėr;
pī, pĭ; pō, pŏ, pȯ; pū, pŭ, pů; pou.

2. åf, ȧrs, ȧs, ȧs, ăs, ās; ėrs, ĕs, ēs;
īs, ĭs; ȯs, ŏs, ōs; ůs, ŭs, ūs; ous.
tȧf, tȧr, tå, tȧ, tă, tā; tėr, tĕ, tē;
tī, tĭ; tō, tŏ, tō; tū, tŭ, tŭ; tou.
thȧf, thȧr, thå, thȧ, thā, thă; thėr, thē, thĕ;
īth, ĭth; ōth, ȯth, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, ůth; outh.
ouch; ůch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, ȯch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ėrch, ēch, ĕch; åf, āch, ȧch, ȧrch, ȧch, ăch.

3. chou; chů, chū, chŭ; chȯ̊, chŏ, chō; chī, chĭ;
chêr, chē, chĕ; chā, chă, chå, chå, chår, chåf.
oush; ůsh, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, ȯ̊sh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh;
ĕrsh, ēsh, ĕsh; āsh, åf, ăsh, åsh, åsh, årsh.
shou; shů, shŭ, shū; shȯ̊, shŏ, shō; shī, shĭ;
shêr, shē, shĕ; shåf, shår, shā, shå, shă, shå.
whou; whŭ, whů, whū; whō, whȯ̊, whŏ; whī, whĭ;
whêr, whĕ, whē; whåf, whår, whå, whă, whā, whå.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise chiefly, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for	an*d*.	stå'm	for	sto*r*m.
frien's	"	frien*d*s.	wå'm	"	wå*r*m.
blin'ness	"	blin*d* ness.	bois t'rous	"	bois tẽr ous.
fac's	"	fac*t*s.	chick'n	"	chick ẽn.
sof' ly	"	sof*t* ly.	his t'ry	"	his tō ry.
fiel's	"	fiel*d*s.	nov'l	"	nov ẽl.
wil's	"	wil*d*s.	trav'l	"	trav ẽl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ėv ẽn	for	ėv'n.	rav ẽl	for	rav'l.
heav ẽn	"	heav'n.	sev ẽn	"	sev'n.
tȧk ẽn	"	tȧk'n.	sof tẽn	"	sof'n.
sick ẽn	"	sick'n.	shȧk ẽn	"	shȧk'n.
driv ẽl	"	driv'l.	shov ẽl	"	shov'l.
grov ẽl	"	grov'l.	shriv ẽl	"	shriv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sẽt	for	sĭt.	dȧnce	for	dȧnce.
sẽnce	"	sĭnce.	pȧst	"	pȧst.
shẽt	"	shůt.	ȧsk	"	ȧsk.
for gĭt	"	for gẽt.	grȧss	"	grȧss.
cȧre	"	cȧre.	*s*rill	"	*sh*rill.

*wi*rl	for	*wh*irl.	chil dr*u*n	for	chil drẽn.
a gạn	"	a gain (ă gẽn).	sủl ler	"	cẽl lar.
a gạnst	"	against (ă gẽnst).	mel l*e*r	"	mel lo*w*.
hẽrth	"	hearth (hårth).	pil l*e*r	"	pil lo*w*.
cårse	"	course.	mo m*u*nt	"	mo mẽnt.
re pårt	"	re port.	harm l*i*ss	"	harm lẽss.
trŏf fy	"	trŏ phy.	kind n*i*ss	"	kind nẽss.
på rent	"	pår ent.	*wi*s per	"	*wh*is per.
bủn net	"	bŏn net.	sing *i*n	"	sing *ing*.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the uses of letters in written words, the instructor will aid the pupil to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; s å v—salve. [Here let the pupil utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by five letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labia-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f*; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh ô—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by four letters; s h o e—shoe. The combination *sh* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by ô; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of ô.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS the name of a letter, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should always be pronounced ā (*a* in *age*); as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter ā, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. THE WORD A, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (ă),[1] though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in åsk, gråss; as,

Give ă baby sister ă smile, ă kind word, and ă kiss.

3. THE, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thŭ; as,

The (thŭ) peach, the (thŭ) plum, thē apple, and the (thŭ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U PRECEDED BY R.—When *u* long (*u* in tūbe), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of

[1] **A initial.**—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (ă), its quantity or volume of sound being less than that of a *sixth power* (å), as in ĕlåse, ămåss, ăbåft.

sh, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as,

Are you *sure* that sh*rew*d youth was r*u*de?

5. R MAY BE TRILLED when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

IX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT letters are here omitted and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. The pupils will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words, both as spoken and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

1. Thů bōld, bȧd bȧĭz brōk bōlts ȧnd bȧrz.
2. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round thŭ rŭf, rĕd rōks.
3. Hĭ ŏn ă hĭl Hů hẽrd hȧrsẽz hȧrnĭ hŏfs.
4. Shŏr ȧl hẽr pȧthz ȧr pȧthz ŏv pẽs.
5. Bȧ! thȧt'z nŏt *sĭks* dŏllȧrz, bůt *ā* dŏllȧr.
6. Chȧrj thē ōld măn tŏ chŏz ȧ chȧĭs chēz.
7. Lĭt sēkĭng lĭt, hăth lĭt ŏv lĭt bēgĭld.
8. Thů hŏsts stůd stĭl, ĭn sĭlẽnt wůndẽr fĭkst.
9. A thouzȧnd shrẽks fȧr hŏplẽs mẽrsĭ kȧl.
10. Thů fŏlĭshnẽs ŏv fŏlz ĭz fŏllĭ.
11. Bŏth'z yŏths wĭth trŏths yůz ŏthz.
12. Arm ĭt wĭth răgz, ă pĭgmĭ strȧ wĭl pērs ĭt.
13. Nou sẽt thů tẽth ȧnd strẽch thů nŏstrĭl wĭd.
14. Hẽ wŏcht ȧnd wẽpt, hẽ fẽlt ȧnd prȧd fȧr ȧl.
15. Hĭz ĭz, ȧmĭdst thů mĭsts, mẽzẽrd ȧn ȧzẽr ski.
16. Thů whȧlz whẽld ȧnd whẽrld, and bȧrd thȧr brȧd, broun bȧks.
17. Jīlz ănd Jāsn Jōnz kăn nŏt sā,—Arōrȧ, ălȧs, ămȧs, mănnȧ, vĭllȧ, nȧr Lūnȧ.

18. Thŭ strif sėsėth, pės ăpprōchėth, ănd thŭ gŭd măn rėjăisėth.

19. Thŭ shrŏd shrŏz băd hĭm să thăt thŭ vil vĭksnz yŭzd shrŭgz, ănd shărp shrĭl shrėks.

20. Shŏrlĭ, thō wŏndėd, thŭ prŏdėnt rēkrŏt wŭd nŏt ēt thăt krŏd frŏt.

21. Stėrn, rŭggėd nėrs! thi rijid lŏr with păshėns mėnĭ ă yėr shė bŏr.

22. Amĭdst thŭ mists ănd kŏldėst frŏsts, with bărėst rĭsts ănd stoutėst bŏsts, hė thrŭsts hĭz fists ăgėnst thŭ pŏsts, ănd stĭl insĭsts hė sėz thŭ gŏsts.

23. A stărm ărizėth ŏn thŭ sė. A mŏdėl vėssėl ĭz strŭggling ămĭdst thŭ wăr ŏv ėlėmėnts, kwivėring ănd shivėring, shringking ănd băttling lik ă thingking bėing. Thŭ mėrsilės, răking whėrlwindz, lik fritfŭl fėndz, houl ănd mŏn, ănd sėnd shărp, shrĭl shrėks thrŏ thŭ krėking kărdăj, snăpping thŭ shėts ănd măsts. Thŭ stėrdĭ sălărz stănd tŏ thăr tăsks, ănd wėthėr thŭ sėvėrėst stărm ŏv thŭ sėzn.

24. Chăst-id, chėrisht Chės! Thŭ chărmz ŏv thi chėkėrd chămbėrz chăn mė chănjlėslĭ. Făr thė ăr thŭ chăplėts ŏv chănlės chăritĭ ănd thŭ chălis ŏv childlik chėrfŭlnės. Chănj kăn nŏt chănj thė: frŏm childhŭd tŏ thŭ chărnėl-hous, frŏm our fėrst childish chėrpingz tŏ thŭ chĭlz ŏv thŭ chėrch-yărd, thou ărt our chėrĭ, chănjlės chėftĭnės.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. A MONOSYLLABLE is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. A DISSYLLABLE is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. A TRISYLLABLE is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. A POLYSYLLABLE is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. THE ULTIMATE is the *last* syllable of a word; as *ful,* in peace-*ful.*

7. THE PENULT, or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as *māk,* in peace-*mak*-er.

8. THE ANTEPENULT, or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *ta,* in spon-*ta*-ne-ous.

9. THE PREANTEPENULT, or preantepenultimate, is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *cab,* in vo-*cab*-u-la-ry.

II.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

INITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.[1]

2. FINAL CONSONANTS.—Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness; as,

He accep*ts* the ŏffice, an*d* attemp*ts* by his ac*ts* to conceal his faul*ts.*

3. WHEN ONE WORD OF A SENTENCE ENDS and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of the next word, in a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as,

It will pai*n n*obody, if the sa*d d*angler re*g*ain *n*either *r*ope.

4. FINAL COGNATES.—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, *b, p, d, t, g,* and *k,* the organs of speech

[1] **Initial Elements Prolonged.**—On this point Dr. RUSH mentions the error of a distinguished actor, who, in order to give great force and distinctness to his articulation, dwelt on the initial letters, as marked in the following lines:

"Canst thou not *m*-inister to a *m*-ind diseased,
Pl-uck from the *m*-emory a *r*-ooted sorrow?"

Such mouthing defeats its object.

should not remain closed at the several *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo;* as,

I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

5. UNACCENTED SYLLABLES should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented: they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation; as,

The thought*less*, help*less*, home*less* girl did not resent his rude*ness* and harsh*ness*.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and to unaccented vowels, if he does it without stiffness or formality, can hardly fail to articulate well.

EXERCISE IN SYLLABICATION.[1]

1. THIRTY years ago, Marseilles[2] lay *burning* in the sun, one day. A *blazing* sun, upon a fierce August *day*, was no greater rarity in Southern France then, than at any other time, before or since. Every thing in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there.

2. *Str*ăngers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt ăwāy. The ōnly things to be seen not firedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air moved their faint leaves.

3. There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of dēmarkātion between the two colors, blăck and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays had not cooled for months.

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[1] **Direction.**—Students will give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one syllable, and tell what rule for the formation of syllables each letter that appears in *Italics*, in this exercise, is designed to illustrate.

[2] **Marseilles**, (mär sălz').

4. The universal *st*are made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian coa*st*, indee*d*, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mi*st*, slowly risi*ng* from the evaporation of the sea; but it sŏftened nowhere else. Far ăwāy the stari*ng* roa*ds*, deep in du*st*, stared from the hillsi*de*, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain.

5. Far away the dusty vines overhangi*ng* wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parche*d* *t*rees witho*ut* *sh*ade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky. So did the horses with drowsy bells, in lŏng files of car*ts*, creepi*ng* slowly toward the interior; so did their recumben*t* *d*rivers, when they were *ă*wa*k*e, which rarely happene*d*; so did the exhausted laborers in the fiel*ds*.

6. Ev*e*ry thing that *l*ived or *gr*ew was oppressed by the *gl*are; excep*t* the lizar*d*, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cicāda, chirping his dry hot chir*p*, like a ra*tt*le. The very du*st* was scorche*d* *b*rown, and somethi*ng* quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panti*ng*. Blin*ds*, shutters, curtains, awni*ngs*, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chin*k* or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot ărrōw.

7. The churches were freëst from i*t*. To come out of the twilight of *p*illars and arches—dreamĭly *d*otted with winki*ng* lam*ps*, dreamĭly peopled with ugly ol*d* *sh*adows piously dozi*ng*, spitti*ng*, and begg*ing*—was to *pl*unge into a fiery river, and *sw*im for life to the near*est* *s*trip of sha*de*. So, with people loungi*ng* and lyi*ng* wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barki*ng* of dog*s*, with occasional jangli*ng* of discordant church bells, and rattli*ng* of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fac*t* to be strŏngly smelt and *t*asted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two sylla-

bles accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary;* as, *hab*-i-TA-tion.

3. The mark of acute accent [′] is often used to indicate primary accent; as,

While not forget′ting the past, impróve the présent.

4. The mark of grave accent [`] is here used to indicate, *first*, secondary accent; *secondly*, that the vowel over which it is placed, forms a separate syllable; and, *thirdly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

My ben`efactor bought the vi`olin. A learnèd man caught that wingèd thing. Her goodnèss [not good*niss*] moved the roughèst [not rough*ist*.]

The pupil will be required to give the office of each *mark* in the following

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. The lone′ly hunt′er calls his bound′ing dogs, and seeks the high′way.

2. Hark! the whirl′wind is in the forèst: agèd trees are o`verturned′.

3. Vèrácity first of all, and fòréver.

4. Will the heed′lèssnèss of honèst studènts offend′ their truèst friends?

5. Hónèst stúdènts learn the greátnèss of hùmílity.

6. That blessèd and belovèd child loves evèry wingèd thing.

7. The agree′able ar′tisan` made an ad′mirable păr′asŏl` for that beau′tiful Russian (rŭsh′an) la′dy.

8. No′tice the marks of ac′cent, and al′ways accent′ correct′ly words that should have but one ac′cent, as in *sen′sible, vaga′ry, cir′cumstances, dif′ficulty, in′teresting*, &c.

9. Costúme, mánnèrs, ríchès, cìvilizátion, have no pérmanènt ínterèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offénds his trúest friends.

10. In a crówdèd life, on a stage of nátions, or in the obscúrèst hámlèt, the same bléssèd élemènts óffer the same rich chóicès to each new cómer.

II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY words, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

1. Why does your *ab'sent* friend *absent'* himself?
2. Did he *abstract'* an *ab'stract* of your speech from the desk?
3. Note the mark of *ac'cent*, and *accent'* the right syllable.
4. Buy some *cem'ent* and *cement'* the glass.
5. *Desert'* us not in the *des'ert.*
6. If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.
7. My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.
8. *Perfume'* the room with rich *per'fume.*
9. If they *reprimand'* that officer, he will not regard their *rep'rimand.*
10. If they *rebel'*, and *overthrow'* the government, even the *reb'els* can not justify the *o'verthrow.*
11. In *Au'gust*, the *august'* writer entered into a *com'pact* to prepare a *compact'* discourse.
12. *In'stinct*, not reason, rendered the herd *instinct'* with spirit.
13. Within a *min'ute* from this time, I will find a *minute'* piece of gold.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

THE ordinary accent of words is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.
2. He did not say a new *ad'*dition, but a new *e'*dition.
3. Consider well what you have done, and what you have left *un'*done.
4. I said that she will *sus'*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'*pect it.
5. He that *de'*scended is also the same that *as'*cended.
6. This corruptible must put on *in'*corruption; and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION OF SPEECH is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, SLUR, INFLECTION, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Orthoëpy, the first general division of elocution, has to do with separate words,—the production of their oral elements, the division of these elements into syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables. Its thorough mastery will insure the correct and exact pronunciation of all words, used in speaking and reading, with as little effort of the mind as is usually employed in the act of walking.

Expression, the second general division of elocution, has to do with words as found in sentences and extended discourse. It enables the reader to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause others to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.
DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud[1] or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, however, is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. Emphatic words are often printed in *italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

4. By the proper use of emphasis, we are enabled to im-

[1] **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

part animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance can not be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence often depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. If readers have a desire to produce an impression on hearers, and read what they *understand* and FEEL, they will generally place emphasis on the right words. Students, however should be required to observe carefully the following.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS AND PHRASES PECULIARLY SIGNIFICANT, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. WORDS AND PHRASES THAT CONTRAST, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*.

3. THE REPETITION of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—YOU, sir!

4. A SUCCESSION of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.[1]

1. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be considered as possessing mĕrit.
2. *Boisterous* in speech, in action *prŏmpt* and *bold*.
3. He buys, he *sells*,—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.
4. But here I stand for *right*, for ROMAN right.

[1] **Direction.**—Require the student to tell which of the preceding rules is illustrated by each of the following exercises.

5. I shall know but *one* country. I was *born* an Ămĕrican : I *live* an Ămĕrican ; I shall *die* an Ămĕrican.

6. I shall sing the praises of *October*, as the *lovelièst* of months.

7. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.

8. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

9. The *young* are slaves to *novelty:* the *old*, to *custom:* the *middle-agèd*, to *both:* the *dead*, to *nĕither*.

10. The *wicked* flee when no man *pursueth ;* but the *righteous* are bold as a lion.

11. *They come! to arms!* TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

12. None but the *brave*, none but the BRAVE, none but the BRAVE deserve the fair.

13. A *day*, an HOUR, of *virtuous liberty*, is worth a whŏle ETERNITY in bondage.

14. It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of Gŏd, it shall be my *dying* sentiment—independence NOW, and independence FOREVER.

15. The *thunders of heaven* are sometimes heard to *roll* in the *voice of a united people*.

16. Let us fight for *our country*, OUR WHŎLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.

17. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES ; where *foxes*, GEESE.

18. What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath ă DŎG *money? is it possible,*
A CUR *can lend three thousand dŭc'ats?*

19. In the prosecution of a virtuous enterprise, a *brave* man DESPISES danger and difficulty.

20. Was that country a DESERT? No : it was *cultivated* and *fertile ; rich* and *populous!* Its sons were men of *genius, spirit*, and *generosity!* Its daughters were *lovely, susceptible*, and *chaste! Friendship* was its inhabitant! *Love* was its inhabitant! *Domestic affection* was its inhabitant! LIBERTY was its inhabitant!

21. Son of night, RETIRE ; call thy winds and *fly*. WHY dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Do I FEAR thy *gloomy form*, dismal spirit of Loda? WEAK is thy shield of clouds ; FEEBLE is that meteor, thy *sword*.

22. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounce* it to you :

trippingly on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as liĕf the town-*crier* spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently;* for in the very torrent, *tempest*, and (as I may say) WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and begĕt a *temperance* that will give it *smoothness.*

23. O, now you *weep;* and I perceive you feel the dint of PITY: these are *gracious* drops. *Kind souls! What*, weep you when you but behold our Cæsar's VESTURE wounded? Look ye here! Here is HIMSELF, MARRED, as you see, by TRAITORS.

24. As Cæsar *loved* me, I *weep* for him: as he was *fortunate*, I *rejoice* at it: as he was *valiant*, I *honor* him: but as he was AMBITIOUS, I *slew him.* There is *tears* for his love, *joy* for his fortune, *honor* for his valor, and DEATH for his *ambition.*

II. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. Emphatic words, or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more fōrcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. The parts which are to be *slurred* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Pupils will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whōle sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the examples that are *unmarked* in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be*, all angry thoughts.

2. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters*, that God will bless you.

3. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

4. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,* seems *with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.

5. The rich, softened by prosperity, pitied the poor; the poor, disciplined into order, respected the rich.

6. I had always thought that I could meet death without a murmur; but I did not know, *she said, with a faint voice, her lips quivering,* I did not know, *till now,* how hard a thing it would be to leave my child.

7. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries,*
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
Laughing maidens, *with soft, young eyes,*
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

8. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

9. Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

10. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

11. "But now," *whispered the dear girl,* "it is evening; the sun, *that rejoices,* has finished his daily toil; man, *that labors,* has finished his; I, *that suffer,* have finished mine." Just then, her dull ear caught a sound. It was the sound, *though muffled and deadened, like the ear that heard it,* of horsemen advancing.

12. I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that, when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man.

13. Ingenious boys, *who are idle,* think, *with the hare in the fable,* that, *running with* SNAILS *(so they count the rest of their school-fellows),* they shall come soon enough to the post; *though sleeping a good while before their starting.*

14. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

15. All rivers, small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under.

16. I love Music, *when she appears in her virgin purity*, almost to adoration. But vocal music—*the dearest, sweetest thing on earth—unaccompanied with good elocution*, is like butter without salt; a garlic-eater with a perfumed handkerchief; or, rather, like a bankrupt beau—*his soft hands incased in delicate kids*—with soiled linen, and patches upon his knees.

17. A Frenchman once—so runs a certain ditty—
Had crossed the Straits to famous London city,
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
But lacking pupils, vain was all his skill;
His fortunes sank from low to lower still,
Until at last, pathetic to relate,
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.

18. No! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

19. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedge-hog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended, and set him down before the blow-pipe of their indignation, and scorch him, and burn his faults into him; and, when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then—they forgive him.

20. Ye glittering towns, *with wealth and splendor crowned;*
Ye fields, *where summer spreads profusion round;*
Ye lakes, *whose vessels catch the busy gale;*
Ye bending swains, *that dress the flowery vale;*
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

21. Here we have butter pure as virgin gold;
And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
With bovine pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise
Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
And other blessings more than I can tell!

22. If there's a Power above us—*and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.

23. The man who carries a lantern in a dark night, can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded. So he who has the Gŏd-given light of hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own lŏss, but to his precious gain.

24. The devout heart, *penetrated with large and affecting views of the immensity of the works of God, the harmony of his laws, and the extent of his beneficence,* bursts into loud and vocal expressions of praise and adoration; and *from a full and overflowing sensibility,* seeks to expand itself to the utmost limits of creation.

25. I said, "Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men, through novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

III. INFLECTIONS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTIONS are the bends or slides of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the slide, is one of the most important divisions of elocution, because all speech is made up of slides, and because the right or wrŏng formation of these gives a pervading character to the whŏle delivery. It is to the graceful formation of the slides that we are chiefly indebted for that easy and

refined utterance which prevails in polished society; while the coarse and rustic tones of the vulgar are commonly owing to some early and erroneous habit in this respect. Most of the schoolboy faults in delivery, such as drawling, whining, and a monotonous singing sound, result from a wrŏng formation of the slide, and may be corrected by a proper course of prăctice on this element of speech.

A slide consists of two parts, viz.: the *radical*, or opening sound, and the *vanish*, or gradual diminution of force, until the sound is lŏst in silence. Three things are necessary to the perfect formation of a slide.

1st. The opening sound must be struck with a *full* and *lively* impulse of voice.

2d. The diminution of force must be regular and ēquable—not more rapid in one part than another, but naturally and gracefully declining to the last.

3d. The final *vanish* must be delicately formed, without being abrupt on the one hand, or too much prolonged on the other.

Thus, a *full opening*, a *gradual decrease*, and a *delicate termination*, are requisite to the perfect formation of a slide.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

3. THE RISING INFLECTION is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. THE FALLING INFLECTION is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

5. THE CIRCUMFLEX is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent [′] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [`] the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad or spèll?

7. When the *circumflex* commences with a *rising* and ends with a *falling* slide of the voice, it is marked thus ^; but when it commences with a *falling* and ends with a *rising* slide, it is marked thus ˘, which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fo͡ol, to think I could do tha͡t.

8. The inflections or slides should be used on the accented syllables of important or *emphatic* words; as,

I will *nèver* stay. I said *gòodly* not *hómely.*

II.

RULES IN INFLECTIONS.

DIRECT QUESTIONS, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection; but their answers, the *falling;* as,

Has any one sailed around the éarth? Yès, Captain Còok.

EXCEPTIONS.—The *falling* inflection is required when the direct question becomes an earnest appeal, and the answer is anticipated; and when a direct question, not at first understood, is repeated with marked emphasis; as,

Will her love survive your neglèct? and *mày* not you expect the sneers, both of your wife, and of her pàrents?

Do you reside in the city? Whát did you say, sír? Do you reside in the *cìty?*

2. INDIRECT QUESTIONS, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same; as,

Who said, "A wise man is never less alone than when he is alòne?" Swìft.

EXCEPTIONS.—The *rising* inflection is required when an indirect question is used to ask a repetition of what was not at first understood; and when the *answers* to questions, whether direct or indirect, are given in an indifferent or careless manner; as,

Whére did you sáy? Shall I tell your énemy? As you pléase!

3. QUESTIONS, WORDS, AND CLAUSES, CONNECTED BY THE DISJUNCTIVE *OR*, usually require the *rising* inflection before, and the *falling* after it; though, when *or* is used *conjunctively*, it takes the rising inflection *after*, as well as *before* it; as,

Does he deserve *práise*, or *blàme?* Can yóuth, or héalth, or strength, or hónor, or pléasure, satisfy the sóul?

4. WHEN WORDS OR CLAUSES ARE CONTRASTED OR COMPARED, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of *lóve* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *míne*, but *yòurs*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

5. FAMILIAR ADDRESS, and the pause of suspension, denoting condition, supposition, or incompleteness, usually require the *rising* inflection; as,

Friénds, I come not here to tálk. If thine enemy húnger, give him bread to eat.

6. THE LANGUAGE OF CONCESSION, politeness, admiration, entreaty, and tender emotions, usually requires the *rising* inflection; as,

Your remark is trúe: the manners of this country have not all the desirable éase and fréedom.

I práy thee remémber, I have done thée worthy sérvice; told thee nó líes, made no mistákes; served without grúdge or grùmbling.

7. THE END OF A SENTENCE that expresses completeness, conclusion, or result, usually requires the falling slide of termination, which commences on the general pitch, and falls below it; as,

The rose is beauti*ful*.

8. AT EACH COMPLETE TERMINATION OF THOUGHT, before the close of a sentence, the *falling* inflection is usually re-

quired; though, when several pauses occur, the last but one generally has the *rising* inflection; as,

Every human being has the ideä of dùty; and to unfold this ideä is the end for which life was given him.

The rock crùmbles; the trees fàll; the leaves fáde, and the grass wìthers.

9. THE LANGUAGE OF COMMAND, rebuke, contempt, exclamation, and terror, usually requires the *falling* inflection; as,

Thou slàve, thou wrètch, thou còward! Awày from my sìght!

10. THE LAST MEMBER OF A COMMENCING SERIES, and the last but one of a *concluding* series, usually require the *rising* inflection; and all others the *falling;* as,

A good dispositìon, virtuous prìnciples, a liberal educàtion, and industrious *hábits*, are passports to happiness and honor.

These reward a good dispositìon, virtuous prìnciples, a liberal *educátion*, and industrious hàbits.

11. THE CIRCUMFLEX IS USED when the thoughts employed are not sincere or earnest, but are used in jest, irony, or double-meaning,—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The circumflex which ends with the *rising* slide should be given to the *negative* ideäs, and that which ends with the *falling* slide to *positive* ideas; as,

This is your plain man, if not your gracious one.

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTIONS.

1. Do you see that beautiful stár? Yès: it is splèndid!
2. Will you forsake us? and will you favor us no more?
3. I said an èlder soldier, not a bétter. *Dìd* I say better?
4. *Are* you, my dear sir, willing to forgive?
5. Why is the hàll cròwded? What mèans this stìr in town?
6. Does that beautiful lady deserve práise, or blàme?
7. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Neither.
8. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
9. I said gòod, not bád: hàppy, not míserable.
10. O Róme! O my cóuntry! how art thou fàllen!

11. Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.

12. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

13. Is a candle brought to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?

14. Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

15. Fíre and wàter, óil and vìnegar, héat and còld, lìght and dárkness, are not more opposed to each other, than is hònesty to fráud, or více to vìrtue.

16. Is thís a time to be glóomy and sád
When our mother Náture láughs around;
When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?

17. Can the great statesman, skilled in deep design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?—
Can the tuned follower of the sacred Níne
Soothe, with his melody, insatiate Death?

18. Hath a *dog* móney? Is it possible a *cur* can lend three thousand dúcats?

19. All the círcumstances and àges of men, póverty, ríches, yóuth, old àge—all the dispositions and pàssions, mélancholy, lóve, grièf, conténtment—are capable of being personified in poetry with great propriety.

20. If thou dost sländer *her*, and *tòrture* me—NÈVER PRÀY MÒRE.

21. But, whatever may be óur fate, be assured, be assured that this declaràtion will stànd. It may cost tréasure, and it may cost bloòd; but it will stànd, and it will richly compènsate for bòth.

22. The war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

23. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves

the slâves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us protection! yês, sûch protection as vûltures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! Tell your invaders we seek nò change —and least of all sûch change as thêy would bring us!

24. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of lóve and reconciliátion? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our lóve?

25. And this man
Is now become a gôd; and Cassius is
A wrêtched creature, and must bend his bôdy,
If Cæsar carelessly but nôd on him.
He had a fèver when he was in Spáin,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shâke: 't is true, this gôd did shâke:
His côward lîps did from their côlor fly;
And that same èye, whose bend doth awe the wórld,
Did lose its lùstre.

IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its general divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, and RATE.

I.
PITCH.

PITCH[1] refers to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.

[1] **Exercise on Pitch.**—For a general exercise on *pitch*, select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as often as possible.

2. HIGH PITCH is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

3. MODERATE PITCH is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or calm reasoning; as,

The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their ideă of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

4. LOW PITCH is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yĕt, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yŏn cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand.

II.

FORCE.

FORCE[1] is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking. Though the degrees of force are numerous, varying from a sŏft

[1] **Exercise on Force.**—For a general exercise on *force*, select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard;

whisper to a shout, yet they may be considered as three: LOUD, MODERATE, and GENTLE.

2. LOUD FORCE is used in strŏng, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sŏrrōw, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

How like a *fawning publican* he looks!
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian.*

VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

3. MODERATE FORCE, or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly at the time he promises, may, at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare.

4. GENTLE FORCE, or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As sŏftly it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy fŏrest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shōre,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no mōre.

III.
QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

2. THE PURE TONE is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

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then gradually increase the quantity, until the whŏle power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the prŏcess, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise can not be too frequently repeated.

Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repāy
For all else fortune tears awāy?

3. THE OROTUND is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

Strike—till the last armed foe *expires;*
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;
GOD—and your *native land!*

"FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE!
CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!" he said:
Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

4. THE ASPIRATED TONE is an expulsion of the breath more or less strong,—the words, or portions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

How ill this taper burns!
Ha! who comes here?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "*The foe! they come, they come!*"

5. THE GUTTURAL is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

6. THE TREMULOUS TONE, or *tremor*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the

least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

7. The tremulous tone should not be applied throughout the whole of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, as otherwise the effect would be monotonous. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every emphatic syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest;* but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

O love, re*main!* It is not yet *near day!*
It was the nightin*gale,* and not the *lark,*
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate-tree.
Be*lieve* me, love, it was the nightingale.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

IV.

RATE.

RATE[1] refers to movement in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

2. QUICK RATE is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

The lake has burst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:

[1] **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which distinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the process, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at pleasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

They gallop ălŏng, with a roaring sŏng,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pōuring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. MODERATE RATE is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,

When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadōws from yŏn purple hills,
We pace this shōre,—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And bōth unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then doth my dear brother, who hath wōrn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words; and ŏft a smile
Will stray ămĭdst his lessons, as he marks
New wonder paint my cheek, or fondly reads,
Upon the burning page of my black eyes,
The truth reflected which he casts on me.

4. SLOW RATE is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consternation; as,

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-dĕv'astating flight;
Thou ōnly Gŏd! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explōre!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself ălōne—
Embracing all, suppōrting, ruling [illegible]—
Being whom we call GOD, and know no mōre!

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lōwing herd winds slowly ō'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darknèss and to me.

V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE consists of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. It is very seldom the case that a *perfect* sameness is to be observed in reading any passage or sentence. But very little variety of tone is to be used in reading either prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. The monotone usually requires a low tone of the voice, loud or prolŏnged force, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone only, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

The sign of monotone is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*, or without inflection; as,

I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than Gòd! Shall a man be more pure than his Màker!

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generàtions. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art Gòd.

2. Man dieth, and wasteth awày: yea, man giveth up the ghóst, and where is hè? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth úp, so man lieth down, and riseth nòt; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awáke, nor be raised out of their slèep.

3. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itsèlf—
Yea, all which it inhèrit, shall dissólve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, fáded—
Léave not a rack behìnd.

4. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged awày.

VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION consists of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking.

2. This principle of expression, upon the correct application of which much of the beauty and efficiency of delivery depends, is employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature.

3. The student should exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of persons to be represented,—fully informing himself with regard to their temperament and peculiarities, as well as their condition and feelings at the time,—and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISE IN PERSONATION.

He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dost thou not love these āye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy fŏrests? and this golden air?

She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And more than all, O father, I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering—far ăwāy,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!
To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—HOME!

He. Seest thou these ŏrange flowers? this palm that rears
Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are [illegible] tears;
My heart is wandering round our ăncient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were fŏrced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*—FOR HOME!

VII. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

Pauses are often more eloquent than words. They differ greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively conversation and rapid argument, they are comparatively few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are far more numerous, and more prolonged.

The pause is marked thus ⌣|, in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

NOMINATIVES.—A pause is required after a *compound nominative*, in all cases; and after a nominative consisting of a single word, when it is either *emphatic*, or is the leading subject of discourse; as,

Joy and sŏrrōw ⌣| move him not. No people ⌣| can claim him. No country ⌣| can appropriate him.

2. WORDS IN APPOSITION.—A pause is required after words which are in *apposition with*, or *opposition to*, each other; as,

Solomon ⌣| the son of David ⌣| was king of Israel. False delicacy is affectation ⌣| not politeness.

3. A TRANSITION.—A pause is required after *but*, *hence*, and other words denoting a marked transition, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence; as,

But ⌣| it was reserved for Arnold ⌣| to blend all these bad qualities into one. Hence ⌣| Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ⌣| the beginning of wisdom.

4. CONJUNCTIONS AND RELATIVES.—A pause is required before *that*, when a conjunction or relative, and the relatives *who, which, what;* together with *when, whence,* and other adverbs of time and place, which involve the idea of a relative; as,

He went to school ⌣| that he might become wise. This is the man ⌣| that loves me. We were present ⌣| when La Fayette embarked at Havre for New York.

5. THE INFINITIVE.—A pause is required before the *infinitive mood,* when governed by another verb, or separated by an intervening clause from the word which governs it; as,

He has gŏne ⌣| to convey the news. He smote me with a rod ⌣| to please my enemy.

6. IN CASES OF ELLIPSIS, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

So goes the world: if ⌣| wealthy, you may call this ⌣| friend, that ⌣| brother.

7. QUALIFYING CLAUSES.—Pauses are used to set off *qualifying clauses* by themselves; to separate *qualifying terms* from each other, when a number of them refer to the same word; and when an adjective follows its noun; as,

The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and ⌣| *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks* ⌣| seems ⌣| *with continuous laughter* ⌣| to rejoice in its own being. He had a mind ⌣| deep ⌣| active ⌣| well stored with knowledge.

These rules, though important, if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought.

A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. His only guide, in many instances, is a discriminating taste in grouping ideas, and separating by pauses those which are less intimately allied. In doing this, he will often use what may be called *suspensive quantity.*

III.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without an actual pause; and thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

The prolongation on the last syllable of a word, or suspensive quantity, is indicated thus ¯, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To prevent too frequent a recurrence of pauses; as,

Her lover¯sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief¯is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows¯flee—she checks their base career;
The foe¯retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than would be made by a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite; as,

Would you kill¯your friend and benefactor? Would you practice hypocrisy¯and smile in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, which can be easily managed by the speaker, without the abruptness which would result from pausing wherever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

Warms¯in the sun, refreshes¯in the breeze,
Glows¯in the stars, and blossoms¯in the trees;
Lives¯through all life, extends¯through all extent,
Spreads¯undivided, operates¯unspent.

GENERAL RULE.—When a preposition is followed by as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

He is the pride¯of the whole country.

Require students to tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated, wherever a mark, representing the pause or suspensive quantity, is introduced in the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. It matters very little ⌣ what immediate¯spot ⌣ may have been the birth-place¯of such a man as Washington. *No* peo-

ple ⌣| can claim ⌣|⌣| no country ⌣| can appropriate him. The boon ¯ of Providence to the human race ⌣| his fame ⌣| is eternity ⌣|⌣| and his dwelling-place ¯ creation.

2. Though it was the defeat ⌣| of our arms ⌣| and the disgrace ⌣| of our policy ⌣|⌣| I almost bless ¯ the convulsion ⌣| in which he had his ŏrigin. If the heavens thundered ⌣| and the earth ¯ rocked ⌣|⌣| yet ⌣| when the storm passed ⌣| how pure ¯ was the climate ⌣| that it cleared ⌣|⌣| how bright ⌣| in the brow of the firmament ⌣| was the planet ⌣| which it revealed to us!

3. In the production of Washington ⌣| it does rēally appear ⌣| as if nature ⌣| was endeavoring to improve ¯ upon herself ⌣|⌣| and that all the virtues ¯ of the ăncient world ⌣| were but so many *studies* ⌣| preparatory ¯ to the pātriot of the new. Individual ¯ instances ⌣| no doubt there were ⌣| splendid exemplifications ⌣| of some single qualification. Cæsar ⌣| was merciful ⌣|⌣| Scipio ⌣| was continent ⌣|⌣| Hannibal ⌣| was patient. But ⌣| it was reserved for Washington ⌣| to blend ¯ them all in one ⌣|⌣| and ⌣| like the lovely masterpiece ¯ of the Grecian artist ⌣| to exhibit ⌣| in one glow ¯ of associated beauty ⌣| the pride ¯ of evèry modèl ⌣| and the perfection ¯ of every master.

4. As a general ⌣|⌣| he marshaled the peasant ⌣| into a veteran ⌣|⌣| and supplied by discipline ⌣| the absence of experience. As a statesman ⌣|⌣| he enlarged the policy of the cabinet ⌣| into the most comprehensive system ¯ of general advantage. And such ⌣| was the wisdom ¯ of his views ⌣| and the philosophy ¯ of his counsels ⌣|⌣| that to the soldier ⌣| and the statesman ⌣| he almost added ⌣| the character of the sage.

5. A conqueror ⌣| he was untainted ¯ with the crime of blood ⌣|⌣| a revolutionist ⌣| he was free ¯ from any stain of treason ⌣| for aggression ¯ commenced the contest ⌣| and his country ¯ called him to the field. Liberty ⌣| unsheathed his sword ⌣|⌣| necessity ⌣| stained ⌣|⌣| victory ⌣| returned it.

6. If he had paused *here* ⌣| history might have doubted ⌣| what station ¯ to assign him ⌣|⌣| whether at the head of her citizens ⌣| or her soldiers ⌣|⌣| her heroes ⌣| or her pātriots. But the last ¯ glōrious ¯ act ⌣| *crowns* ¯ his career ⌣| and banishes ¯ all hesitation. Who ⌣| like Washington ⌣| after having emancipated ¯ a hemisphere ⌣| resigned ¯ its crown ⌣|⌣| and preferred the retirement of domestic life ⌣| to the adoration of a land ⌣| he might almost be said to have created?

OBSERVATIONS TO TEACHERS.

IN order to form good readers, it will be necessary for students, after they have thoroughly mastered PART FIRST, to review frequently the more important elements of elocution, reading again and again, both separately and in concert, the exercises for illustration.

In PART SECOND, they should be required to study carefully each reading lesson, acquiring a knowledge of the pronunciation and definitions of doubtful words and of the important facts embraced in the notes, before attempting to read in the class. In order to secure a natural and easy style of delivery, let them often commence with the last word in a paragraph and pronounce back to the first, before reading from left to right. Their judgment and taste should constantly be called into exercise by requiring them to determine what principle, or principles, of elocution each reading lesson is best adapted to illustrate.

Reading aloud and recitation, when properly conducted, become very useful and invigorating muscular exercises. The instructor will require the students to stand or sit uprightly and easily; to inhale fully at the beginning, and as often as is necessary, at the natural pauses of discourse, in order to keep an abundant supply of air in the lungs; and, in forming and undulating the voice, to use freely the draphragm and abdominal muscles, as well as the muscles of the chest.

KEY TO THE USE OF MARKED LETTERS.

åge or āge, åt or ăt, årt, åll, bâre, åsk; wȩ or wē, ȩnd or ĕnd, ȩr; îce or īce, în or ĭn; ôld or ōld, ôn or ŏn, dȯ; mûte or mūte, ûp or ŭp, fûll; ṫhis; azure; reäl, (not *rēl*); o'ver-shoot'; badnèss, (not *nĭss*); agèd, (not *ājd*).

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PART II.

READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. SPRING.

THE old chroniclers[1] made the[2] year begin in the season of frŏsts; and they have launched[3] us upon the cŭrrent[4] of the months, from the snowy banks of Jănuary. I love better to count time from spring to spring: it seems to me far mōre cheerful, to reckon the year by blossoms, than by blight.

2. Bernardin de St. Pierre,[5] in his sweet stōry of Virgĭniă, makes the bloom of the cō′cō*a*-tree, or the growth of the banana,[6] ă[7] yearly and a lovèd monitor[8] of the passage of her life. How cold and chēerlèss in the comparison, would be thē icy chronology[9] of the North;——So many years have I seen the lakes locked, and the foliăge[10] die!

3. The budding and blooming of spring seem to belŏng properly to thē opening of the months. It is the season of the quickèst expansion,[11] of the warmèst blood, of the readiëst growth; it is the boy-age of the year. The birds sing in

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[1] **Chron′ i clers**, those who write an account of facts or events arranged in the order of time; historians.

[2] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 24.

[3] **Launched**, (lănscht), caused to slide from the land into the water; dispatched or sent forth.

[4] **Cŭr′ rent**, a regular flow, or onward movement.

[5] **James H. Bernardin de St. Pierre**, the celebrated author of "Paul and Virginia," lived between 1737 and 1813.

[6] **Banana**, (ba nă′ nă).

[7] **A**, (ă), see Rule 2, p. 24.

[8] **Mŏn′ i tor**, one who, or that which, warns of faults, or informs of duty.

[9] **Chro nŏl′ o gy**, the method of computing time, and ascertaining the dates of events.

[10] **Fō′ li age**, leaves; a cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.

[11] **Ex păn′ sion**, a spreading out, like the opening of the leaves of a flower.

chōrus in the spring—just as children prattle; the brooks run full—like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily—as young tears flow; and the whōle sky is as capricious[1] as the mind of a boy.

4. Between tears and smiles, the year, like the child, struggles into the warmth of life. The old year,—say what the chronologists will,—lingers upon the vĕry lap of spring; and is only fairly gŏne, when the blossoms of April have strewn[2] their pall[3] of glōry upon his tomb, and the blue-birds have chanted his requiem.[4]

5. It always seems to me as if an accĕss[5] of life came with the melting of the winter's snows; and as if evèry rootlet of grass, that lifted its first green blade from the matted debris[6] of the old year's decay, bōre my spirit upon it nearer to the largess[7] of Heaven.

6. I love to trace the break of spring, step by step: I love even those lŏng rain-storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter,—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain brooks,—that make the pools heave up their glassy cēre'ments[8] of ice, and hŭrry down the crashing fragmènts into the wastes of ocean. I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snow-banks, shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage-eaves.

7. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anĕm'onè,[9] or the faint blush of the ar'bute,[10] in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart, like a hope of Heaven in a field of graves! Later come those sŏft, smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leaflèss woods, and the last snow-drifts,

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[1] **Capricious**, (ka prĭsh' us), apt to change one's mind often and suddenly; changeable.

[2] **Strewn**, (strōn), scattered.

[3] **Pall**, a large, black cloth thrown over a coffin at a funeral; an outer garment; a covering.

[4] **Rē' quĭ em**, a hymn or song sung for the dead.

[5] **Ac cĕss'**, a near approach or coming to; increase.

[6] **Debris**, (dā brē'), ruins; fragments; pieces broken off.

[7] **Largess**, (lär' jès), a present; a free gift.

[8] **Cere' ments**, cloths dipped in wax, in which dead bodies were buried, coverings.

[9] **A nem' o-ne**, the wind-flower.

[10] **Ar' būte**, the strawberry-tree, a kind of evergreen shrub. It has a berry resembling the strawberry.

reduced to shrunken skeletons[1] of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaking away their life.

8. Then, the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodices[2] of white. The sparkling oriole[3] picks string for his hammock[4] on the sycamore,[5] and the sparrows twitter in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or the minnow,[6] float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple.

9. Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille[7] of spring, with grayish tufts of a modest verdure,[8] which, by and by, will be long and glossy leaves. The dog-wood pitches his broad white tent, in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green; and the wild cherry, growing in all the hedge-rows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white fingers.

10. Amid all this, come the rich rains of spring. The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them; and the year blooms with showers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly—like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy. The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter scuds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coyly,[9] half reluctantly—yet lovingly—like the steps of a bride to the altar.

11. It does not gather like the storm-clouds of winter, gray and

---

[1] **Skĕl'e tons**, frames, or parts of a thing that support the rest; bones without flesh.

[2] **Bŏd i ces**, corsets; stays.

[3] **O' ri ōle**, a kind of bird related to the thrushes, of a golden-yellow color, mixed with black; the golden-robin; the hang-bird.

[4] **Hăm' mock**, a kind of hanging bed; nest.

[5] **Sȳc' a mōre**, in *America*, the plane-tree, or buttonwood.

[6] **Mĭn' nōw**, a very small fresh-water fish, used for bait.

[7] **Quadrille**, (ka drĭl'), a kind of dance made up of sets of four dancers in each set.

[8] **Verdure**, (vĕrd' yŏr), green; greenness; freshness of vegetation.

[9] **Coy' ly**, with reserve.

heavy ălŏng the horī'zon,[1] and creep with subtle[2] and insensible approaches to the vĕry zenith;[3] but there are ă scōre[4] of white-wingèd swimmers ăflōat, that your eye has chased, as you lay fatigued with the delicious languor of an April sun;—nor have you scarce noticed that a little bĕvy[5] of those floating clouds had grouped togĕther in a somber[6] company.

12. But presently you see, ăcrŏss the fields, the dark gray streaks stretching, like lines of mists, from the green bosom of the valley, to that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and, with an easy shifting of the helm,[7] the fleet of swimmers come drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty. The cattle linger still, cropping the new-come grass; and childhood laughs[8] joyously at the warm rain;—or, under the cottage roof,[9] cătches, with eager ear, the patter of its fall. DONALD G. MITCHELL.

II.

2. THE AWAKENING YEAR.

THĒ blue-birds and the vīolets
Are with us once again,
And promises of summer spot[10]
The hill-side and the plain.

2. The clouds around the mountain tops
Are riding on the breeze,
Their trailing ăzure[11] trains of mist
Are tangled in the trees.

---

[1] **Ho rī' zon**, the circle which bounds that part of the earth's surface which may be seen by a person from a given place; the place where the earth and sky seem, to the beholder, to meet.

[2] **Subtile**, (sŭt' l), sly in design; artful; cunning.

[3] **Zē' nith**, the point in the sky directly overhead.

[4] **Scōre**, twenty; any indefinite number.

[5] **Bĕv' y**, a flock of birds; a collection or company.

[6] **Sŏm' ber**, dull; dusky; gloomy; cloudy; sad.

[7] **Hĕlm**, the instrument by which a vessel is steered; here means direction given to the clouds.

[8] **Laughs**, (lăfs).

[9] **Roof**, (rōf).

[10] **Spŏt**, to make marks upon.

[11] **Azure**, (ăz' ēr), light-blue; sky-colored.

8. The snow-drifts, which have lain so lŏng,
Haunting[1] the hidden nooks,
Like guilty ghosts[2] have slipp'd ăwāy,
Unseen, into the brooks.

4. The streams are fed with generous rains,
They drink the way-side springs,
And flutter down from crag to crag,
Upon their foamy wings.

5. Through all the lŏng wet nights they brawl,[3]
By mountain homes remote,
Till woodmen in their sleep behold
Their ample rafts ăflōat.

6. The lazy wheel, that hung so dry
Above the idle stream,
Whirls wildly in the misty dark,
And through the miller's dream.

7. Loud tŏrrent unto tŏrrent calls,
Till at the mountain's feet,
Flashing afar their spectral[4] light,
The noisy waters meet.

8. They meet, and though the lowlands sweep,
Toward briny bay and lake,
Proclaiming to the distant towns
"The country is ŭwāke!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

III.

3. BIRDS OF SPRING.

THOSE who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications[5] of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds.

2. The appearance of the blue-bird, so poĕtically yĕt truly described by Wilson, gladdens the whōle landscape. You hear

[1] **Haunting**, (hânt′ ing), intruding on; disturbing; frequenting, as an apparition or spirit.

[2] **Ghost**, apparition the soul of a person who is dead.

[3] **Brawl**, (brâl), make a great noise.

[4] **Spĕc′ tral**, relating to an apparition, or the appearance of a spirit.

[5] **In`di ca′ tion**, mark; something which points out.

his sŏft warble in evèry field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.[1]

3. The happiëst bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at this choice pŏrtion of the year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so ŏften given by the poëts. With us it begins ăbout the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June.

4. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight[2] the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But, in this gēniăl[3] interval, nature is in all her freshnèss and frāgrance:[4] "the rains are over and gŏne, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle[5] is heard in the land."

5. The trees are now in their fullèst fōliăge and brightèst verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfūmed′ by the sweet-brier and the wild-rose; the mĕadōws are enameled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, ămong the green leaves.

6. This is the chosen season of revelry[6] of the boblink. He comes ămĭdst the pŏmp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility[7] and enjoymènt, all sŏng and sunshine. He is to be found in the sŏft bosoms of the freshèst and sweetèst mĕadōws; and is mōst in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the tŏpmōst twig of ă tree, or on some lōng, flaunting[8] weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pōurs fōrth a succession of rich, tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpōuring melody[9] of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous[10] character.

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[1] **Vĭ cĭn′ i ty**, that which is near; neighborhood.

[2] **Blight**, to mildew, injure, or destroy.

[3] **Gē′ ni al**, joyous and awakening joy or happiness; productive.

[4] **Frā′ grance**, sweetness of smell.

[5] **Turtle**, (tŭr′ tl), here means a dove or pigeon; the *turtle-dove*.

[6] **Rĕv′ el ry**, extreme animal enjoyment; noisy feasting.

[7] **Sĕn`si bĭl′ i ty**, state of being easily affected; delicacy of feeling.

[8] **Flaunting**, (flânt′ ing), spreading out loosely; showy.

[9] **Mĕl′ o dy**, sweet singing; pleasing song.

[10] **Răpt′ ur ous**, very joyous.

7. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his sŏng as soon as he is upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy[1] at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursŭit of his paramour;[2] always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication[3] and delight.

8. Of all the birds of our groves and mĕadōws, the boblink was the envy[4] of my boyhood. He crŏssed my path[5] in the sweetèst weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural[6] feeling throbbed in evèry bosom; but when I, lucklèss urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the lĭvelŏng day, in that purgatory[7] of boyhood, a school-room, it seemed as if the little varlet[8] mŏcked[9] at me, as he flew by in full sŏng, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school; nothing[10] but hŏliday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather!

9. Further observation and experience have given me ă different ideă of this little feathered voluptuary,[11] which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shōwn him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poĕtical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoymènts, and was a bird of mūsic, and sŏng, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement.[12] While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the vĕry school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merèst rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference.

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[1] **Ec′ sta sy,** excessive or overpowering delight.

[2] **Păr′ a mour,** partner in love.

[3] **In` tox i cā′ tion,** drunkenness; a very great elevation of spirits.

[4] **En′ vy,** pain, uneasiness or discontent caused by a knowledge of the greater worth, advantages, pleasure, or success of another.

[5] **Path,** (păth).

[6] **Rural,** (rō′ ral), belonging to or suiting the country

[7] **Pur′ ga to ry,** place of temporary punishment.

[8] **Var′ let,** a low or saucy fellow; here means the Boblink.

[9] **Mŏcked,** see Note 5, p. 16.

[10] **Nothing,** (nŭth′ ing), not anything; no thing.

[11] **Vo lŭpt′ u a ry,** a secker of pleasure alone.

[12] **Re fine′ ment,** freedom from what is coarse, rough, inelegant, or the like.

10. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate[1] on the ear. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, dŏffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet or rather dusty garb,[2] and enters into the grŏss enjoyments of common, vulgar birds. He becomes a bon-vivant,[3] a mere gormand;[4] thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandizing on the seeds of the lŏng grasses on which he lately swung, and chantĕd so musically.

11. He begins to think there is nothing like "the joys of the table," if I may be allowed to apply that convivial[5] phrase to his indulgences. He now grows discontented with plain, evèryday fare, and sets out on a gastronŏm'ical[6] tour[7] in search of fŏreign luxuries.[8] He is to be found in myriads[9] among the reeds of the Delaware, banqueting[10] on their seeds; grows corpulent[11] with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the or'tolan.[12] Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! the rusty firelocks of the country are cracking on evèry side; he sees his companions falling by thousands ăround him; he is the *reed-bird*, the much sought for tid-bit[13] of the Pennsylvanian epicure.[14]

12. Does he take warning, and reform? Not he. He wings his flight still farther south, in search of other luxuries. We hear of him gorging himself in the rice-swamps; filling himself

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[1] **Vī' brate**, move backward and forward; quiver.

[2] **Garb**, the outer appearance; clothing; dress.

[3] **Bon-vivant**, (bŏng`vē vŏng'), a jovial companion; a high liver.

[4] **Gormand**, (gôr' mand), a glutton; a ravenous or greedy eater.

[5] **Con vĭv' i al**, relating to a feast; jovial; gay.

[6] **Găs`tro nŏm' ic al**, relating to the stomach; seeking something to gratify appetite.

[7] **Tour**, (tŏr), a going round; a journey.

[8] **Luxury**, (lŭk' shŭ rĭ), any very nice food or drink; too free indulgence in costly food, clothing, etc. · that which is delightful to the senses.

[9] **Myr' i ad**, the number of ten thousand; any very great number.

[10] **Banqueting**, (băngk' wet ing), feasting; indulging one's self freely with good eating and drinking.

[11] **Cor' pu lent**, fat; large.

[12] **Ortolan**, (ôr' to lan), a singing bird, about the size of the lark, found in the southern part of Europe, and particularly in the Island of Cyprus, esteemed a great delicacy as food.

[13] **Tĭd' bit**, a delicate morsel.

[14] **Ep' i cūre**, one given to luxury and pleasure; especially, one who indulges in the luxuries of the table.

with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. Last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by dozens, and served up on the table of the gormand, the most vaunted[1] of southern dainties, the *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

13. Such is the story of the once musical and admired, but finally sensual and persecuted boblink. It contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual[2] pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew[3] all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end. WASHINGTON IRVING.

IV.

4. THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding wood,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,[4]
And lonely copses,[5] of the Summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

2. If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weigh'd down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike;
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds.

3. How rich the varied choir![6] The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Utters her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia[7] hangs

[1] **Vaunted**, (vânt′ ed), boasted.
[2] **In tel lĕct′ u al**, relating to the mind.
[3] **Es chew′**, avoid.
[4] **Haunts**, (hânts), resorts.
[5] **Cŏpse**, a wood of small growth.
[6] **Choir**, (kwir), a band or company of singers.
[7] **Kalmia**, (kâl′ mi â), a kind of evergreen shrub, having beautiful white or pink flowers; also called, *laurel, ivy-bush, calico-bush, etc.*

Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid
Amid the lowly dŏgwood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill sounding and unsteady cry.

4. With the sweet airs of Spring, the robin comes;
And in her simple sŏng there seems to gush
A strain of sŏrrōw, when she visitèth
Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemm'd hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstànt chime.[1]

5. In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yĕllōw in the harvèst-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bēardèd wheat in sheaves, then peals ăbroad
The blackbird's mĕrry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer! thy mĕllōw burst of sŏng
Float from thy watch-place on the mŏssy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

6. Lone whip-poor-will,[2]
There is much sweetnèss in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollōw dirge,[3] like some reclūse[4] who takes
His lodging in the wildernèss of woods,
And lifts his anthem[5] when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.

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[1] **Chĭme**, the harmonious sound of musical instruments, bells, running waters, etc.

[2] **Whĭp'-poor-will**, an American bird, related to the nighthawk, so called from the sounds of its voice.

[3] **Dirge**, a mournful song.

[4] **Re clūse'**, a person who lives in retirement, or apart from others.

[5] **An' them**, a piece of music set to verses from the Bible, used in church; a sacred song or hymn, etc.

I hear thee ŏft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green roving linnet are at rest,
And the blīthe,[1] twittering swallōws have lŏng ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

7. Far up some brook's still cōurse, whose cŭrrent streams
The fŏrest's blacken'd roots, and whose green marge[2]
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely hĕron[3] sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath-silence of the wildernèss;
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stain'd rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

8. Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,[4]
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the wingèd kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookèst down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And, poising[5] thy gray wing, thy glōssy bēak
Swift as an ărrōw strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart, like a specter[6] of the night, and hear
Thy strānge, bewildering call, like the wild scrēam
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

9. And now, wouldst thou, O man! delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creātions? Then pass fōrth,
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richèst hues
Lie in their splendid plūmage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the mūsic of the lūte,[7]
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby[8] lip.

ISAAC MCLELLAN, JR.

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[1] **Blīthe**, joyful; gay; sprightly.
[2] **Marge**, edge.
[3] **Hĕr′on**, a long legged and necked water-fowl that lives on fish.
[4] **Boom**, a peculiar noise made by the eagle.
[5] **Pois′ing**, balancing.
[6] **Spĕc′ter**, a ghost; the appearance of a person who is dead.
[7] **Lūte**, a stringed musical instrument formerly much used.
[8] **Ruby**, (rō′ bĭ), red.

SECTION II.

I.

5. DANIEL WEBSTER AT SCHOOL.

WHEN Webster first entered Phillips Academy, at Exeter, he was made, in consequence of his unpolished[1] country-like appearance, and because he was placed at the foot of the class, the butt[2] of ridicule[3] by some of the scholars. This treatment touched his keen sensibility, and he spoke of it with regret to his friends where he boarded. They informed him that the place assigned him in the class was according to the standing regulations of the school, and that by diligence[4] he might rise above it. They also advised him to take no notice of the laughter of the city boys; for, after awhile, they would become weary of it and would cease.

2. The assistant tutor, Mr. Emery, was informed of the treatment which Webster received. He, therefore,[5] treated him with special consideration, told him to care for nothing but his books, and predicted[6] that all would end well. This kindness had the desired effect. Webster applied himself with increased diligence, and with signal success. He soon met with his reward, which made those who had laughed at him hang their heads with shame.

3. At the end of the first quarter, the assistant tutor called up the class in their usual order. He then walked to the foot of the class, took Webster by the arm, and marched him, in front of the class, to the head, where, as he placed him, he said, "There, sir, that is your proper place." This practical rebuke[7] made those who had delighted to ridicule the country boy feel mortified and chagrined.[8] He had outstripped them.

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[1] **Un pŏl′ ished**, rude; not refined in manners.

[2] **Bŭtt**, a mark to be shot at; the person at whom ridicule, or jests are directed.

[3] **Rĭd′ i cule**, mockery; wit that exposes the object of it to laughter and to personal and offensive feelings.

[4] **Dĭl′ i gence**, steady and careful attention.

[5] **Therefore**, (thĕr′ fôr), for that or this reason.

[6] **Pre dĭct′ ed**, foretold.

[7] **Re būke**, reproof for faults; check or restraint.

[8] **Chagrined**, (sha grĭned′), put to shame; vexed.

4. This incident greatly stimulated[1] the successful student. He applied himself with his accustomed in'dustry, and looked forward with some degree of solicitude[2] to the end of the second term, to see whether he would be able to retain his relative[3] rank in the class. Weeks slowly passed away; the end of the term arrived, and the class was again summoned to be newly arranged, according to their scholarship and deportment, as evinced[4] during the preceding[5] term!

5. While they were all standing in silence and suspense,[6] Mr. Emery, their teacher, said, fixing his eye at the same time upon the country boy: "Dăniël Webster, găther up your books and take down your cap." Not understanding the design of such an order, Daniel complied with troubled feelings. He knew not but he was ăbout to be expelled from school for his dullnèss.

6. His teacher perçeived the expression of sadnèss upon his countenance, but soon dispelled[7] it by saying: "Now, sir, you will please pass into another room, and *join a higher class;* and you, young gentlemèn," addressing the other scholars, "will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for *you will never see him again!*" As if he had said: "This rustic lad, whom you have made the butt of ridicule, has already so far outstripped you in his studies, that, from your stand-point, he is dwarfed[8] in the distance, and will soon be out of sight entirely. He has developed[9] a capacity for study which will prevent you from ever overtaking him. As a classmate, you will never see him again."

7. It would be in'teresting to know who those city boys were who made the young rustic[10] an object of spōrt. What have they come to? What have they accomplished? Who has heard of the fame of their attainmènts? Scholars should be careful how they laugh at a classmate because of his unpolished manners or cōarse raiment. Under that rough exterior[11] may

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[1] **Stĭm' u lāt ed**, excited, or roused to action.

[2] **So lĭc' i tūde**, anxious care.

[3] **Rĕl' a tive**, considered by comparing with others.

[4] **E vĭnced'**, shown; proved.

[5] **Pre cēd' ing**, going before in place or order of time; previous.

[6] **Sŭs pĕnse'**, state of uncertainty; indetermination; doubt.

[7] **Dis pĕlled'**, drove away; caused to disappear.

[8] **Dwarfed**, lessened; kept or made small.

[9] **De vĕl' oped**, shown; unfolded.

[10] **Rŭs' tic**, one who works upon the soil; a countryman.

[11] **Ex tē' ri or**, the outward surface or part of a thing; that which is outside.

be concealed talents that will move a nation and dazzle a world, when they, in their turn, might justly be made a laughing-stock, on account of their inefficiency.[1] BANVARD.

II.

6. THE BOY.

THERE'S something in ă noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, carelèss one,
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepress'd[2] by sadnèss,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its vĕry track,
And felt its very gladnèss.

2. And yĕt, it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lŏst,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me mōst:
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echo'd in the hall,
His mĕrry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadnèss hear it all,—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now,—

3. But when, ămĭd thē earnèst game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedlèss of his shouted name
As of the cărol[3] of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there;—
'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful but thoughtful face—
And, like a lŏng-forgotten book,
Its sweet familiar meanings trace,—

[1] **Inefficiency,** (In` ef fish′ en sĭ), want of power or exercise of power to produce effective action.

[2] **Un`re prĕssed′,** not subdued or mastered.

[3] **Căr′ ol,** a song of great joy.

4. Remembering ă thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fetter'd now;
Things that came ō'er me with a thrill,
And left me silènt, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

5. 'Tis strānge how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess[1]—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor[2] straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious[3] thrall[4]
Is strŏnger, sweeter far than all!
And on its silènt wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lŏst as they! N. P. Willis.

III.

7. PETER OF CORTONA.

PART FIRST.

A LITTLE shepherd, about twelve years old, one day abandoned[6] the flock which had been committed to his care, and set ŏff for Flŏrence,[6] where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, almost as poor as himself, and who, like him, had left the village of Cortōna,[7] to become a scullion[8] in the kitchen of the Cardinal[9] Sacchetti.[10] A far nobler object conducted Peter

[1] **Ex cĕss′**, that which exceeds or surpasses what is usual or necessary.

[2] **Ar′ dor**, warmth or heat of passion or affection; eagerness.

[3] **Mỹs tē′ ri ous**, secret; not easily understood.

[4] **Thrall**, bondage; slavery.

[5] **A băn′ doned**, forsook entirely.

[6] **Flŏr′ ence**, a city in Italy, capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.

[7] **Cor tō′ na**, a town of Tuscany.

[8] **Scŭll′ ion**, a servant who cleans pots and kettles, and does other kitchen work.

[9] **Car′ di nal**, one of the seventy priests of the Pope's council, or sacred college, from among whom and by the votes of whom the pope is elected.

[10] **Sacchetti**, (sȧk kĕt′ tē).

to Florence. He knew that that city contained an academy of fine arts, a school of painting, and the little shepherd was ambitious of being a painter.

2. After searching throughout the city, he stopped at the gate of the Cardinal's palace, and inhaling from a distance the odor of the kitchen, he waited patiently until his lordship was served, in order to speak to his friend Thomas. He had to wait a lŏng time; but, at last, the much wished-for moment of the interview arrived.

3. "Here you are, Peter; and what are you going to do in Flŏrence?" "I am going to learn painting."

4. "You had much better follow my example, and learn to cook; at all events, you are sure of not having to die of hunger." "You eat, then, as much as you like here?" said Peter.

5. "I believe you," replied the little scullion; "and might give myself a fit of indigestion[1] ĕvèry day, if I were so disposed." "In that case," replied Peter, "I see we may manage vĕry well. As you have too much, and I have not enough, you can find food, and I shall find appetite, and we shall gĕt on very well togĕther."

6. "Yĕs, that will do," said Thomas. "Vĕry well, then, let it do at once," resumed Peter; "for as I have not dined, we may as well begin from this vĕry momènt the arrāngemènt I had come to propose to you."

7. Thomas made him creep up secretly into the garret where he slept, ŏffered him half his bed, told him to wait ăwhīle, and that he would soon return with some of the remains of the Cardinal's dinner. We need not say whether the repast was a mĕrry one. Thomas had an excellent heart, and Peter an excellent appetite.

8. "Now, then, as you are well lodged, and well fed, the only question is, how are you going to work?" "Like ĕvèry one else who draws with pencils and paper."

9. "But," urged Thomas, "you have money, then, to buy pencils and paper?" "I! I have no money at all; but I said to myself, as I came ălŏng, Thomas, who is a scullion in the Cardinal's kitchen, can not fail to have money; and since he is rich, it is just the same as if I were so."

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[1] In di gĕs' tion, want of ability to prepare the food in the stomach and change it into blood.

10. Thomas scratched his ear, and replied that, so far as a few bones to pick were concerned, there was no want of those in the house; but as to money, he must wait at least three years lŏnger, before he had any right to ask for wages.

11. Peter resigned himself to his fate. The walls of his garret were white; Thomas supplied the young artist with mŏre charcoal than he could use for his sketches, and Peter set vigorously to work to draw on the walls. We know not by what means little Thomas succeeded in procuring a small piece of money; but the child had too good a heart to be wanting in honesty, therefore we must believe that the little scullion had legitimately[1] obtained the half-pistŏle[2] which he one day triumphantly brought to his companion.

12. What joy was there, then! The artist could now have pencils and paper. He went out at break of day to study the pictures in the churches, the monuments in the public squares, and the views around the city; and in the evening, with an empty stomach, but with a mind well filled with what he had seen, he furtively[3] returned to the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner ready, and placed by Thomas under the măt'tress, less for the purpose of concealmènt, than to keep it warm during his friend's absence.

IV.

8. PETER OF CORTONA.

PART SECOND.

THE charcoal sketches soon disappeared under more correct designs, for Peter covered with his best drawings the walls of the nărrōw cell, in which the friendship of a child had afforded him so generous an asy'lum.[4]

2. One day, the Cardinal Sacchetti, whose palace was undergoing repair, visited, in company with the architect,[5] the upper

[1] **Le git' i mate ly**, honestly; in a lawful manner.

[2] **Pis tōle'**, a gold coin of Spain, worth about three dollars and sixty cents. In other countries it varies in value from *three* to *five* dollars.

[3] **Furtively**, (fĕr' tĭv lĭ), stealthily, secretly; by theft.

[4] **A sy' lum**, an institution or place for the benefit of the destitute or unfortunate; a safe retreat or abode.

[5] **Ar' chi tect**, a contriver or maker; a person skilled in the art of building.

stŏries, to which, perhaps, he had never before ascended, and entered the garret of the little scullion. Peter was absent; but his numerous drawings sufficiently testified the laborious in'dustry of the child who inhabited this retreat.

3. The Cardinal and the architect were struck with the merits of these productions; they at first supposed Thomas to be the author of them, and the prĕl'ate[1] summoned him into his presence, in order to compliment him on his talents. When poor Thomas became aware that the Cardinal had visited his garret, and that he had seen what he called the smudges of his friend Peter, he believed himself lŏst.

4. "You are no lŏnger one of my scullions," said the Cardinal to him, little thinking that the child had a fĕllŏw-lodger. Thomas, mistaking the purport[2] of his words, imagined that his master dismissed him from his kitchen: then the poor little fellow, seeing that his own existence, as well as that of his friend, was much compromised[3] by this act of severe justice, threw himself at his master's feet, saying:

5. "Oh, signor![4] what will become of my poor friend Peter, if you send him ăwāy?" The Cardinal demanded an explana tion of these words, which he could not understand, and thus discovered that the drawings were the work of a little shepherd, whom Thomas had secretly maintained for two years.

6. "When he returns at night, you will bring him to me," said the Cardinal, laughing at the mistake, and generously forgiving Thomas. That evening, the artist did not make his appearance at the palace of the Cardinal; two days, a week, a fortnīght, elapsed, and still nothing was heard of Peter of Cortōna.

7. At length, the Cardinal, who was greatly in'terested in the fate of the young artist, succeeded in discovering that, for a fortnīght, the charitable monks of an isolated[5] convent had received and detained with them a young draughtsman,[6] from

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[1] **Prĕl'ate**, a clergyman of high rank. A cardinal is a prelate of the highest order in the Roman Church, next in rank to the Pope.

[2] **Purport**, (pĕr' pôrt), meaning.

[3] **Cŏm' pro mised**, put in danger.

[4] **Signor**, (sēn'yĕr), Sir; Mr.; a title of address or respect among the Italians.

[5] **Is' o lāt ed**, separated from others; lonely.

[6] **Draughtsman**, (drăfts' man), one who draws writings or designs, or one skilled in the making of drawings.

fourteen to fifteen years of age, who had come to ask permission to copy a picture of Raphael's[1] which was in the chapel of the cloister. This child was Peter. He was taken back to the palace of the Cardinal, who, after receiving him with kindnèss, placed him in the school of one of the best painters in Rome.

8. Fifty years later, there were two old men, living togĕther like brothers, in one of the handsomèst private dwellings of Flŏrence. It was said of the one—"He is the greatèst painter of our day;" of the other—"He will be the modèl of friends in all future ages."

V.

9. THE TWO BOYS.

THERE were two boys, who were bred up togĕther,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same bōard.
Each tried the other's spōrt, from their first chase,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftnèss of the bird.

2. They lay beside
The silver trout stream, watching as the sun
Play'd on the bubbles: shared each in the stōre
Of ēither's garden; and togĕther read
Of *him*,[2] the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes.

3. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say
That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain: they parted
With promises of lŏng remembrance, words
Whose kindnèss was the heart's, and those warm tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes that shed them,

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[1] **Răph′a ĕl** was a very eminent painter, whose works are the admiration of the world. He lived between the years 1483 and 1520.

Robinson Crusoe, (rŏb′in sn krō′sō), here referred to, the hero of De Foe's great novel, a shipwrecked sailor who for many years led a solitary life on an uninhabited island of the tropics.

But which are thought upon in after years
As what we would give worlds to shed once mōre.

4. They met again,[1]—but different from themselves,—
At least, what each remember'd of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian[2] wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gāther'd it; each with a brow
And heart ălīke darken'd by years and care.

5. They met with cold words and yet colder looks:
Each was chānged in himself, and yĕt each thought
The other ōnly changed, himself the same.
And coldnèss bred dislike; and rivalry[3]
Came like the pestilence[4] o'er some sweet thoughts
That linger'd yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word,
Were strāngers in their age: if their eyes met,
'Twas but to look contempt, and when they spoke,
Their speech was wormwood![5]—and this, this is life.

L. ELIZABETH MACLEAN.

VI.

10. WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

WE were boys togĕther,
And never can forgĕt
The school-house on the hĕather,[6]
In childhood where we met—
The humble home, to memory dear;
Its sŏrrōws and its joys;

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[1] **Again**, (ă gĕn′).

[2] **Indian**, (ĭnd′ yan), relating to India.

[3] **Rĭ′ val ry**, state of being in pursuit of the same thing as another, and which only one can possess; opposed to each other.

[4] **Pĕs′ti lence**, the plague; an infectious disease, or one that is catching.

[5] **Wormwood**, (wĕrm′ wŭd), a bitter herb; bitterness.

[6] **Hĕath′ er**, heath; a place overgrown with heath, a shrub which bears beautiful flowers, and whose leaves are small and continue green all the year.

Where woke the transient[1] smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

2. We were youths togĕther,
And castles[2] built in air;
Your heart was like ă feather,
And mine weighed down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys[3]
Foreshadow'd[4] in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

3. We're old men togĕther;
The friends we loved of yōre,[5]
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gōne forever mōre.
How blest to age the impulse[6] given—
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

SECTION III.

I.

11. NICK VAN STANN.

A FRENCHMAN who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a fŏreign shōre,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He didn't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly grieve him much:

[1] **Transient**, (trăn' shent), passing away; fleeting; hasty.

[2] **Castles**, (kăs'slz), houses fortified or armed for defense against enemies; houses of noblemen or knights.

[3] **Al loys'**, evils mixed with good; base metals mixed with precious ones.

[4] **Fōre shăd' ōwed**, announced or declared beforehand by an image, form, or resemblance.

[5] **Yōre**, *of yore*, of old time; long since; long ago.

[6] **Im'pulse**, the act of impelling, or driving onward with sudden force; impression.

He thought—as Frenchmen always do—
That all the world could "*parley-voo.*"[1]

2. At length our eager tourist[2] stands
Within the famous Netherlands,
And, strŏlling gayly here and there
In search of something rich or rare,
A lordly mansion greets his eyes;
"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,
And, bowing to the man who sat
In livery[3] at the garden-gate,
"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,
Whose very charming grounds are these?
And—pardon me—be pleased to tell
Who in this splendid house may dwell?"
To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man
Replied what seemed like "*Nick Van Stann.*"[4]

3. "Thanks!" said the Gaul,[5] "the owner's taste
Is equally superb[6] and chaste;[7]
So fine a house, upon my word,
Not even Paris can afford.
With statues,[8] too, in every niche,[9]
Of cōurse, *Monsieur*[10] *Van Stann* is rich
And lives, I warrant,[11] like a king,—
Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"

4. In Amsterdam the Frenchman meets
A thousand wonders in the streets,

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[1] **Parley-voo**, (pär´ lå vō), here means, *speak French.*

[2] **Tourist**, (tŏr´ ist), one who makes a tour, or performs a journey in a circuit.

[3] **Liv´ er y**, the peculiar dress by which the servants of a nobleman or gentleman are distinguished; any marked dress or outward appearance.

[4] **Niet verstaan**, don't understand.

[5] **Gaul**, (gål), the ancient name of France; hence, a native or inhabitant of France.

[6] **Superb**, (su pẽrb´), grand; rich; stately; elegant; showy.

[7] **Chāste**, pure, correct, or free from fault.

[8] **Stăt´ ue**, an image; a solid substance formed, by carving, into the likeness of a whole living being.

[9] **Niche**, a cavity, hollow, or recess, generally within the thickness of a wall, for a bust, or statue.

[10] **Monsieur**, (mo sẽr´), Sir, or mister.

[11] **Warrant**, (wŏr´ rant), to make secure; to declare with assurance, or full confidence.

But most he marvels to behold
A lady dressed in silk and gold.
Gazing with rapture[1] at the dame,
He begs to know the lady's name,
And hears—to raise his wonder more—
The very words he heard before!
"*Merci!*"[2] he cries, "well, on my life,
Milord has got a charming wife;
'Tis plain to see, this *Nick Van Stann*
Must be a very happy man!"

5. Next day, our tourist chanced to pop
His head within a lottery-shop;
And there he saw, with staring eyes,
The drawing of the Mammoth[3] Prize.
"Ten Millions!—'Tis a pretty sum;
I wish I had as much at home!
I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,
What lucky fellow is the winner?"
Conceive our traveler's amaze
To hear again the hackneyed[4] phrase!

6. "What! No?—not *Nick Van Stann* again?
Faith! he's the luckiest of men!
You may be sure we don't advance
So rapidly as that in France!
A house, the finest in the land;
A lovely garden, nicely planned;
A perfect angel of a wife,
And gold enough to last a life,—
There never yet was mortal man
So very blessed as *Nick Van Stann!*"

7. Next day the Frenchman chanced to meet
A pompous[5] funeral in the street,
And, asking one who stood near by

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[1] **Răpt′ ure**, the state or condition of being rapt, or carried away from one's self by agreeable excitement; great joy or pleasure.

[2] **Merci**, (mâr′ se), thank you.

[3] **Măm′ moth**, resembling the mammoth [an extinct kind of elephant] in size; gigantic; very large.

[4] **Hăck′ neyed**, common.

[5] **Pŏmp′ ŏus**, grand; showy.

What nobleman had pleased to die,
Was stunned to hear the old reply!

8. The Frenchman sighed and shook his head,
"Alas! poor *Nick Van Stann* is dead!
With such a house, and such a wife,
It must be hard to part with life;
And then, to lose that Mammoth Prize!
He wins, and—pop!—the winner dies!
Ah! well,—his blessings came so fast,
I greatly feared they couldn't last;
And thus, we see, the sword of Fate
Cuts down alike the small and great!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

II.

12. STUART, THE PAINTER.

OF Stuart,[1] the painter, this amusing anecdote is related. He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped pomatumed[2] hair was all the fashion.

2. "You are a hair-dresser, then!" "What," said he, "do I look like a barber?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?" "Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

3. "Oh, you are a valet,[3] then, to some nobleman?" "A

[1] Gilbert Stuart was born in Newport, R. I., in 1755, and died in 1828. He lived successively in Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston. His portraits are among the finest specimens of modern art. On a near and sudden view, they appear like mere daubs and blotches of paint; but, as the eye rivets its attention upon them, the canvas appears to be actually animated—there seems to be no paint, nothing but living flesh and blood, with the actual features of the person in relief before us. Hence, Stuart's portraits are very highly estimated.

[2] Po mā' tumed, dressed with pomatum, a kind of scented ointment used on the hair.

[3] Văl' et, a waiting servant; a servant who attends on a gentleman's person.

valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a s
I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen
tailor?" "A tailor! do I look like a tailor
never handled a goose,[1] other than a roasted g

4. By this time they were all in a roar.
then?" said one. "I'll tell you," said Stuart.
I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hat
adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breec
likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

5. "Oh, ho! a boot and shoe maker, after all!" "Gue
again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my
own feet and legs; yĕt all I have told you is true." "We may
as well give up guessing." "Well, then, I will tell you, upon
my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide*[2] profession. I get my
bread by making faces."

6. He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineă-
ments[4] of his visage,[5] in a manner such as Samuel Foote[6] or
Charles Mathews[7] might have envied. His companions, after
loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having
suspected that the gentleman belŏnged to the theater; and they
all knew he must be a comedian[8] by profession. When to
their utter astonishment, he assured them that he was never on
the stage, and vĕry rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any
similar place of ămūsemènt. They all now looked at each
other in utter ămāzemènt.

7. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions: "Gentle-
mĕn, you will find that all I have said of my vārious employ-
mènts is comprised in these few words: *I am a pŏrtrait painter.*
If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I

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[1] **Goose**, the iron with which the tailor smooths his work.

[2] **Breeches**, (brĭch′ ez), a kind of short trowsers or pantaloons, covering the hips and thighs.

[3] **Bŏ′na fi′ de**, Latin words, meaning in good faith; true; actual.

[4] **Lĭn e a ments**, features; outlines.

[5] **Visage**, (vĭz′ aj), the face, countenance, or look of a person, or of other animals.

[6] **Samuel Foote**, an English author, actor, and mimic. Born 1721, died 1777.

[7] **Charles Mathews**, an English comedian, celebrated as a mimic. Born 1776, died 1837.

[8] **Co mē′ di an**, an actor or player in comedy; that is, a representation on a stage of the lighter passions of mankind, which generally terminates happily. When the story terminates sadly, it is called tragedy, and the player is called a tragedian.

ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress air *à la mŏde*,[1] supply you, if in need, with a wig of any n or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

III.

13. THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he pass'd by the dōor,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters ō'er the ground
With his cane.

2. They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

3. But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,[2]
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gŏne."

4. The mŏssy marbles[3] rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,[4]
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many ă year
On the tomb.

5. My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Lŏng ăgō,—

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[1] **A la mŏde**, according to the custom; in fashion.

[2] **Wan**, (wŏn), having a pale or sickly color.

[3] **Mar'bles**, tombstones.

[4] **Bloom**, a state of healthful, growing freshness, beauty, and vigor; youth.

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snōw.

6. But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

7. I know it is a sin
For me to sĭt and grin
At him here;
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

8. And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

SECTION IV.

I.

14. WISH FOR NO MAN'S MONEY.

THE health, and strength, and freshnèss, and sweet sleep of youth,[1] are yours.[2] Young Love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousnèss[3] beat fondly with your own. None—ghoul-like[4]—listen for the death-tick in your chămber. Your shoes have value in men's eyes, ōnly when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can

[1] **Youth**, (yŏth).
[2] **Yours**, (yŏrz).
[3] **Covetousness**, (kŭv′ et ŭs nĕs), avarice; a strong or undue desire of getting and owning some supposed good; an excessive desire for gain.
[4] **Ghoul-like**, (gōl′ lik), a ghoul was an imaginary evil being, among the Eastern nations, that was supposed to prey upon human bodies.

purchase greet you, living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood cŏffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you, dying.

2. Be wise in being content with competency.[1] You have, to eat, to drink, to wear, enough? then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously?[2] He shortens life—increases pains and aches—impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more cŏstly? Gŏd loves him none the mŏre, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy.

3. Nature is yours in all her glŏry: her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks, and streams, and holy places, know no desecration[3] in the step of poverty; but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty—rich and poor ălike.

4. Be content! The robin chirps as gayly as the gorgeous[4] bird of Paradise. Less gaudy[5] is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight's as strŏng, his note as gay; and in his humble home the light of happinèss shines all as bright, because no cloud of envy dims it.

5. Let us, then, labor and be strŏng, in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as do the gifts already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorèst man is rich: while he who counts his millions, hath little joy, if he be otherwise.

II.

15. A HUMAN BEING WITH NOTHING TO DO.

MŌST miserable, worthy of mōst profound pity, is such ă being! The most insignificant[6] object in nature becomes a sŏurce of envy: the birds warble on every tree in ecstasy of

[1] Cŏm′ pe ten cy, sufficiency for some end or duty.

[2] Sŭmpt′ u ous ly, splendidly; expensively.

[3] Des e crā′ tion, a turning from its sacred character; a misusing.

[4] Gorgeous, (gôr′ jus), imposing through splendid or various colors; showy.

[5] Gaudy, (gâd′ ĭ), gay beyond the simplicity of nature or good taste; showy.

[6] In`sig nĭf′ i cant, without weight of character; mean.

joy: the tĭny[1] flower, hidden from all eyes, sends fŏrth its fragrance of full happinèss: the mountain stream dashes alŏng with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes fŏrth in harmonic[2] work.

2. O plant! O stream! worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of—faculties dĭvīne,[3] eternal;[4] ă head to think, but nothing to concentrate[5] the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities[6] undeveloped,[7] a human life thrown away—wasted as water pōured fŏrth in the desert. Birds and flowers, ye are gŏds to such a mŏckery of life!

3. Who can describe the fearful void[8] of such an existence, the yearnings[9] for object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the wearinèss of daily life, the loathing of plĕasure, of frivolity,[10] and the fearful consciousnèss of deadening life—of a spiritual paralysis[11] which hinders all response[12] to human interest—when enthusiasm[13] ceases to ărouse, and noble deeds no lŏnger call fŏrth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal hopelèssnèss and desolation.

4. Happier far is the toiling drudge[14] who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a lŏng starvation: he has hope unceasingly to lighten him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that can not die; and wretched,

[1] **Tĭ′ nў**, very small; little; puny.

[2] **Har mŏn′ ic**, concordant; agreeing; musical.

[3] **Dĭ vine′**, heavenly; belonging to God.

[4] **Eternal**, (e tĕr′ nal), without beginning or end; endless.

[5] **Con cen′ trate**, to fix; to bring all one's powers together.

[6] **Ca păc′ i ties**, those powers by which we are enabled to receive instruction; talents.

[7] **Un` de vĕl′ oped**, not brought out; hidden.

[8] **Void**, an empty space.

[9] **Yearnings**, (yĕrn′ ingz), strong desires.

[10] **Frĭ vŏl′ i ty**, fondness for vain and foolish pursuits; triflingness.

[11] **Pa răl′ y sĭs**, loss of power, either wholly or in part;—usually applied to the loss of voluntary motion in any part of the body.

[12] **Re spŏnse′**, an answer or reply.

[13] **Enthusiasm**, (en thū′ zĭ ăzm), a warm zeal in respect to some object or pursuit.

[14] **Drŭdge**, one who works hard, or labors with toil and fatigue; an unwilling laborer.

weary, and unhuman as his life may be, it is of royal worth—it is separated by the immĕasurable distance of life and death, from the poor wretch who is cursed for having no work to do.

III.

16. GOLDEN RULES OF DAVID COPPERFIELD.

I FEEL as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript[1] is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I worked at that tremendous[2] short-hand, and all improvement appertaining[3] to it, in my sense of responsibility[4] to Dōra and her aunt.[5] I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance[6] at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous[7] energy which then began to be matured within me, and which I know to be the strŏng part of my character, if it have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the sōurce of my success.

2. I have been vĕry fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality,[8] order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation.[9]

3. The man who reviews his life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been ă good man, indeed, if he would be spared the sharp consciousnèss of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic[10]

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[1] **Măn′ u script**, any thing written with the hand.

[2] **Tre mĕn′ dous**, fitted to awaken terror or dread; such as may astonish or frighten by its force, loudness, etc.

[3] **Ap` per tain′ ing**, belonging.

[4] **Re spŏn` si bĭl′ i ty**, the state of being answerable; obligation to provide for, or pay.

[5] **Aunt**, (ănt).

[6] **Per` se vēr′ ance**, a continued effort to gain or accomplish something.

[7] **Con tin′ u ous**, completely joined; not interrupted.

[8] **Punctuality**, (pŭngkt u ăl′ ĭ tĭ), the quality or state of adhering to, or observing the exact time of an appointment.

[9] **Sĕlf`-lau dā′ tion**, self-praise.

[10] **Er răt′ ic**, having no certain course; wandering; roving.

and perverted[1] feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him.

4. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not ăbūsed. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnèst.

5. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ăbĭlity can claim immunity[2] from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillmènt on this earth.

6. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute[3] for thorough-going, ardènt, and sincere earnèstnèss. Never to put one hand to any thing, on which I could throw my whōle self; and never to affect depreciation[4] of my work, whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my GOLDEN RULES. CHARLES DICKENS.

IV.

17. CLEAR THE WAY.

MEN of thought! be up, and stirring night and dāy:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—CLEAR THE WAY!
Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
There's ă fount ăbout to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glōw,
There's a flower about to blōw;
There's a midnight blacknèss chānging into grāy.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

2. Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glōries of the day?
What the evil that shall pĕrish in its ray?

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[1] **Per vert′ ed**, turned from the right use, end, or way.

[2] **Im mū′ ni ty**, freedom from.

[3] **Sŭb′ sti tūte**, one who, or that which, is put in the place of another.

[4] **Depreciation**, (de prē′shĭ ā′shun), the act of lessening or crying down price or value.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnèst must not slacken into plāy.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

3. Lo! ă cloud's about to vanish from the dāy;
And a brazen wrŏng to crumble into clāy.
Lo! the right's about to conquer: CLEAR THE WAY!
With the right shall many mōre
Enter smiling at the dōor;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages lŏng have held us for their prey.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

CHARLES MACKAY.

SECTION V.

I.

18. A MORNING CONVERSATION.

MRS. BOLINGBROKE. I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr. B. Here it is for you, my dear; I have finished it.

Mrs. B. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it—I hate stale news. Is there any thing in the paper? for I can not be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs. B. Who? who?

Mr. B. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin, John Nettleby.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Nettleby! But why did you tell me?

Mr. B. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the

paragraph one's self. One loses all the plĕasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

Mr. B. Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the plĕasure of the surprise.

Mrs. B. But you see I can not find it. How provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell it me.

Mr. B. Our friend Mr. Granby.

Mrs. B. Mr. Granby! Dear! Why did not you make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him *our* friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion[1] to him, as you may remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. B. I am sŏrry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. B. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. B. Cooke! But there are so many Cookes—can't[2] you distinguish her any way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. B. Emma, I think—Yes, Emma.

Mrs. B. Emma Cooke! No; it can not be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr. B. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. B. May be so—I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. B. I have seen vĕry little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. B. Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs. B. I understand that compliment perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear any thing better than irony.[3]

Mr. B. Irony! my dear, I was perfectly in earnèst.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes; in earnest—so I perceive—I may naturally

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[1] Aversion, (a vĕr′shun), opposition of mind; a fixed or constant dislike; the object of constant dislike.

[2] Can't, (kânt), can not.

[3] I′ron y, a kind of ridicule, in which we seemingly adopt or approve what we really reject or condemn; sarcastic praise.

be dull of apprehension,[1] but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend you too well. Yes—it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience: you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr. B. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I reälly was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs. B. No—you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. B. But I said that, only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs. B. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you did not think of me at all.

Mr. B. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

Mrs. B. Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As lŏng as you had the slightèst remains of love for me, you could not make me an object of derision:[2] ridicule and love are incompatible;[3] absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not *cut out* to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby!

Mr. B. Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend; but my happinèss must depend on you, my love; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs. B. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is reälly that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly; see her I must.

Mr. B. I am heartily glad of it, my dear; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby reäl plĕasure.

Mrs. B. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him plĕasure, or you ēither; but to satisfy my own—*curiosity.*[4]

MISS EDGEWORTH.

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[1] **Ap`pre hĕn'sion**, the faculty by which ideas are conceived, or understood.

[2] **Derision**, (de rĭz'un), bitter laughter; mockery.

[3] **In`com păt'i ble**, unable to be joined together; contradictory.

[4] **Cū`ri ŏs'i tў**, anything that is fitted to excite or reward attention; strong desire for new information.

II.

19. COMPARISON OF WATCHES.

WHEN Griselda thought that her husband had lŏng enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was dănger of his forgĕtting the taste of sŏrrōw, she chănged her tone.—One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute, she received him with ă frown; such as would have made even Mars[1] himself recoil,[2] if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.[3]

2. "Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear." "I am very sŏrry for it; but why did you wait, my dear? I am really very sorry I am so late, but" (looking at his watch) "it is only half-past six by me."

3. "It is seven by me." They presented their watches to each other; he in an apologetical,[4] she in a reproachful, attitude.[5]

4. "I rather think you are too fast, my dear," said the gentleman. "I am very sure you are too slow, my dear," said the lady.

5. "My watch never loses a minute in the four-and-twenty hours," said he. "Nor mine a second," said she.

6. "I have reason to believe I am right, my love," said the husband, mildly. "Reason!" exclaimed the wife, astonished. "What reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you I am mŏrally certain you are wrŏng, my love?"

7. "My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to-day." "The sun must be wrŏng, then," cried the lady, hastily—"You need not laugh; for I know what I am saying; the variation,[6] the declination,[7] must be allowed for, in computing[8] it with the clock. Now you know perfectly well what I mean, though you will not explain it for me, because you are conscious I am in the right."

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[1] **Mars**, (mårz), an ancient god, worshipped at Rome as the god of war.

[2] **Re coil'**, to start, bound, draw, or fall back.

[3] **Vē'nus**, the goddess of female beauty and of love; one of the planets.

[4] **Apologetical**, (a pŏl`o jĕt'ik al), by way of excuse.

[5] **At'ti tude**, posture, position of the body.

[6] **Vā`ri ā tion**, here means unequal motion.

[7] **Dĕc`li nā'tion**, the position of the sun at noon, north or south of the equator.

[8] **Com pūt'ing**, calculating.

8. "Well, my dear, if *you* are conscious of it, that is sufficient. We will not dispute any more about such a trifle. Are they bringing up dinner?" "If they know that you are come in; but I am sure I can not tell whether they do or not.—Pray, my dear Mrs. Nettleby," cried the lady, turning to a female friend, and still holding her watch in hand, "what o'clock is it by you? There is nobody in the world hates disputing about trifles so much as I do; but I own I do love to convince people that I am in the right."

9. Mrs. Nettleby's watch had stopped. How provoking! Vexed at having no immediate means of convincing people that she was in the right, our hĕroĭne[1] consoled herself by proceeding to criminate[2] her husband, not in this particular instance, where he pleaded guilty, but upon the general charge of being always late for dinner, which he strenuously[3] denied.

10. There is something in the species[4] of reproach which advances thus triumphantly from particulars to generals, peculiarly offensive to every reasonable and susceptible mind; and there is something in the general charge of being always late for dinner, which the punctuality of man's nature can not easily endure, especially if he be hungry. We should humbly advise our female friends to forbear exposing a husband's patience to this trial, or, at least, to temper it with much fondness, else mischief will infallibly[5] ensue. MISS EDGEWORTH.

III.

20. A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf![6]
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tĭny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear)—
Thou mĕrry, laughing sprite![7] with spirits feather light,
Untouch'd by sŏrrōw, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)—

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[1] **Hĕr′o ĭne**, a female hero, or principal character spoken of.

[2] **Crĭm′i nāte**, to accuse or charge with a crime or offense.

[3] **Strĕn′ū oŭs lў**, earnestly; firmly.

[4] **Spē′cies**, kind; sort; class.

[5] **In făl′li bly**, without fail.

[6] **Elf**, a fay, or a fairy; a little fancied spirit, supposed to live in wild and desert places, and to delight in mischievous tricks.

[7] **Sprīte**, spirit.

2. Thou little tricksy Puck,[1]
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strŏng and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

3. Thou cherub—but of earth!
Fit plāyfĕllŏw for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmlèss spōrt and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium[2] ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from nature's mint,[3]
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

4. Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug ŏff with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymenē'al[4] nest!
(Are those tōrn clothes his best?)
Little epitomè[5] of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on, my elfin[6] John!

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[1] **Pŭck**, *Robin Good-Fellow*, and *Friar Rush*, were names applied many years ago to a mischievous little fairy, or wanderer of the night.

[2] **Elysium**, (e lĭz' i um), a place of delight, as the ancients believed, for happy souls after death; any delightful place.

[3] **Mint**, a place where money is coined; a place where things are invented, produced, or made.

[4] **Hў`men ē' al**, relating to marriage.

[5] **E pĭt' o me**, an abridgment; a small copy.

[6] **Elf' in**, a little elf or urchin.

5. Tŏss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant[1] as the thistle down,
Prŏmpting the face grotesque,[2] and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown.)

6. Thou pretty[3] opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that windōw had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I can not write unless he's sent above!)

THOMAS HOOD.

IV.

21. THE MISER.

LOVEGOLD. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom do you want, sir,—your coachman or your cook? for I am bōth one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of horses were starved; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts ŏff his coachman's great-coat, and appears as a cook.*) Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year; a dinner, indeed, now and then; but for a supper I'm almost ăfrāid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave ŏff your saucy jesting, and see that you provide a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

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[1] **Buoyant,** (bwâl'ant), light; bearing up.

[2] **Grotesque,** (grō tĕsk') like the figures found in grottoes or caves; wildly formed; droll; laughable.

[3] **Pretty,** (prĭt' ĭ).

Love. Is the mischief in you? Always money! Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money.

James. Well, sir; but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end, a handsome soup; at the other, a fine Westphaliä[1] ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet[2] of veal; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard,[3] which may be had for about a guinea[4]—

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

James. Then a ragout[5]—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people, you dŏg?

James. Then pray, sir, say what will you have?

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy[6] their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of thin soup; a large suet-pudding, some dainty, fat pork-pie, very fat; a fine, small lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There; that's plenty and variety.

James. Oh, dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, sir, you must have some poultry.[7]

Love. No; I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then,—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Mercy! sir, how the folks will talk of it; indeed, people say enough of you already.

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[1] **Westphalia**, (West fā'lī ă), a province of Prussia in which horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs are numerous, and the last named furnish the celebrated Westphalian hams.

[2] **Fĭl'** let, meat made up of muscles; the fleshy part of the thigh.

[3] **Bŭs'** tard, a large bird.

[4] **Guĭn'** ea, a former English gold coin, worth somewhat more than five dollars.

[5] **Ragout**, (rā gō'), a dish made of fragments of meat, sometimes of more than one kind, mixed, stewed, and highly seasoned; a stew.

[6] **Cloy**, to overload; to glut; to satisfy; to fill to loathing.

[7] **Pōul' try**, tame fowls which are kept for the table, and for their eggs, feathers, etc., such as cocks and hens, capons, turkeys, ducks and geese.

Love. Eh! why, what do the people say, pray?

James. Oh, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it, then, they make a jest of you evèrywhere; nay, of your servants, on your account. One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Poh! poh!

James. Another says, you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie; for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the by-word evèrywhere; and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous, stingy, scraping, old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain!

James. Nay, sir, you said you wouldn't be angry.

Love. Get out, you dog! you— HENRY FIELDING.

SECTION VI.

I.

22. WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

"PLEASE, sir, dōn't push so." It was in endeavoring to penetrate[1] the dense[2] crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway, after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from ă little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed in by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate[3] herself.

2. The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaty[4] of the little one, but pushed on tōward the door. "Look here, sir," said a man whose cōarse apparel,[5] sturdy frame, and toil-

[1] **Pĕn′ e trāte**, to enter into; to force a way into or through anything.

[2] **Dĕnse**, compact; close.

[3] **Ex′ tri cāte**, to disentangle, or set free from difficulties; to relieve.

[4] **En trēat′ y**, earnest prayer or request.

[5] **Ap păr′ el**, outer clothing; dress.

embrowned hands, contrasted strŏngly with the delicately gloved fingers, curlĭng locks, and expensive broadclŏth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're jamming that little girl's bŏnnet all to smash with those elbows of yours."

3. "Can't help that," gruffly replied the individual addressed: "I look to No. One." "You take care of No. One, do you? Well, that's all fair: so do I," replied the honest countryman; and with these words, he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the former, he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him, with somewhat more haste than dignity, in the street below.

4. The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated[1] by the stout fist of the strănger, and rather abashed[2] by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was ăbout time for him to go home. In polite society the former would be cōurted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised. "Who was the gentleman?"

5. On a raw and blustering day last winter, a young girl, with a basket on her arm, entered one of our stōres. After making a few purchases she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated[3] that they thought themselves something; whose sŏft sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently[4] of about the same quality as their brain.

6. As they made not the slightèst movemènt as she approached, the young girl hesitated ă momènt, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand ăsīde. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her, as she did so, a broad stare, that brought the color to her cheek, and the fire to her eye. In stepping upon the icy pavemènt her foot slipped, and in endeavoring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its con'tents in evèry direction.

7. At this, the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it as vastly ămūsing. "Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice; and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose

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[1] **In tĭm' i dāt ed**, made timid or fearful; frightened.

[2] **A băshed'**, confused, or made ashamed.

[3] **In' di cāt ed**, pointed out; discovered; showed.

[4] **Apparently**, (ap pâr'ent lĭ), plainly; seemingly; in appearance.

cōarse but well-patched cōat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward, and, găthering up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and a smile that would have graced a drawing-room. "Who was the gentleman?"

8. Boys, you are all ambitious to become gĕntlemèn. It is all vĕry natural, but remember, that nēither your own nor your par'ents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, or your barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same evèrywhere; not only at the social[1] party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowdèd assembly at home, or in the street; never oppressing the weak or ridiculing the unfortunate; respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable[2] to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him.

II.

23. A MODERN CINCINNATUS.[3]

THOSE who have read of the old Roman who left his plow, and ruled the nation, returning again to his humble farm, must be proud to think how many instances of the same kind our own history furnishes. Washington was a Cincinnātus, and here is an account of another.

2. At the session of the South Carolina Legislature, in 1814, the members were perplexed for a suitable man to elect governor. The difficulty did not arise from any scarcity of candidates,[4]—for then, as now, men were ambitious,—but from a want of the right sort of man. The matter became worse as the time wōre on, and the election of some objectionable candidate seemed inevitable.[5]

3. One day, however, as several of them were conversing upon the matter, Judge O'Neall, then a[6] young man, and present by invitation, said, "Gentlemen, why not elect Genèral David

[1] **Social**, (sō′ shal), made up of companions; relating to society.

[2] **Af′ fa ble**, easy of conversation; admitting or inviting others to talk freely; courteous.

[3] **Cĭn cĭn nā′ tus**, a celebrated Roman who was called from the plow to direct the affairs of his country and command her armies.

[4] **Căn′ di dātes**, persons who seek or are proposed for any office.

[5] **In ĕv′ it ′a ble**, that which can not be avoided.

[6] **A**, (ă), see Rule 2, p. 24.

R. Williams?" "David R. Williams! he's our man—he's the man!" they all exclaimed, as they begăn to scatter to tell the news. The day of election came on, and General Williams was elected by a large vote.

4. A messenger was at once dispatched with a carefully prepared letter to inform the general of his election, requesting his acceptance, and hoping he would name the day on which he would take the oath of ŏffice. After a lŏng ride, the messenger stopped at the general's residence, in Marlboro' district, we believe, and inquired if he was in. He was told that Mr. Williams was over at his plantation.[1] The gentleman said he would ride over, as he had a note to deliver to him as soon as possible.

5. When ăbout half way, he met a fine-looking man, dressed in plain homespun, and driving a team of mules. "Am I on the road to the plantation of General Williams?" asked the messenger. "Yes, sir; it is about a mile further on," was the reply. "Is the general at home?" "No, sir." "Where is he?" "I am General Williams." "You General David R. Williams?" "I am the man." "Dōn't deceive me. I have an important letter for Gen. Williams. If that is your name," said the doubting messenger, "here it is," handing the letter to the general.

6. Mr. Williams opened the letter, and found, to his utter astonishmènt, that, without his knowledge or consent, he had been elected governor of South Carolina. He took the messenger home, and entertained him for the night, preparing a note in the mean time accepting the appointmènt, and naming a time on which he would be in Columbiă. The messenger returned. On the appointed day, a few minutes before twelve, a man, dressed in homespun, and on horseback, rode into town. Hitching his animal to a tree, he made his way to the Capitol,[2] where he found a brilliant concourse[3] of people.

7. But few knew him personally; still there was something commanding about him. He took his seat in a vacant chair; and when the clock in front of the Speaker had struck the hour of twelve, the general rose, and delivered the most masterly speech that had ever been delivered there. The farmer-states-

[1] **Plan tā′ tion**, a place planted; a large cultivated farm.

[2] **Căp′ i tol**, the State-house, or house in which the legislature meets.

[3] **Concourse**, (kŏng′ kōrs), a moving, flowing, or running together; a collection of people meeting of choice in one place; an assembly.

man entirely electrified[1] the assembly. He made an excellent governor. This incident is a valuable prĕcedent:[2] here was a farmer elected; he accepted, and from the plow went to the governor's office to preside,[3] in a stormy crīsis,[4] over the destiny[5] of an important State. Lŏng live his memory!

III.

24. LOKMAN.

LOKMAN, surnamed the Wise, lived in vĕry early times—probably in the days of King David and King Solomon—and his name is still famous in the East as the inventor of many fables and parables,[6] and vārious stŏries are told of his wisdom. It was said that he was a native of Ethiopia,[7] and ēither a tailor, a carpenter, or a shepherd; and that afterward he was a slave in vārious countries, and was at last sold among the Israelites.

2. One day, as he was seated in the midst of a company who were all listening to him with great respect and attention, a Jew of high rank, looking earnestly at him, asked him whether he was not the same man whom he had seen keeping the sheep of one of his neighbors. Lokman said he was. "And how," said the other, "did you, a poor slave, come to be so famous as a wise man?"

3. "By exactly observing these rules," replied Lokman: "Always speak the truth without disguise; strictly keep your promises; and do not meddle with what does not concern you." Another time, he said that he had learned his wisdom from the blind, who will believe nothing but what they hold in their hands—meaning that he always examined things, and took great pains to find out the truth.

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[1] **E lĕc′ tri fied,** suddenly shocked or excited; struck with great and pleasant surprise.

[2] **Prĕc′ e dent,** something said or done that may serve afterwards as an authoritative example.

[3] **Pre sīde′,** to sit above others; to direct, control, and govern.

[4] **Crī′ sis,** time when any thing is at its height, and ripe for a change.

[5] **Dĕs′ ti ny,** fate; that to which any person or thing is appointed, intended, or doomed.

[6] **Păr′ a ble,** a fable, or supposed history, representing something in real life or nature, from which a moral is drawn for instruction.

[7] **E` thĭ ō′ pĭ a,** the name given by the ancient geographers to the countries in Africa, south of Egypt.

4. Being once sent, with some other slaves, to fetch fruit, his companions āte a great deal of it, and then said it was he who had eaten it; on which he drank warm water to make himself sick, and thus proved that he had no fruit in his stomach; and the other slaves, being obliged to do the same, were found out.

5. Another stōry of him is, that, his master having given him a kind of melon, called the cŏloquĭn'tida, which is one of the bitterèst things in the world, Lokman immediately āte it all up, without making faces, or showing the least dislike. His master, quite surprised, said, "How was it possible for you to swallow so nauseous[1] a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so many sweets from you, that it is not wonderful that I should have swallowed the only bitter fruit you ever gave me." His master was so much struck by this generous and grateful answer, that he immediately rewarded him by giving him his liberty.

6. At this day, "to teach Lokman" is a common saying in the East, to express a thing impossible. It is said, too, that he was as good as he was wise; and, indeed, it is the chief part of wisdom to be good. He was particularly remarkable for his love to Gŏd, and his reverence of His holy name. He is reported to have lived to a good old age: and, many centuries after, a tomb in the little town of Ramlah, not far from Jerusalem, was pointed out as Lokman's. DR. AIKIN.

IV.

25. ARCHBISHOP SHARPE AND THE ROBBER.

IT was a custom with Archbishop[2] Sharpe, in his journeys, generally to have a saddle-horse attending his carriage, that, in case of feeling fatigued with sĭtting, he might have the refreshmènt of a ride. In his advanced age, and a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner to his Episcopal[3] residence, and was a mile or two in advance of his carriage, a decently-dressed, good-looking young man, on horseback, came up to him, and, with a trembling hand and faltering tone

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[1] Nauseous, (nâ'shus), disgusting; causing sickness of the stomach.

[2] Arch bĭsh' op, a chief bishop; an officer in the church of the first class; a clergyman of the highest rank in the Episcopal Church.

[3] E pĭs' co pal, belonging to a bishop, or overseer.

of voice, presented a pistol to his grace's breast, demanding his money.

2. The archbishop, with great composure, turned round, and, looking steadfastly at him, desired that he would remove that dăngerous wĕapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, sir," cried the youth, with great agitation, "no words; 'tis not a time for words now; your money, instantly!"

3. "Hear mĕ, young man," said the venerable prĕlate; "come on with me. I, you see, am a vĕry old man, and my life is of little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am Sharpe, the Archbishop of York. My carriage and servants are behind; but conceal your perturbation,[1] and tell me who you are, and what money you want, and, on the word of my character, I will not injure you, but prove a friend.

4. "Here, take this (giving him a purse of money); and now tell me how much you want, to make you independent of so dăngerous and destructive a cōurse, as you are now engaged in." "O, sir," replied the man, "I detest[2] the business as much as you do; I am—but, but—at home there are creditors who will not wait. Fifty pounds, my lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue besides my own can feel or express."

5. "Well, sir, I take it at your word; and, upon my honor, if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then call on me at ——, what I have now given you shall be made up to that sum: trust me, I will not deceive you."

6. The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went ŏff, and, at the time appointed, actually waited on the archbishop, received the money, and assured his lordship that he hoped his words had left impressions which no inducement could ever efface.[3] Nothing more transpired[4] of him for a year and a half; when, one morning, a person knocked at his grace's gate, and, with a peculiar earnèstnèss of voice and countenance, desired to see him.

7. The archbishop ordered the strānger to be introduced. He had scarcely[5] entered the room, when his countenance chānged, his knees tottered, and he sunk almōst breathlèss on

[1] **Per`tur bā'tion**, troubled state of mind; distress.

[2] **Dē tĕst'**, to hate or dislike greatly.

[3] **Ef fāce'**, wear away; wipe off.

[4] **Trans pīred'**, happened; took place; became public.

[5] **Scarcely**, (skârs'lĭ), Note 2, p. 16.

the floor. On recovering, he requested an audience in private. This being granted, he said, "My lord, you can not have forgotten the circumstance of relieving a highwayman. God and gratitude will never suffer it to be obliterated[1] from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior to millions. O, my lord, 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul; 'tis you that have saved a much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I loved dearer than my own life.

8. "Here, my lord, are the fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to express what I feel. God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven be your present and everlasting reward." The archbishop was refusing the money, when the gentleman added: "My lord, I was the younger son of a wealthy man. Your grace knew him, I am sure. My name is ——. My marriage alienated[2] the affections of my father, who left me to sorrow and penury.[3]

9. "My distresses—but your grace knows to what they drove me. A month since, my brother died a bachelor, and intestate;[4] his fortune has become mine; and I, spared and preserved by your goodness from an ignominious[5] death, am now the most penitent, the most grateful, and the happiest of human beings."

V.

26. THE ROTHSCHILDS.

AT the[6] time of the French Revolution,[7] there lived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in Germany, a Jewish banker, of limited means, but good reputation, named Moses Rothschild. When the French army invaded Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cassel was obliged to fly from his dominions. As he passed through Frankfort, he requested Moses Rothschild to take

[1] **Ob lit′ er at ed**, worn away; removed.

[2] **Al′ ien at ed**, transferred to another; lost.

[3] **Pĕn′ u ry**, poverty; want.

[4] **In tĕs′ tate**, dying without a will.

[5] **Ig`no min′ i ous**, disgraceful.

[6] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 24.

[7] **Rev o lu′ tion**, the act of publicly declaring against the authority of a government; a successful and actual change in the form of a government. The French Revolution broke out in 1790.

charge of a large sum of money and some valuable jewels, which he feared might otherwise fall into the hands of the enemy.

2. The Jew would have declined so great a charge; but the prince was so much at a lŏss for the means of saving his property, that Moses at length consented. He declined, however, giving a receipt[1] for it, as in such dāngerous circumstances he could not be answerable for its being safely restored.

3. The money and jewels, to the value of several hundred thousand pounds, were conveyed to Frankfort; and just as the French entered the town, Mr. Rothschild had succeeded in burying the trĕasure in a corner of his garden. He made no attempt to conceal his own property, which amounted only to six thousand pounds. The French accordingly took this, without suspecting that he had any larger sum in his possession.

4. Had he, on the con'trary, pretended to have no money, they would have certainly searched, as they did in many other cases, and might have found and taken the whŏle. When they left the town, Mr. Rothschild dug up the prince's money, and began to make use of a small pōrtion of it. He now thrived in his businèss, and soon gained much wealth of his own.

5. A few years after, when peace came, the Prince of Hesse Cassel returned to his dominions. He was almōst ăfrāid to call on the Frankfort banker, for he readily reflected that, if the French had not got the money and jewels, Moses might pretend they had, and thus keep all to himself.

6. To his great astonishmènt, Mr. Rothschild informed him that the whŏle of the property was safe, and now ready to be returned, with five per cent. interest on the money. The banker at the same time related by what means he had saved it, and apologized for breaking upon the money, by representing that, to save it, he had had to sacrifice all of his own.

7. The prince was so impressed by the fidĕlity of Mr. Rothschild under his great trust, that he allowed the money to remain in his hands at a small rate of interest. To mark, also, his gratitude, he recommended the Jew to various Europē'an sovereigns[2] as a money-lender. Moses was consequently em-

[1] **Re cēipt'**, a paper acknowledging that money or any valuable property has been received; also, the act of receiving.

[2] **Sovereign**, (sŭv' er in), one who holds the highest place in government or power; an emperor, king, or queen.

ployed in several great transactions for raising loans, by which he realized a vast profit.

8. In time he became immensely rich, and put his three sons into the same kind of business in the three chief capitals of Europe—London, Păris, and Vienna.[1] All of them prospered. They became the wealthiest private men whom the world has ever known. He who lived in London, left at his death thirty-five millions of dollars. The other two have been created bărons,[2] and are perhaps not less wealthy. Thus a family, whose purse has maintained war and brought about peace, owes all its greatness to one act of honesty under trust.

SECTION VII.

I.

27. CONVERSATION.

NEVER speak any thing for ă truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against Gŏd, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

2. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate,[3] nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

3. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and

[1] **Vienna**, (ve ĕn′ nȧ).

[2] **Băr′ on**, a nobleman; in England, a nobleman of the lowest grade of rank in the House of Lords.

[3] **E quĭv′ o cāte**, to use expressions or words which may be understood in two or more ways, with a view to mislead.

rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent[1] talking.

4. Be not too earnèst, loud, or vīolent in your conversation. Silence your oppō'nent[2] with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking: hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

5. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant,[3] pertinent,[4] and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

6. Some men excel in husbandry,[5] some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means, you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

7. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make yóu the mōre cautious, bōth in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their ĕrrors. If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth,[6] sobriety, and weight, relates strānge stōries, be not too ready to believe or repōrt them; and yĕt (unless he is one of your family acquaintances) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor cōarsely: by this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.[7]

8. If a man, whose integrity[8] you do not very well know,

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[1] **Im por' ti nent**, not relating to the subject; rude; meddling with what does not belong to us.

[2] **Op pō' nent**, one who opposes; especially one who opposes in a disputation or argument.

[3] **Sig nĭf' i cant**, full of meaning.

[4] **Per' ti nent**, appropriate to the case; fitted to the end.

[5] **Hŭs' band ry**, the business of cultivating the earth, raising cattle, and the management of the dairy.

[6] **Truth**, (trōth), see Rule 4, p. 24.

[7] **Cre dū' lĭ tў**, easiness of belief; a disposition to believe on slight evidence or proof.

[8] **In tĕg' ri ty**, uprightness; the highest degree of honesty.

make you great and extraordinary[1] professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindnèss to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool. Beware, also, of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; mōst probably he has ēither deceived and ăbūsed you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, that had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

9. Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome[2] and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their ămĕndmènt, or for the safety and benefit of others.

10. Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnèst prŏtestā'tions. Forbear scŏffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offenses leave a deep impression; and they ŏften cŏst a man dear.

11. Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing,[3] or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends: bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved; but let it be done without reproach or bitternèss: otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

12. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence,

[1] **Extraordinary,** (eks trâr' dĭ na-rў), out of the common course; more than common.

[2] **Fŭl' some,** offending or disgusting by over-fullness, or too much; nauseous.

[3] **Mĕn' a cing,** expressing a determination to injure; threatening.

or vĕry gentle words, are the most ĕx'quisite[1] revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sŏrry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishmènt to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity[2] and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for ĕvèry thing that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

13. Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of Gŏd or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousnèss, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain." If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them: endeavor to forgĕt them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sŏrrōw, not with derision or reproach.

SIR MATHEW HALE.

II.

28. DR. FRANKLIN'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

NEVER have I known such ă fireside companion as Dr. Franklin. Great as he was, bōth as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shōne in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle.

2. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvaniă; and we were confined to the house during the whōle of that time, by the unintermitting[3] constancy[4] and depth of the snow. But confinemènt could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulnèss and his colloquial[5] powers spread around him a perpetual spring. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in any thing that came

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[1] **Exquisite**, (ĕks' kwĭ zit), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

[2] **Se rĕn' i ty**, clearness and calmness; quietness; coolness.

[3] **Un` in ter mĭt' ting**, ceaseless; without interruption.

[4] **Cŏn' stan cy**, permanent state; unalterable continuance.

[5] **Col lō' qui al**, conversational; relating to conversation.

from him. There was nothing which made any demand ēither upon your allegiance[1] or your admiration.

3. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old pātriarch;[2] and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

4. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious[3] aid. They required only a medium[4] of vision[5] like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native rādiance[6] and beauty.

5. His cheerfulness was unremitting.[7] It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic[8] and salutary[9] exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization.[10] His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations;[11] but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse.

6. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit[12] of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage.

7. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers,

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[1] **Allegiance**, (al lē′ jans), the obligation or tie, declared or understood, which a subject owes to his government, prince, or superior.

[2] **Pā′ tri arch**, the father and ruler of a family.

[3] **Adventitious**, (ăd` ven tĭsh′ us), coming from abroad; added; casual or accidental.

[4] **Mē′ di um**, necessary means of motion or action; that through or by which any thing is done, conveyed, or carried on.

[5] **Vision**, (vĭz′ ın), sight.

[6] **Rā′ di ance**, vivid light; brilliancy; brightness.

[7] **Un` re mĭt′ ting**, not abating; ceaseless; constant.

[8] **Sȳs` tem ăt′ ic**, orderly; regular; according to a fixed plan.

[9] **Săl′ u ta ry**, useful; wholesome; healthful.

[10] **Or` gan i zā′ tion**, structure; the parts of which a thing is formed.

[11] **Cŏr` us cā′ tions**, shinings; quick flashings of light.

[12] **Orb′ it**, circle in which something moves.

had wrought up the raw materials, which he had găthered from books, with such ĕx'quisite skill and felicity,[1] that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

WILLIAM WIRT.

III.

29. ANECDOTE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

IT is not lŏng[2] sĭnce ă gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virgĭniă, and, ăbout the close of the day, stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshmènt and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent[3] intention of becoming his fellŏw-guest at the same house.

2. As the old man drove up, he observed that bōth of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held togĕther by withes[4] formed from the bark of a hickory sapling.[5] Our traveler observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee-buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded[6] his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honèst yeōmanry[7] of our land, the courtesies[8] of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern.

3. It was ăbout the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemèn was made to their number—mōst, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became comfortably accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon a display of eloquence[9] which he had that day heard at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnèssed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit.

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[1] **Fe lĭc′ i ty**, the state of being happy; blessedness; a skillful or happy turn.

[2] **Lŏng**, see Note 5, p. 16.

[3] **Apparent**, (ap pâr′ ent), perceivable to the eye; that may be seen · seeming.

[4] **Withes**, willow twigs; bands of twigs or bark of any green tree.

[5] **Săp′ ling**, a young tree.

[6] **Per vād′ ed**, passed through; appeared in all parts.

[7] **Yeō′man ry**, the common people.

[8] **Courtesies**, (kûr′ te sez), acts of civility or politeness.

[9] **El′ o quence**, such an utterance of one's thoughts, feelings, or desires, as awakens a perfect sympathy, or corresponding emotions in a listener.

4. Something like a sarcastic[1] rejoinder[2] was made to the eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation[3] ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion.[4] From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions[5] wielded the sword of argument, adducing, with ingenuity and ability, every thing that could be said, *pro* and *con.*[6]

5. During this protracted[7] period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or, perhaps, he was observing, with philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how energies are evolved[8] by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation on whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument, which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

6. At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices,[9] wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed.

7. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made by the old gentleman, for nearly an hour, that he ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced.

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[1] **Sar cas' tic**, severely taunting; tending to ridicule or disgrace.

[2] **Re join' der**, a reply to an answer.

[3] **Al' ter ca' tion**, an angry dispute between two parties, in which each uses severe language.

[4] **Discussion**, (dis kŭsh' un), debate; the act of reasoning; the thorough examination of a subject in all of its parts.

[5] **Cham' pi ons**, those who fight, contend, or dispute.

[6] **Pro** and **con**, for and against.

[7] **Pro tract' ed**, extended; lengthy.

[8] **E vŏlved'**, unfolded or unrolled; opened and enlarged; emitted or thrown out.

[9] **Prej' u dic es**, opinions formed before knowledge; judgments without reason.

8. Hume's[1] sŏphistry[2] on the subject of mĭracles[3] was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whōle lecture there was so much simplicity and fōrce, pāthos and energy, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams.

9. It was now matter of curiosity and inquī'ry, who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard; but no—it was the CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

SECTION VIII.

I.

30. CHILDREN.

"HEAVEN lies ăbout us in our infancy," says Wordsworth.[4] And who of us, that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinlèss child?

2. These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

3. If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking

[1] **Hume**, David Hume, a distinguished historian and philosopher of Great Britain, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, April 26th, 1711. Though a confirmed skeptic, his private character was excellent, and his death, which occurred in August, 1776, peaceful.

[2] **Sŏph' ist ry**, false reasoning.

[3] **Mĭr' a cles**, wonders or wonderful things; events or acts beyond, or contrary to, the laws of nature.

[4] **William Wordsworth**, (wêrdz'-wêrth), the distinguished English poet, born April 7th, 1770, and died April 23d, 1850.

their play. Their eagernèss, curious about evèry thing, making out by a quick imagination[1] what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic[2] inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them strānge events and little ideal[3] worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, are study enough for the most acute[4] minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand.

4. The still musing and deep abstraction,[5] in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mŏckery of older heads, These little philosophers[6] have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon,[7] confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movemènt of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

5. When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety,[8] forgĕt that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that evèry sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadŏw and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

6. And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whŏle acts, with its countlèss parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony.[9] There are none of us who have stolen sŏftly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner digging

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[1] **Im ăg`i nā´tion**, the image-making power; the power to create or form again an object of sense before noticed or seen.

[2] **Măg´ic**, pertaining to the hidden wisdom supposed to be possessed by the Magi, or "wise men from the East" who brought gifts to the infant Jesus; seemingly requiring more than human power.

[3] **I dē´al**, living only in fancy or imagination; imaginary.

[4] **A cūte,´** sharp at the end; keen; shrewd.

[5] **Ab străc´tion**, deep thought, causing disregard or forgetfulness of things around us; absence of mind.

[6] **Phi lŏs´ō pher**, one who searches into the reasons of things; a wise person

[7] **Jargon**, (jär´gon), senseless noise; confused talk.

[8] **Sa ti´e ty**, excess of gratification, which excites loathing; fullness beyond desire.

[9] **Har´mo ny**, agreement; just adaptation of parts where all fit together.

a liliputian[1] well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies[2] and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crŏssed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

7. A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked lŏng in a bad cōurse, yet if he has a love of children, and can take plĕasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth.

8. I have seen one, in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodnèss had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindnèss and sympathy[3] toward him as I have of revŏlting toward another, who has gŏne through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious[4] bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still.

9. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children. R. H. Dana.

II.

31. SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

LONG years had elapsed[5] since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy[6] still rōbed in its freshnèss of green—
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtlèss, I stray'd,
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

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[1] Lĭl`i pū'tian, diminutive; small. Dean Swift wrote a work called "Gulliver's Travels," with the design of bringing into ridicule the extravagant stories of travelers, in which he describes the island of Liliput, whose inhabitants were only a few inches high. Hence the word Liliputian.

[2] Sol lĭl' o quy, a talking to one's self, when alone or in company.

[3] Sym' pa thy, kindness of feeling toward sufferers; fellow-feeling.

[4] Sū`per cĭl' ĭ oŭs, overbearing; haughty; proud.

[5] E lăpsed, slided, slipped, or glided by; passed away silently.

[6] Făn' cy, a picture of any thing formed in the mind; that power by which the mind forms an image or picture of something.

2. I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair—
All scatter'd!—all sunder'd[1] by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

3. I thought of the green banks, that circled ăround,
With wild-flowers, and sweet-brier, and ĕglantīne[2] crown'd;
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

4. And I thought of the trees, under which we had stray'd,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolnèss of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names and the carvings impress'd on the rind.

5. All eager, I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deem'd that, unalter'd, my eye should explōre
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yōre.

6. 'Twas ă dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadōws of night at the dawning of dāy,
"Like a tale that is told," they had vanish'd ăwāy.

7. And methought the lone river, that murmur'd ălōng,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its sŏng,
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.

8. I paused; and the mŏral came home to my heart:
Behold how of earth all the glōries depart!
Our visions are baselèss; our hopes but a gleam;
Our staff but a reed; and our life but a dream.

9. Then, oh, let us look—let our prospects allure[3]—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms[4] that endure,
To glōries, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of chānge, and the ruins of time.

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[1] Sŭn′dered, separated.

[2] Eg′lantine, a species of rose, the sweet-brier; according to Milton, the honeysuckle.

[3] Al lūre′, entice; draw · attract.

[4] Rĕalm, that which is under the control of a king; kingdom; province; region; country.

III.

32. THE DEFORMED CHILD.

PART FIRST.

IN my school-boy days, there lived an aged widow near the church-yard. She had an only child. I have often[1] observed that the delicate and the weak receive more than a common share of affection from a mother. Such a feeling was shown by this widow toward her sickly and unshapely boy.

2. There are faces and forms which, once seen, are impressed upon our brain; and they will come, again and again, upon the tablet[2] of our memory, in the quiet of night, and even flit around us in our daily walks. Many years have gone by since I first saw this boy; and his delicate form, and quiet manner, and his gentle and virtuous conduct, are often before me.

3. I shall never forget,—in the sauciness of youth, and fancying it would give importance to my bluff[3] outside,—*swearing* in his presence. The boy was sitting in a high-backed easy-chair, reading his Bible. He turned round, as if a signal for dying had sounded in his ear, and fixed upon me his clear, gray eye: that look! it made my little heart almost choke me.

4. I gave some foolish excuse for getting out of the cottage; and, as I met a playmate on the road, who jeered[4] me for my blank[5] countenance, I rushed past him, hid myself in an adjoining corn-field, and cried bitterly.

5. I tried to conciliate[6] the widow's son, and show my sorrow for having so far forgotten the innocence of boyhood, as to have my Maker's name sounded in an unhallowed[7] manner from my lips. My spring flowers he accepted; but, when my back was turned, he flung them away. The toys and books I offered to him were put aside for his Bible.

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[1] **Often**, (ôf′ n,) many times.

[2] **Tăb′let**, a little table or flat surface; something flat on which to write, paint, or draw.

[3] **Bluff**, rude or coarse in manner or appearance; blustering.

[4] **Jēered**, made a mock of; flouted; ridiculed.

[5] **Blank**, (blăngk), of a white or pale color; hence, pale from fear or terror; confused.

[6] **Cŏn cĭl′ĭ āte**, to win over; to gain from a state of indifference or dislike.

[7] **Un hăl′lōwed**, profane; unholy; impure; wicked.

6. His only occupations were the feeding of ă favorite hen, which would come to his chair and look up for the crums that he would let fall, with a noiselèss action, from his thin fingers, watching the pendulum and hands of the wooden clock, and reading.

7. Although I could not, at that time, fully appreciate[1] the beauty of a mother's love, still I venerated[2] the widōw for the unobtrusive,[3] but intense[4] attention she displayed to her son. I never entered her dwelling without seeing her engaged in some kind ŏffices toward him.

8. If the sunbeam came through the leaves of the geraniums, placed in the windōw, with too strŏng a glare, she moved the high-backed chair with as much care as if she had been putting ăside a crystal[5] temple. When he slept, she festooned[6] her silk handkerchief around his place of rest. She placèd the earliest vīolets upon her mantel-piece for him to look at; and the roughnèss of her own meal, and the delicacy of the child's, sufficiently displayed her sacrifices.

9. Easy and satisfied, the widōw moved about. I never saw her but once unhappy. She was then walking thoughtfully in her garden. I beheld a tear. I did not dare to intrude upon her grief, and ask her the cause of it; but I found the reason in her cottage: her boy had been spitting blood.

10. I have ŏften envied him these endearmènts; for I was ăwāy from a par'ent[7] who humored me, even when I was stubborn and unkind. My poor mother is in her grave. I have ŏften regretted having been her pet, her favorite; for the coldnèss of the world makes me wretched; and, perhaps, if I had not drunk at the vĕry spring of a mother's affection, I might have let scorn[8] and cŏn'tumely[9] pass by me as the idle wind.

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[1] **Appreciate**, (ap prē' shĭ āt), to set a price or value on; to value fully, justly, or truly.

[2] **Vĕn' er āt ed**, regarded with respect and affection.

[3] **Unobtrusive**, (ŭn' ob trō' siv), modest; not forward.

[4] **In tĕnse'**, very close; earnest; devoted.

[5] **Crȳs' tal**, made of grass; resembling glass.

[6] **F'es tooned'**, formed in a festoon; arranged like a suspended wreath or garland.

[7] **Parent**, (pār' ent), see Note 2, p. 16.

[8] **Scorn**, very great and passionate dislike.

[9] **Cŏn' tu mē lȳ**, rudeness or reproach, founded upon the assumption or belief that the object of it is inferior, vile, and worthless.

11. Yĕt I have afterward asked myself, what I, a thoughtlèss, though not a heartlèss boy, should have come to, if I had not had such a comforter. I have asked myself this, felt satisfied and grateful, and wished that her spirit might watch around her child, who ŏften met her kindnèss with passion, and received her gifts as if he expected homage[1] from her.

IV.

33. THE DEFORMED CHILD.

PART SECOND.

EVERYBODY experiences how quickly school years pass ăwāy.[2] My father's residence was not situated in the village where I was educated; so that when I left school, I left its scenes also. After several years had passed away, accident took me again to the well-known place.

2. The stable, into which I led my horse, was dear to me; for I had ŏften listened to the echo that danced within it, when the bells were ringing. The face of the landlord was strānge; but I could not forget the in-kneed,[3] red-whiskered *hŏs*tler: he had given me a hearty thrashing as a return for a hearty jest.

3. I had reserved ă broad piece of silver for the old widōw. But I first ran toward the river, and walked upon the mill-bank. I was surprised at the apparent nărrōwnèss of the stream; and, although the willōws still fringed the margin, and appeared to stoop in homage to the water-lilies, yĕt they were diminutive![4] Evèry thing was but a miniature[5] of the picture in my mind. It proved to me that my faculties[6] had grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.

4. With something like disappointmènt, I left the river side, and strōlled toward the church. My hand was in my pocket, grasping the broad piece of silver. I imagined to myself the kind look of recognition[7] I should receive. I determined on

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[1] **Hŏm′ āge**, act of submission; respect showed by an inferior.

[2] **Away**, (ă wā′), see Note 1, p. 24.

[3] **In-knēed**, having the knees bent inward.

[4] **Dĭmĭn′ūtĭve**, of small size; little.

[5] **Mĭn′ĭ a tūre**, a painting or other representation on a much smaller scale than the object represented.

[6] **Făc′ul ties**, talents or gifts; powers of the body or the mind.

[7] **Recognition**, (rĕk`og nĭsh′un), the act of knowing again; remembrance of a person or thing.

the way in which I should press the money into the widow's hand. But I felt my nerves slightly tremble, as I thought on the look her son had given, and again might give me.

5. Ah, there is the cottage; but the honeysuckle is older, and it has lŏst many of its branches! The door was closed. A pet lamb was fastened to a loose cord under the windōw, and its melancholy blēating was the only sound that disturbed the silence.

6. In former years I used, at once, to pull the string that lifted the wooden latch; but now I deliberately knocked. A strānge female form, with a child in her arms, opened the door. I asked for my old acquaintance. "Alas! poor Alice is in her cŏffin: look, sir, where the shadōw of the spire ends: that is her grave." I relaxed my grasp of my money. "And her deformed boy?" "He, too, is there!" I drew my hand from my pocket.

7. It was a hard task for me to thank the woman, but I did so. I moved to the place where the mother and the child were buried. I stood for some minutes, in silence, beside the mound of grass. I thought of the consumptive lad, and as I did so, the lamb, at the cottage windōw, gave its anxious blēat.

8. And then all the affectionate attentions of my *own* mother ărōse on my soul, while my lips trembled out: "Mother! dear mother! would that I were as is the widōw's son! would that I were sleeping in thy grave! I loved thee, mother! but I would not have thee living now, to view the worldly sŏrrōws of thy ungrateful boy! My first step toward vice was thē ōath which the deformed child heard me utter."

9. But you, who rest here as quietly as you lived, shall receive the homage of the unworthy. I will protect this hillock from the steps of the heedlèss wanderer, and from the trampling of the village herd. I will raise up a tabernacle to purity and love. I will do it in secret; and I look not to be rewarded openly.

C. EDWARDS.

V.

84. THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

"AS I sit at my windōw here in Washington, watching the cōurse of great men, and the destiny of party, I meet *ŏften* with strānge contradictions in this eventful life. The

most remarkable was that of John Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.' I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time; and his conversation was so captivating, that I often spent whŏle days in his apartmènts.

2. "He was an applicant for ŏffice at the time—consul[1] at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What ă sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to the humiliation[2] of office-seeking! In the evening, we would walk ălŏng the street. Once in ăwhīle we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would stop, and then pass silently on.

3. "On such occasions he would give ă history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the (thŭ) cares incident[3] to his sensitive[4] nature and poverty. 'How ŏften,' said he, once, 'have I been in the heart of Paris, Ber'lin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head.

4. "'The world has literally[5] sung my sŏng until evèry heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly[6] from ŏffice; and in old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread.' Thus he would complain of his haplèss lot. His ōnly wish was to die in a fŏreign land, to be buried by străngers, and sleep in obscurity.

5. "I met him one day, looking unusually sad. 'Have you got your consulate?'[7] said I. 'Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis: I shall never return.' The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was reăl-ized—he died at Tunis.

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[1] **Cŏn′ sul**, a person commissioned to reside in a foreign country, as a representative or agent of a government, to protect the rights, commerce, merchants, and seamen of the State, and to aid in commercial, and sometimes other, transactions with such foreign country.

[2] **Hu mĭl`i ā′ tion**, the state of being humbled, or reduced to submission, meekness, or holiness; mortification.

[3] **In′ ci dent**, falling or striking upon; liable to happen; naturally appertaining or happening.

[4] **Sĕn′ si tive**, having nice, quick, and sharp sense or feeling; easily and deeply affected.

[5] **Lĭt′ er al ly**, strictly; to the letter.

[6] **Ruthlessly**, (rōth′ les ly), without pity or mercy.

[7] **Cŏn′ sul ate**, office of a consul.

6. Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be; and, if none others would do it, let the hŏmelèss throughout the world give a penny for a monumènt to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny for an inscription[1] like the following:

"HERE LIES *J. HOWARD PAYNE*, THE AUTHOR OF 'SWEET HOME,' A WANDERER IN LIFE; HE WHOSE SONGS WERE SUNG IN EVERY TONGUE, AND FOUND AN ECHO IN EVERY HEART, NEVER HAD A HOME: HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND."

SWEET HOME.

7. 'Mid plĕasures and palaces though we may rōam,
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like hōme:
A charm from the skies seems to hăllōw it there,
Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

8. An exile from home, plĕasure dazzles in vain:
Ah! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call—
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

SECTION IX.

I.

85. ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A MAN on horseback, with a fine dŏg, was joined by another horseman: they entered into conversation, and the owner of the dog began to boast of the clevernèss of his animal. By way of proof he dismounted, took a shilling from his purse, marked it, and put it under a stone, mounted again, and rode

[1] **In scrip′ tion**, something written or engraved to communicate knowledge—especially on stone, or some other solid substance.

ăwāy with his companion. When they had gōne four or five miles, he told the dog to go back and fetch the shilling.

2. He was perfectly understood by the sensible and willing creature, and in a very short time the dog had found the stone, and endeavored to obtain the shilling. But the stone was large and heavy, and after trying in vain to turn it over, or to scratch away the hard soil underneath it, he gave up the attempt, sat down beside it, and waited patiently.

3. He had not waited lŏng before two horsemen came up, traveling in the opposite direction to that by which his master had gŏne. When the dŏg saw the travelers approach, he began to scratch and howl, and show the plainèst signs of anxiety to overturn the stone.

4. The horsemen very naturally thought that underneath the stone there was a rat, or weasel, or some other creature, and one of them dismounted and overturned it: to his great surprise he found a shilling, and never imagining for a moment that this could be the object of the dŏg's anxiety, he put it into his purse, and that into his trowsers' pocket.

5. The dog had now quite recovered his composure; he paid no more attention to the stone, but followed the two strāngers on their journey. In vain they tried to drive him ăwāy, and at length, supposing he had lŏst his master, they allowed him to have his own way.

6. In the evening, when they reached the inn, the dog was still with them, lay quietly under the table, and took readily the food they gave him. But when they prepared to go to bed, nothing would satisfy the dog but he must sleep in the same room with the man he seemed to have chosen for his new master, the man who had taken the shilling. He had his own way again, and a mat was provided for him at the foot of the bed.

7. Meantime the other two horsemen had reached their journey's end, and put up for the night. The master of the dŏg had boasted all the way that Peto would soon join them again, and certainly bring the shilling; but as time passed he grew uneasy, and when bedtime arrived he retired with a heavy heart, feeling certain that his dog was killed: for nothing else, he said, could have prevented his return, and he was sure that no one could ever take him ălīve by force, or entice him away.

8. But Peto, far from being dead, was sleeping vĕry comfort-

ably on his mat at the foot of a strānger's bed. The moment, however, that daylight appeared he was stirring. Whether "boots" opened the door, or whether he made his way through the windōw, which the traveler had opened for air in the hot summer night, certain it is that, when the unfortunate man arose, the dog was gŏne—and his trowsers were gone, too!

9. And now for Peto's master again. He arose disconsolate,[1] met his friend at the breakfast, and sighed while he confessed that his dŏg had not appeared. But in the middle of breakfast, Peto rushed into the room, and with great demonstrations[2] of joy, and evidently[3] in perfect health and high good humor, laid down a pair of trowsers at his master's feet.

10. The whōle proceeding was at first perfectly incomprehensible,[4] but a light soon broke in upon the gentleman's mind, and turning to his companion, he exclaimed, "In these trowsers we shall find the lōst shilling." He drew fōrth a purse as he spoke, and there indeed he found, among other coins, the vĕry shilling he had marked the day before. Some months passed away before an explanation took place, and the unfortunate owner of the trowsers received his property.

II.

86. THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was ă hearty king, and loved a royal spōrt,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the cōurt;
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning shōw,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal hearts belōw.

2. Ramped and rōared the lions, with hŏrrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws:

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[1] **Dis cŏn′ so late**, without consolation or comfort; filled with grief or sadness.

[2] **Dĕm` on strā′ tions**, marks; proofs.

[3] **Ev′i dent ly**, easily seen; clearly.

[4] **In cŏm` pre hĕn′ si ble**, not capable of being comprehended or understood; beyond the reach of the human mind.

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing thro' the air:
Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

3. De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought,—The Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me—
Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love: great glory will be mine!

4. She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.
The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regained the place—
Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.
"By heaven!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LEIGH HUNT.

III.

87. THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

PART FIRST.

THE British consul at Cairo[1] had frequently intimated[2] to his Highness, the Pasha[3] of Egypt, that a live hippopot'amus[4] would be regarded as a very interesting and valuable

[1] **Cairo**, (kī' ro), the capital city of Egypt.

[2] **In' ti māt ed**, made known indirectly, or not very plainly; gave slight notice of; hinted.

[3] **Pasha**, (pa shā'), a Turkish viceroy, commander, or governor.

[4] **Hip' po pŏt' a mŭs**, literally means a river-horse; but it will be seen, from the following description, that the animal has no point of resemblance to a horse.

present in England. Now, there were sundry difficulties of a serious nature involved in this business. In the first place, the favorite resort of the hippopotami is a thousand or fifteen hundred miles distant from Caïro; in the second place, the hippopotamus being amphibious,[1] is not easily approached: when he is envi'roned,[2] he is a tremendous antagonist,[3] by reason of his great strength, enormous[4] weight, his wrathfulnèss when excited, and, we may add, his prodigious[5] mouth, with its huge tusks.

2. We are speaking of the *male* hippopotamus. He is ŏften slain by a number of rifle-balls (he only makes a comic grin of scorn at a few), and laid low from a distance; but as to being taken ălīve, that is a triumph which has scarcely ever been permitted to mortal man of modern times.

3. "So, Consul," said the Pasha, abruptly, one day, when Mr. Murray was dining with him, "so, you want a hippopotamus?" "Vĕry much, your Highnèss." "And you think that such an animal would be an acceptable present to your queen and country?"

4. "He would be accounted a great rarity,"[6] said the consul; "our naturalists would receive him with open arms—figuratively speaking—and the public would crowd to pay their respects to him." Abbas Pasha laughed at this pleasantry of the consul. "Well," said he, "we will inquire about this matter." He half turned his head over one shoulder to his attendants: "Send here the governor of Nūbiā!" The attendants thus ordered made their salam[7] and retired.

5. Anybody, not previously aware of the easy habits of a despotic sovereign,[8] would naturally conclude that the governor of

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[1] **Am phĭb'i oŭs**, having the power of living in the two elements, air and water.

[2] **En vĭ' roned**, encircled; surrounded.

[3] **An tăg' o nist**, one who, or that which, combats another; enemy; foe.

[4] **E nor' moŭs**, differing from, or exceeding the common rule, form, or size; great beyond the common measure.

[5] **Prodigious**, (pro dĭd' jŭs), marvelous; huge; very great.

[6] **Răr' i ty**, a thing very uncommon; a thing valued for its scarcity.

[7] **Salam**, (sa lăm'), a kind of bow, or mark of respect, practiced in Eastern countries. The head is bowed down and both arms raised above the head, with the hands brought together.

[8] **Sovereign**, (sŭv' er in), one who possesses the highest authority; king; monarch; emperor; a despotic sovereign is one who has absolute or entire authority.

Nubiă was, at this time, in Caīro, and at no great distance from the royal ăbōde. But it was not so. The governor of Nubia was simply there—at home—smoking his pipe in Nubia. This brief and unadorned order, therefore, involved a post-haste messenger on a dromedary[1] across the desert, with a boat up the Nile, and then more dromedaries, and then another boat, and again a dromedary, till the Pasha's mandate[2] was delivered.

6. We next behold the governor of Nubiă, in full official trim, proceeding post-haste with his suite[3] ăcrŏss the desert, and down the Nile, traveling day and night, until finally he is announced to the Pasha, and admitted to his presence. "Governor," says the Pasha, "have you hippopotami in your country?" "We have, your Highnèss." Abbas Pasha reflected a moment, then said—"Send to me the commander of the Nubian army. Now go!"

7. This was the whŏle dialogue. The governor made his salam, and retired. With the same haste and ceremony, so far as the two things can be combined, he returned to Nubia by bōat, and dromedary, and horse, and covered litter;[4] and the same hour found the commander of the army of Nubia galloping acrŏss the desert with his attendants, in obedience to the royal mandate.

8. The Pasha, knowing that all means of speed will be used, and what those means will be, togĕther with the nature of the route, is able to calculate to a day when the commander ought to arrive, and, therefore, *must* arrive,—at his peril, otherwise. The British consul is invited to dine with his Highness on this day.

9. Duly, as expected, the commander of the Nubian army arrives, and is announced, just as the repast[5] is concluded. He is fŏrthwith ushered into the presence of the sublime bēard and turban. Cŏffee and pipes are served. The commander makes his grand salam, shutting his eyes before the royal pipe.

10. "Commander," says the Pasha, without taking his pipe

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[1] **Dromedary**, (drŭm′ e der), a kind of camal, called also the *Arabian camel*, having but one bunch on the back.

[2] **Măn′ dāte**, an official order or command.

[3] **Suite**, (swēt), a train of followers; company.

[4] **Lĭt′ ter**, a sort of couch or bed resting on poles, carried by men or horses.

[5] **Repast**, (re pāst′), feast; meal.

from his mouth, "I hear that you have hippopotami in your country." "It is true, your Highness; but—" "Bring me a live hippopotamus—a young one. Now go!"

11. This was actually the dialogue which took place on the occasion—and the whŏle of it. The commander of the Nubian fŏrces made his grand salam, retired, and returned as he came, "big" with the importance of his ĕrrand, but also not without considerable anxiety for its result.

12. Arriving at Dongola,[1] the commander summoned his chief ŏfficers and captains of the Nubian hōsts to a council of war on the subject of the hippopotamus hunt, on the result of which, he intimated, several heads were at stake, besides his own. A similar communication was speedily forwarded to the chief officers of the right wing of the army, quartered in their tents at Sennaar.[2] The picked men of all the forces having been selected, the two parties met in boats at an appointed village on the banks of the Nile, and there concerted their mĕasures for the expedition.

IV.

38. THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

PART SECOND.

THE commander divided the chosen body into several parties, and ăwāy they sped up the Nile. They followed the cōurse of the river, beyŏnd the point where it branches ŏff into the Blue Nile and the White Nile.

2. Good fortune at length befell one of the parties; but this cŏst much time, and many unsuccessful efforts—now pursuing a huge savage river-horse, with rifle-balls and flying darts; now pursued by him in turn, with foaming jaws and gnashing tusks—all of which may readily be conjectured, from the fact that they did not fall in with their prize till they had reached a distance, up the White Nile, of one thousand five hundred miles above Caīro. In the doublings and redoublings of attack and retreat, of pursuit and flight, and renewed assault, they must, of course, have traversed in all at least two thousand miles.

[1] **Dongola**, (dŏng′go lă), a province of Upper Nubia.

[2] **Sennaar**, (sĕn năr′), a State in N. E. Africa, forming a part of Nubia.

3. Something pathetic[1] attaches to the death of the mother of "our hero," something which touches our common nature. A large female hippopot'amus being wounded,[2] was in full flight up the river; but presently a ball or two reached a mortal part, and then the maternal instinct made the animal pause. She fled no more, but turned aside, and made toward a heap of brushwood, and water-bushes that grew on the banks of the river, in order, as the event showed, to die beside her young one. She was unable to proceed so far, and sank dying beneath the water.

4. The action, however, had been so evidently caused by some strŏng impulse and attraction in that direction, that the party instantly proceeded to the clump of water-bushes. Nobody moved—not a green flag stirred; not a sprig trembled; but directly they entered, out burst a burly[3] young hippopotamus-calf, and plunged head-foremost down the river-banks.

5. He had all but escaped, when, ămĭd the excitement and confusion of the picked men, one of them, who had "mōre character" than the rest, made a blow at the slippery prize with his boat-hook, and literally brought him up by burying the hook in his fat black flank. Two other hunters, next to him in presence of mind and energy, threw their arms ăround the great barrel-bellièd infant, and hoisted him into the boat, which nearly capsized with the weight and struggle.

6. In this one circumstance of a hĭppopŏt'amus being ordered by his Highnèss Abbas Pasha, has been pleasantly shown the ease and brevity with which matters are managed by a despotic government. We complain at home—and with how much reason evèrybody knows too well—of the injurious and provoking slōwnèss of all good legislative acts; but here we have a beautiful little instance, or series of little instances, of going rather too fast. Things are settled instantly in the East by a royal mandate, from the strangling of a whōle seraglio,[4] to the suckling of a young hippopotamus.

7. Returning down the Nile with their unwieldly prize, for

[1] **Pathĕt'ic**, moving the tender emotions; feeling.

[2] **Wounded**, (wŏnd'ed).

[3] **Burly**, (bĕr'lĭ), of great bulk, or size; lusty; stout.

[4] **Seraglio**, (se rȧl'yō), the palace of the Sultan in which are kept the females of his household; here means the women that occupy the seraglio.

whose wounded flank[1] the best surgical[2] attendance the country afforded was of cōurse procured, it soon became a matter of immense importance and profound consultation as to how and on what the innocènt young monster should be fed. He would not touch flesh of any kind: he did not seem to relish fruit; and he evidently did not, at present, understand grass. A live fish was put into his mouth, but he instantly gave a great gape, and allowed it to flap its way out again, and fall into the water.

8. Before lŏng, however, the party reached a village. The commander of the army saw what to do. He ordered his men to seize all the cows in the village, and milk them. This was found very acceptable to their in'teresting charge, who presently dispatched a quantity that alarmed them, lest they should be unable to keep up the due balance of supply and demand.

9. The surplus[3] milk, however, they carried away in gourds and earthen vessels. But they found it would not keep: it became sour butter, and melted into oil. They were, therefore, compelled, after a milking, to carry ŏff with them one of the best cows.

10. In this way, they returned fifteen hundred miles down the Nile, stopping at evèry village on their way—seizing all the cows and milking them dry. By these means, they managed to supply the "table" of the illustrious captive, whose capacities in disposing of the beverage[4] appeared to increase daily.

V.

89. THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

PART THIRD.

THE hunting division of the army, headed by the commander-in-chief, arrived at Caīro with their prize on the 14th of November, 1849. The journey down the Nile, from the place where he was captured, viz., the White Nile, had occupied

[1] **Flank**, (flăngk), the fleshy or muscular part of the side of an animal, between the ribs and the hip.

[2] **Surgical**, (sẽr′ jik al), relating to a surgeon, a part of whose business is the curing of diseases or injuries of the body by hand labor. A physician gives medicine; a surgeon attends to outward remedies.

[3] **Surplus**, (sẽr′ plŭs), that which remains when use is satisfied.

[4] **Bĕv′ er age**, liquor for drinking —usually meaning a pleasant or mixed liquor—here used for *milk*.

between five and six months. This, therefore, with a few additional days, may be regarded as the age of our hippopotamus on reaching Cairo. The color of his skin, at that time, was for the mŏst part of a dull reddish tone, vĕry like that (to compare great things with small) of a naked, new-born mouse.

2. The commander hastened to the palace to repŏrt his arrival with the prize to his royal master, into the charge of whose ŏfficers he mŏst gladly resigned it. His Highnèss, having been informed of the little affair of the succession of "cows," determined to place the vivăcious,[1] unweaned "infant prodigy"[2] in the hands of the British consul without a moment's delay. The announcement was accordingly made with oriental[3] formality by the chief ŏfficer of Abbas Pasha's palace, to whom the Honorable Mr. Murray made a suitable present in return for the good tidings.

3. A lieūtĕnant of the Nubiăn army, with a party of soldiers, arrived shortly after, bringing with them the animal, whose renown had already filled the whŏle city. He excited full as much curiosity in Caīro, as he has since done here, being quite as great a rarity. This will be easily intelligible when the difficulties of the capture and the immense distance of the journey are taken into consideration, with all the contingencies[4] of men, boats, provisions, cows, and other necessary expenses.

4. The overjoyed consul had already made all his preparations for receiving the illustrious strănger. He had, in the first place, secured the services of Hamet Safi Cannana, well known for his experience and skill in the care and management of animals. A commodious apartment had then been fitted up in the court-yard of the consul's house, with one door leading out to a bath. As the winter would have to be passed in Caīro, proper means were employed for making this a tepid or warm bath. Here then our hippopotamus lived, "the observed of all observers," drinking so many gallons of milk a day that he soon produced a scarcity of that article in Cairo.

5. Meanwhile active preparations were making for his arrival in Alexandria, to be shipped on board the Ripon steamer. The

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[1] **Vi vā′ cioŭs**, lively; active; full of life.

[2] **Prŏd′ i gy**, something very remarkable and uncommon.

[3] **O`ri ĕnt′ al**, pertaining to the orient or east; eastern.

[4] **Con tĭn′ gĕn cies**, events that happen or are about to happen.

vessel was furnished with a house on the main-deck, opening by steps down into a tank[1] in the hold, containing four hundred gallons of water. It had been built and fitted up at Southampton from a plan furnished by Mr. Mitchell, Secretary of the Zoölogical[2] Gardens in the Regent's Park, to whose energies and foresight we are indebted for the safe possession of this grotesque, good-tempered, and unique[3] monster.

6. The tank, by various arrăngemènts, they contrived to fill with *fresh* water every other day. A large quantity was taken on board in casks; a fresh supply at Malta; and, besides this, which was by no means enough, they made use of the condensed[4] water of the ĕngĭnes, which amounted to upward of three hundred gallons per day.

7. As there are some hippopotami who enjoy the sea on certain coasts of the world, it is not improbable but our friend would soon have become used to sea-water; but Mr. Mitchell was determined to run no risks, prudently considering that, in the first place, the strength of the salt water, to one whose mother had been accustomed, and her ancestors for generations, to the mild streams of Nilus, might disagree with "young pickle;" and secondly, if he chanced to like it amazingly, how would he bear the change when he arrived at his mansion in the Regent's Park. Fresh water, therefore, was provided for his bath every other day throughout the voyage.

8. The British consul began to prepare for the departure of his noble guest at the end of April; and in the early part of May, the consul took an affectionate leave of him, and would have embraced him, but that the extraordinary girth of his body rendered such a demonstra'tion impossible.

9. During the voyage, "our fat friend" attached himself strŏngly to his attendant and interpreter, Hamet; indeed, the devotion to his person which this assiduous[5] and thoughtful person had manifested from his first promotion to the office, had been of a kind to secure such a result from any one at all

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[1] **Tank**, (tăngk), a large basin or cistern for holding water.

[2] **Zō`o lŏg′ic al**, belonging to the life of animals. The Zoölogical Gardens are gardens where many kinds of living creatures are kept.

[3] **Unique**, (yū nēk′), without a like or equal.

[4] **Con dĕnsed′**, made thick or close. Cold *condenses* steam into water.

[5] **As sĭd′ ū oŭs**, constant and close attention; devoted; unwearied.

accessible to kindly affections. Hamet had commenced by sleeping side by side with his charge in the house at Cāĭro, and adopted the same arrāngemènt for the night during the first week of the voyage to England.

10. Finding, however, as the weather grew warmer, and the hippopotamus bigger and bigger, that this was attended with some inconvenience, Hamet had a hammock slung from the beams immediately over the place where he used to sleep—in fact, jŭst over his side of the bed—by which means he was raised two or three feet above his usual position. Into this hammock got Hamet, and having assured the hippopotamus, bōth by his voice, and by extending one arm over the side so as to touch him, that he was there as usual at his side, and "all was right," he presently fell asleep.

11. How lōng he slept, Hamet does not know, but he was ăwōke by the sensation of a jerk and a hoist, and found himself lying on the bed in his old place, close beside our fat friend. Hamet tried the experiment once mōre; but the same thing again occurred. No sooner was he asleep than the hippopotamus got up—raised his broad nose beneath the heaviest part of the hammock that swung lowèst, and by an easy and ădroit[1] toss, pitched Hamet clean out. After this, Hamet, acting on his rule of never thwarting[2] his charge in anything reasonable, abandoned the attempt of a separate bed, and took up his nightly quarters by his side as before.

12. As for the voyage, it was passed pleasantly enough by the most important of the illustrious strāngers on bōard. Two cows and ten goats had been taken on board for his sole use and service; these, however, not being found sufficient for a "growing youth," the ship's cow was confiscated[3] for the use of his table; and this addition, together with we forgĕt how many dozen sacks of Indian corn-meal, enabled him to reach our shōres in excellent health and spirits.

13. A word as to the[4] title of "river-horse," when taken in conjunction with his personal appearance, his habits, and his diĕt. The hippopotamus has nothing in common with the

[1] **A droit'**, having or using dexterity or skill; skillful.

[2] **Thwart' ing**, crossing, as a purpose; opposing.

[3] **Cŏn' fis cāt ed**, taken, as a punishment, for the public use; appropriated.

[4] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 24.

horse; he seems to us rather an aquatic[1] pig, or a four-footed land-porpoise. In fact, he appears to partake of the wild-boar, the bull, and the porpoise—the latter predominating at present; but when he gets his tusks, we much fear there will be an alteration in his manners for the worse. As to his eventual size, the prospect is alarming. He is at present only seven months old, and he will continue growing till he is fifteen years of age.

SECTION X.

I.

40. ORNITHOLOGY.[2]

IT is surprising to see how few of all the birds which annually[3] visit us are known by name, and how little their habits are understood. Mŏst natives of New England[4] are acquainted with the blue jay, one of the earliĕst of our visitors, who comes sounding his penny trumpet, as a hĕrald of the spring, and ĕither ămūses himself by playing pranks upon other mōre serious birds, or entertains them by acting, to the life, the part of an angry Frenchman.

2. Every miller and vāgrant[5] fisherman knows the belted kingfisher, who sits for hours upon his favorite dead branch, looking, with his calm, bright eye, to the lowĕst depth of the waters. The robin also makes himself welcome, not only by the tradition[6] of the kindnĕss shown by his Eū'ropē'an relation to the children in the wood, but by his hearty whistle, lifted up, as if he knew that all would be thankful to hear that the winter is over and gŏne, and his familiarity with man, whereby he shows his belief, that they who least deserve confidence are sometimes made better by being trusted.

3. The solemn crow, who is willing to repose the same con-

[1] **A quăt' ic**, pertaining to, inhabiting, or frequenting water.

[2] **Or`ni thŏl' o gy**, a description of birds; the science which examines and describes the nature and habits of birds.

An' nu al ly, yearly; returning every year; year by year.

[4] **England**, (ĭng' gland).

[5] **Vā' grant**, moving without certain direction; wandering.

[6] **Tra dĭ' tion**, a story told from father to son; something handed down from age to age.

fidence in man, taking only the additional precaution[1] of keeping out of his reach; the bobolink, or rice-bunting, who tells man, in so many words, that he cares nothing about him, not he; the swallow, that takes his quarters in our barns, or the one that passes up and down our chimneys with a noise like thunder; the purple martin, that offers to pay his house-rent by keeping insects from our gardens; the snow-bird, that comes riding from the arctic[2] circle upon the winter storm; and the baltimore, or golden robin, that glances like a flame of fire through the green caverns of foliage,—will almost complete the catalogue of those which are familiarly known to man.

4. We say *familiarly* known, because there are many, which people in general think they know, and which are yet sadly misrepresented. The farmer, for example, accuses the woodpecker of boring his trees, when he only enlarges with his bill the hole which the grub had made, and, darting in his long, arrowy tongue, puts a stop to its mining forever. Many a poor bird, in like manner, after having slain his thousands of insects, which were laying waste the orchard and the garden, is sentenced to death, as guilty of the very offenses which he has been laboriously preventing.

5. There are few scenes in which justice is so completely reversed, as when we see some idle young knave permitted to go forth with a fowling-piece, to murder creatures, of which it is not too much to say, that they have done more good in the world (it is a bold speech, we confess) than ever he will do evil. Applause is often bestowed for such exploits by fathers, who, in rejoicing ignorance, congratulate[3] themselves on having sons so efficient[4] and useful.

6. We hear complaints annually, from all parts of the United States, that some insect or another is destroying the fruit, and proposing to offer a large reward to any one who will discover a remedy. Lest we should be anticipated[5] in our design, we

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[1] **Precaution**, (pre kâ′ shun), previous caution or care; means taken beforehand to ward off evil or secure good or success.

[2] **Arc′tic**, northern; the arctic circle is a term here used for the cold countries of the north.

[3] **Con grăt′ u lāte**, to wish joy to.

[4] **Efficient**, (ef fish′ ent), causing effects; not incapable, inactive, or slack.

[5] **An tic′ i pāt ed**, forestalled; taken up beforehand, or before the proper time.

would say that we mean to contend for that prize, and to secure the orchards and gardens by protecting the birds, and ŏffering a handsome bounty for the ears of those who shoot them.

7. Kalm[1] tells us, that the planters in Virginia succeeded, at last, by legislative[2] enactments,[3] in exterminating[4] the little crow, and exulted much on the occasion. But it was not lŏng before their triumph was changed to mōurning. They found that the acts had been passed for the benefit of insects, not their own, and they would gladly have ŏffered a larger bounty to bring back the persecuted birds.

8. We shall not plead for the crow, who is fully able to take care of himself; but we must file a protest[5] against the practice of destroying the birds of the garden, for, besides depriving us of the beauty of their appearance and the music of their sŏng, it lets in a flood of insects, whose numbers the birds were commissioned to keep down; and, when we find this evil growing year by year, as most assuredly it will, there will be little consolation in reflecting, that we have brought it upon ourselves.

9. The sŏng of birds is not much better known than their habits and persons. How many have ever seen the crimson linnet, as he sits playing the flute on the vĕry summit of the lŏftiest tree, sometimes diminishing his strain almost to silence, then pouring it out in bursts of rapture?

10. It is common to say that beauty of plumage and sweetness of sŏng are not found togĕther. It may be true that they are seldom united in the highest perfection; but every child knows, that the clear piping of the baltimore and the varied whistle of the goldfinch are as pleasant to the ear as their fine colors are to the eye; and the brilliant red-bird, which sometimes visits New England, is not more distinguished for the bright scarlet of his dress than for the sweet and bold expression of his song.

11. There is so much that inspires curiosity about the various

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[1] **Peter Kalm**, a Swedish naturalist, author of "A Naturalist's Tour in North America," lived between 1715 and 1779.

[2] **Legislative**, (lĕd′jis lā′tiv), belonging or relating to the making of laws.

[3] **En ăct′ment**, the passing of a a bill into a law; decree; law.

[4] **Ex ter′min āt ing**, destroying; putting an end to.

[5] **Prō′test**, remonstrance; a solemn declaration of opinion against what we do not wish.

tribes of birds, that it is difficult to account for this contented ignorance of their ways, in which so many spend their lives. When the snows retreat to the mountains, the friendly voice of the robin, telling us that he is glad to see us again, has a magical[1] effect upon every one; it calls the heart and memory into action, and reminds us of all we love to remember.

12. Here he is again, but he can not tell us where he has been; what regions he has traversed, nor what invisible[2] hand pointed out his path in the sky. If this inquī'ry ĭn'terest us, we begin to look about us in the closing year: we see that, when the leaf grows red, the birds are disappearing,—some assembling in solemn deliberation,[3] to make arrangements for the purpose; others taking French leave, as it is unfitly called, without ceremony or farewell.

II.

41. THE STORMY PETREL.

THIS is the bird that sweeps ō'er the sea—
Fearless, and rapid, and strŏng is he;
He never forsakes the billowy rōar
To dwell in calm on the tranquil[4] shōre,
Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

2. Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms;
They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high;
And against the fōrce of the strŏngest gale,
Like phantom[5] ships, they soar and sail.

3. All ōver the ocean, far from land,
When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,

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[1] **Magical**, (măj'ĭk al), mysterious; seemingly performed by something beyond nature.

[2] **In vĭs' ĭ ble**, unseen; not capable of being seen.

[3] **De lĭb` er ā' tion**, the act of weighing and examining the reasons for and against a measure or choice; careful consideration.

[4] **Tranquil**, (trăngk' wĭl), quiet; calm; peaceful.

[5] **Phăn' tom**, that which has only an apparent existence; like an apparition; ghostly.

The măriner[1] sees the pĕtrel meet
The fathomlèss[2] waves with steady feet,
And a tirelèss wing and a dauntlèss breast,
Without a home or a hope of rest.

4. So, mid the contest and toil of life,
My soul, when the billōws of rage and strife
Are tŏssing high, and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapors of somber hue—
Like the pĕtrel, wheeling ō'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way!

PARK BENJAMIN.

III.

42. THE FALCON.

THE falcon[3] is a noble bird,
And when his heart of hearts is stirr'd,
He'll seek the eagle, though he run
Into his chămber near the sun.
Never was there brute or bird,
Whom the woods or mountains heard,
That could fōrce a fear or care
From him, the Ar'ab of the air!

2. To-day he sits upon ă wrist,
Whose purple veins a queen has kiss'd,
And on him falls a sterner eye
Than he could face where'er he fly,
Though he scale the summit cold
Of the Grimsel,[4] vast and old—
Though he search yŏn sunless stream,
That threads the fŏrest like a dream.

3. Ah! noble soldier! noble bird!
Will your names be ever heard
Ever seen in future stōry,
Crowning it with deathlèss glōry?

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[1] **Măr' in er**, seaman; sailor.

[2] **Făth' om less**, that can not be fathomed, or sounded.

[3] **Falcon**, (fâ' kn), a bird of prey, which is often trained to catch other birds, or game.

[4] **Grim' sel**, a mountain of Switzerland, 7126 feet above the sea.

Peace, ho! the master's eye is drawn
Away unto the bursting dawn!
Arise, thou bird of birds, arise,
And seek thy quarry[1] in the skies!

B. W. Procter.

IV.

48. TO THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wildernèss,
Blithesome[2] and cumberlèss,[3]
Sweet be thy matin[4] ō'er moorland and lēa![5]
Emblem[6] of happinèss,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to ăbīde in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell[7] and fountain sheen,[8]
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds[9] the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, sōar, singing, ăwāy!

4. Then, when the gloaming[10] comes,
Low in the hĕather blooms

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[1] **Quarry**, (kwŏr′ ry), here means game flown at by a hawk.

[2] **Blithesome**, (blīth′ sŭm), gay; merry; cheerful.

[3] **Cŭm′ berless**, without anxiety, care, or trouble.

[4] **Măt′ in**, a morning song.

[5] **Lēa**, a meadow or grass land; an extensive plain.

[6] **Ĕm′ blem**, a type or figure; a thing thought to resemble some other thing in its leading qualities, and so used to represent it. The skylark is called the *emblem of happiness* because it is so cheerful and joyous.

[7] **Fĕll**, a barren or stony hill; a ridge or chain of hills.

[8] **Shēen**, light; splendor; great brightness.

[9] **Hĕr′ alds**, proclaims; announces.

[10] **Glēam′ ing**, twilight.

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happinèss,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee! JAMES HOGG.

V.

44. TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glōw the heavens with the last steps of day,[1]
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

2. Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrōng,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats ălŏng.

3. Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billōws rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4. There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way ălŏng that pathlèss coast,—
The desert and illimitable[2] air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5. All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far heĭght, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

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[1] **Steps of Day.**—The poet has sacrificed rhetorical rule to poetical beauty in the second line of this exquisitely beautiful piece. Rhetoricians might, perhaps, ask how the "*heavens*" could *glow* with *a step*. But the true poet (and if ever there was a true poet, William Cullen Bryant is one) looks deeper than rhetorical rule. The picture here presented of *Day* impressing his gorgeous colors, even with his very *footsteps*, on the heavens, is more grand and suggestive than any other expression he could have used.

[2] Il lĭm' it a ble, without limit or measure; not capable of being limited; boundless.

6. And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellōws: reeds shall bend
Soon ō'er thy shelter'd nest.

7. Thou'rt gŏne! the abyss[1] of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

8. He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundlèss sky thy certain flight,
In the lōng way that I must tread ălōne,
Will lead my steps ărīght.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SECTION XI.

I.

45. THE LANDSMAN'S SONG.

OH, who would be bound to the barren sea,
If he could dwell on land—
Where his step is ever bōth firm and free,
Where flowers ărīse, like sweet girls' eyes,
And rivulets sing, like birds in spring?—
For me—I will take my stand
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!

2. I've sailed on the riotous, rōaring sea,
With an undaunted band:
Yĕt my village home mōre pleasèth me,
With its valleys gay, where maidens stray,
And its grassy mead, where the white flocks feed—
And so—I will take my stand,
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land!

[1] A bўss', a gulf; a bottomless depth; hence, any deep or immeasurable space; *often*, hell, or the bottomless pit.

3. Some say they could die on the salt, salt sea!
(But have they been loved on land?)
Some rave of the ocean in drunken glee—
Of the music born on a gusty morn,
When the tempèst is waking, and billōws are breaking,
And lightning flashing, and the thick rain dashing,
And the winds and the thunders shout fōrth the sea wonders—
Such things may give joy to ă dreaming boy—
But for *me*,—I will take my stand
On land, on land!
Forever and ever on solid land! B. W. PROCTER.

II.

46. THE SAILOR'S SONG.

THE sea! the sea! thē open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runnèth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mŏcks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

3. I love, oh, *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles alŏft his tempèst tune,
And tells how goëth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

4. I never was on the dull, tame shōre,
But I loved the great sea mōre and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seekèth its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!

6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to rānge,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for chānge;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

B. W. PROCTER.

III.

47. THE CAVERN BY THE SEA.

THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can be entered only by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water.

2. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in mōre than one Eū'ropē'an language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

3. There was a tyrannical[1] governor at Vāvaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection:[2] it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrōthed[3] to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence.

4. The youth who had found the cavern, and kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel. He told her the dānger to which she and all of her family were exposed, and persuaded her to place her safety in his hands. With her consent, he placed her in his canoe, and described the place of her proposed retreat, as he skillfully plied the oar in the direction of the cavern.

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[1] **Tȳ răn'nic al**, unjustly severe in government; cruel.

[2] **In`sur rĕc'tion**, a rising against the authority of a city or state; a rebellion; an attempt to overthrow a government.

[3] **Be trōthed'**, contracted or engaged to be married.

5. Like the rest of her countrywomen, the maid was an expert swimmer. Having reached the spot, they dived into the water, and entered the cavern, a large and commodious apartment, about fifty feet in length, and nearly the same in height, beautifully ornamented with sparry[1] incrustations.

6. Here he brought her the choicèst food, the finèst clōthing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood[2] oil to perfūme′ herself: here he visited her as ŏften as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leăn′der[3] wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had lŏng loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependents, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji (fē′jē) islands.

7. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishmènt, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her, jumped overboard, and, just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his lŏng disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water.

8. This stōry is not deficient in that which all such stories should have to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Văvaoo, where they enjoyed a lŏng and happy life. This is related as an authentic tradition.

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[1] **Spar′ ry**, made of spar, a substance frequently found in caverns, and formed by water mixed with lime and other substances, which trickling very slowly from above, presents the appearance of icicles hanging from the roof; and sometimes, dropping also on the floor, seem like inverted icicles, or icicles *upside down*. These are what are called sparry incrustations. When the incrustation hangs from the ceiling, with the sharp point *downward*, it is called a *stalactite;* when it rises from the floor, with the point *upward*, it is called a *stalagmite*.

[2] **Săn′ dal-wood**, a wood with a very strong and sweet perfume, which grows in the East Indies.

[3] **Le ăn′ der**, the famous youth of Abydos, who was in love with Hero, the priestess of Venus, and swam nightly across the Hellespont, to visit her, and returned before daybreak. He was at last drowned one stormy night, as he was making his accustomed visit. Next morning his corpse was washed upon the shore, whereupon Hero threw herself into the sea. The Hellespont is what is now called the Dardanelles, a narrow strait between Europe and Asiatic Turkey.

IV.

48. OUR NATIVE SHIPS.

1.

OUR native ships! in fleet career, they linger not behind,
Where gallant sails from other lands cōurt favoring tide and wīnd.
With banners on the breeze, they leap as gayly ō'er the foam,
As stately barks from prouder seas, that lŏng have learn'd to roam.

2.

The Indian wave, with luring smiles, swept round them bright to-day;
And havens of Atlantic isles are opening on their way;
Ere yĕt these evening shădōws close, or this frail sōng is ō'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise to greet a fōreign shōre.

3.

High up the lashing northern deep, where glimmering watch-lights beam,
Away in beauty where the stars in tropic brightnèss gleam,
Where'er the sea-bird wets her bēak, or blows the stormy gale,
On to the water's furthèst verge our ships majestic sail.

4.

They dip their kèels in every stream that swells benēath the sky;
And where old ocean's billōws roll, their lŏfty pennants fly:
They furl their sheets in threatening clouds that float acrŏss the main,
To link with love earth's distant bays, in many a golden chain.

J. T. FIELDS.

V.

49. THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

NOW launch the bōat upon the wave—
The wind is blowing ŏff the shōre—
I will not live a cowering slave,
In these polluted islands mōre.
Beyŏnd the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

2. The wind is blowing ŏff the shōre,
And out to sea the streamers fly:
My music is the dashing rōar,
My canopy[1] the stainlèss sky;
It bends above, so fair a blue,
That heaven seems opening to my view.

3. I will not live a cowering slave,
Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave,
And sky, be drawn in tints dĭvīne:
Give lowering[2] skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

4. Sweeter than spicy gales, that blow
From ŏrange-groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow;
But 'tis an atmosphere of death:
The lotus[3] which transform'd the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.

5. Sŏfter than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast,
And, brighter than the morning beam,
In golden swell be round it toss'd—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So power can never threat me more.

6. Brighter than all the tales they tell
Of Eastern pŏmp and pāgeantry,[4]
Our sunset skies in glōry swell,
Hung round with glowing tăpestry[5]—
The hŏrrors of a winter storm
Swell brighter ō'er a freeman's form.

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[1] **Căn' o py**, a covering over a throne, or over a bed; a covering over the head.

[2] **Low' er ing**, dark; gloomy; frowning.

[3] **Lō' tus**, an aquatic plant, something like the water-lily, found in Egypt and Nubia; a tree found in Northern Africa, probably the *lotus* of the *lotus-eaters*, the fruit of which is mildly sweet. It was fabled by the ancients to make strangers who ate of it forget their native country, or lose all desire to return to it.

[4] **Pā' geant ry**, pompous exhibition or show; something for vain outward display or appearance.

[5] **Tăp' es try**, a kind of woven hangings of wool and silk, often enriched with gold and silver, representing figures of men, animals, landscapes, etc.

7. The spring may here with autumn twine,
And bŏth combined may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flowers, and racy wine
In frŏsted clusters, still be near—
Dearer the wild and snowy hills
Where hale and ruddy Freedom smiles.

8. Beyŏnd the wild, dark-heaving sea,
And ocean's stormy vastnèss ō'er,
There is a better home for me;
A welcomer and dearer shōre:
There hands, and hearts, and souls are twined,
And free the man, and free the mind.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

SECTION XII.

I.

50. OPPOSITE EXAMPLES.

I ASK the young man, who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet,[1] or whose fate he would abhor.[2] Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions[3] of each extreme.[4]

2. Here, behold a pātriarch,[5] whose stock of vigor[6] threescore years and ten seem hardly to have impaired.[7] His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels

[1] **Covet,** (kŭv′ et), to wish for with eagerness; to desire possession of.

[2] **Abhor,** (ăb hôr′), to shrink with shuddering from; to hate extremely.

[3] **Exhibition,** (ĕks`hĭ bĭsh′ŭn), the act of displaying or holding forth to view; that which is presented or held forth to be seen; a show; an example.

[4] **Ex trēme′,** the end; the last; *each extreme*, the first and the last, or the worst and the best.

[5] **Pā′triarch,** the father and ruler of a family; one who governs his family or descendants by paternal right.

[6] **Vĭg′** or, active strength or force of body; strength of mind; energy.

[7] **Impaired,** (ĭm pârd′), injured; lessened.

and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fĭdĕlity to her laws.

3. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his dĭgĕstive [1] apparātus [2] to ăbūse; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobacconist.

4. Enjoying his appetites to the highèst, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees [3] at the bottom. His organs will reach the gōal [4] of existence togĕther. Painlèssly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, [5] translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

5. But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute [6] man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yĕt the first steps in an honorable career not taken: in himself a lāzar-house [7] of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried.

6. Rogues have had thē initial [8] letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands: even for murder, Cain was only branded on the fōrehead; but over the whōle person of the debauchee [9] or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy [10] are written.

7. How nature brands him with stigma [11] and opprobrium! [12] How she hangs lābels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends trēmors alōng his muscles, and

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[1] **Dĭ gĕst' ĭve**, causing the dissolving of food in the stomach.

[2] **Ap' pa rā' tus**, things provided as a means to some end.

[3] **Lees**, (lēz), the coarser parts of a liquor, which settle at its bottom; sediment; dregs.

[4] **Gōal**, the point set to bound a race; the mark; the final purpose or end.

[5] **Enoch**, (ē' nŏk), see Bible, Gen. chap. 5, v. 24.

[6] **Dĭs' so lūte**, wicked; acting without principle; viciously dissipated.

[7] **Lā' zar-house**, a hospital; a house for persons affected with unpleasant and dangerous diseases.

[8] **Initial**, (in ĭsh' al), the beginning or first.

[9] **Debauchee**, (dĕb' o shē'), a rake; a dissipated person; a drunkard.

[10] **In' fa my**, the complete loss of character; public disgrace.

[11] **Stĭg' ma**, a mark made with a burning iron; any mark of infamy.

[12] **Op prō' bri um**, reproach mingled with contempt or mockery; shame.

bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred[1] brutes, or to degrade him to the rĕptīle's[2] crawling!

8. How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent[3] upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum[4] over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from evèry pōre of his body, "*Behold a Beast!*"

9. Such ă man may be seen in the streets of our cities evèry day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons,[5] and at the tables of the "Upper Ten;"[6] but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom, as well as whose heart, is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory,[7] and redolent[8] with its appropriate per'fumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

10. Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly propōrtions, and in his comeliness,[9] look on *this* picture, and on *this*, and then say, after the likenèss of which modèl he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.[10]

H. MANN.

II.

51. THE VOTARY OF PLEASURE.

I SAW ă gallant youth depart
From his early home, ō'er the world to roam:
With joyous eye, and bounding heart,
Did he speed ălōng, through the mingled thrŏng;

[1] **Kin'dred**, related; of the like nature or qualities.

[2] **Rĕp'tile**, anything that creeps; as, a snake, a worm, etc.

[3] **In tĕnt'**, having the mind strained or bent on an object; eager in pursuit of an object.

[4] **Rheum**, (rōm), a thin, white fluid, produced by the glands in disease.

[5] **Saloons**, (sa lōnz'), large and elegant rooms for the reception of company, for banquets and balls, or for public amusement.

[6] **Upper Ten**, a term applied to the most wealthy and fashionable persons in a city.

[7] **Pĭl'lo rў**, a frame to confine criminals by the neck and head for punishment.

[8] **Rĕd' o lent**, diffusing or spreading odor, fragrance, or sweet scent; smelling.

[9] **Comeliness**, (kŭm' lĭ nes), the quality of being handsome or well proportioned; gracefulness.

[10] **Con fĭg' ūred**, arranged or disposed in a certain form, figure, or shape.

And he reck'd not of aught that lay in his cōurse,
As he onward moved with the impetuous[1] fōrce
Of a spirit free and unrestrain'd,
That ne'er would rest till his gōal was gain'd.

2. "Whither, O youth," a voice inquired,
With an earnèst tone, and a stifled groan,
"Art bound so swift, as thou wast fired
In thy inmōst mind with an impulse blind?"
"I am bound for the realm, be it far or near,"
The rover replied, as he check'd his career,
"Where plĕasure is found, and mirth, and glee,
And a ceaselèss flow of gayety."

3. I saw that youthful form once more,
When the gōal was gain'd, and its end attain'd;
I knew its brief pursuit was ō'er,
From its alter'd mien, and its faded sheen.
Ah! the bounding heart, and the joy-beaming eye,
Were succeeded by tears, and the deep-drawn sigh.
Of beauty, and manly pride, and grace,
There scarcely linger'd a single trace.

4. "Oh, what," the voice inquired again,
"Hath wrought this chānge, so sad and strānge?
Didst thou at length, O youth, obtain,
In its full mĕasure, thy heart's fond trĕasure?
Didst thou gain the realm where the plĕasures of sense
In profusion[2] flow, unrestrain'd and intense?[3]
Didst thou reach the sphere where mirth and glee
Are blended with ceaselèss gayety?"

5. "Too soon," exclaim'd the stricken form,
With downcast eye, and a bitter sigh,
"While hope was young, and passion warm,
Did my ardent sōul reach the fatal gōal.
Ah! my spirit hath been with the giddy thrŏng,
And shared in the revel, the cup, and the sŏng.
But its tone is gŏne; 'tis stricken now;—
The curse of plĕasure is on my brow." CHARLES H. LYON.

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[1] **Im pĕt′ ū ŏŭs**, rushing with force and violence; hasty; fierce.

[2] **Profusion**, (pro fū′ zun), rich abundance; great supply or plenty.

[3] **In tĕnse′**, extreme or very great in degree; earnest; violent.

III.

52. A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravănsary[1] early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostăn′. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed ălŏng, his ears were delighted with the morning sŏng of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spicĕs; he sometimes contĕm′plāted the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldèst daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian,[2] and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength: he then looked round ăbout him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation: he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant.

4. He did not, however, forgĕt whither he was traveling, but found a nărrōw way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy experimènt, he had found means to unite plĕasure with businèss, and to gain the reward of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission[3] of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes ămūsed himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

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[1] **Căr′a văn′ sa ry**, a kind of inn or public house, in the East, where caravans rest at night, being a large, square building, with an extensive area or yard in the middle.

[2] **Me rĭd′ i an**, mid-day; the point directly overhead; hence, the highest point, as of success, prosperity, or the like.

[3] **Remission**, (re mĭsh′ un), the act of remitting, surrendering, or giving up; relaxation; decrease.

5. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were lŏnger safe to forsake the known and common track, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatèst vĭŏlence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders,[1] in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

6. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on evèry new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned ăsīde to every cascāde,[2] and pleased himself with tracing the cōurse of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions.[3]

7. In these ămūsemènts the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations[4] had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive[5] and confused, ăfrāid to go forward, lest he should go wrŏng, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest găthered round his head.

8. He was now roused by his dānger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happinèss was lŏst when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prŏmpted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.[6]

9. He now resolved to do what remained yĕt in his power,

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[1] **Me ăn′ ders**, indirect or winding courses; turnings.

[2] **Cas cāde′**, a small cataract or waterfall.

[3] **Cir` cum vo lū′ tion**, a turning or rolling round.

[4] **Dē` vi ā′ tion**, a wandering from one's course or way.

[5] **Pĕn′ sĭve**, thoughtful, or sad.

[6] **Mĕd` i tā′ tion**, the revolving or turning of a subject in the mind; close or continued thought.

to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature.

10. He rose with confidence and tranquillity,[1] and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage[2] and expiration:[3] all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him;—the wind roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

11. Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labor began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

12. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.[4]

13. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety, toward the mansions of rest.

14. "In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to

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[1] **Trăn quĭl′ lĭ tў**, peace; quiet; freedom from care or trouble.

[2] **Răv′ age**, violent ruin or destruction; havoc.

[3] **Ex`pi rā′ tion**, a breathing out or expulsion of air from the lungs through the mouth or nose; the last act of breathing out; death.

[4] **Păl`li ā′ tion**, concealment of the worst circumstances of an offense; lessening by favorable description.

find some mitigation[1] of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy,[2] and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch.

15. "We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance[3] subsides;[4] we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for awhile keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace[5] our disquiet with sensual[6] gratifications.

16. "By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate[7] object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths[8] of inconstancy,[9] till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

17. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere en-

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[1] **Mĭt`i gā´tion**, softening; making easier or milder.

[2] **Cŏn´stan cy**, the quality of being constant or steadfast; freedom from change; fixedness of mind.

[3] **Vĭg´i lance**, watchfulness.

[4] **Sub sīdes´**, falls into a state of quiet; rests; ceases.

[5] **Sŏl´ace**, to cheer in grief; to comfort; to allay.

[6] **Sensual**, (sĕn´shō al), lewd; pleasing to the senses; bodily.

[7] **Ad´e quāte**, equal; fully sufficient.

[8] **Lăb´y rĭnth**, a labyrinth, among the ancients, was a building made with many winding passages, so that a person could hardly avoid being lost. Hence, any difficult windings or ways; any thing that is much entangled or very perplexing.

[9] **In cŏn´stan cy**, a want of fixedness or firmness of mind; unsteadiness; ficklenese.

deavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and coŭrage from above, shall find dānger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence;[1] and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life." DR. JOHNSON.

IV.

53. ON THE WASTE OF LIFE.

AMERGUS was a gentleman of good estate: he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvement of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dozed ăwāy two or three mōre on his couch; and as many more were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humor. Thus he made a shift to wear ŏff ten years of his life since the paternal[2] estate fell into his hands.

2. One evening, as he was musing ălōne, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a săcrĭfice[3] to support his carcass, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these ŏfferings; and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man.

3. "About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolōng mine, which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb[4] of black-cattle,[5] that I might have the choicest parts ŏffered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts, out of the

[1] **Om nĭp′ o tence**, almighty power; God.

[2] **Paternal**, (pȧ tĕr′ nal), belonging to or derived from one's father.

[3] **Sacrifice**, (săk′ rĭ fīz), destruction or surrender of anything, made for the sake of something else; the thing destroyed or given up.

[4] **Hĕc′ a tomb**, the sacrifice of a hundred.

[5] **Blăck′-cat tle**, cows, bulls, and oxen, as distinguished from sheep and goats, which are called small cattle.

flock and the herd, have been slain in ten years' time to feed me, besides what the forest has supplied me with.

4. "Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their variety, been robbed of life for my repast,[1] and of the smaller fry, some thousands. A measure of corn would hardly suffice[2] me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to about six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for God and man? What a vast profusion[3] of good things wasted upon a useless life and a worthless liver!

5. "There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honor than I have done. Oh, shameful waste of life and time!"

6. In short, he carried on his moral reflections[4] with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained[5] him to change his whole course of life; to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age. He lived many following years, with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian;[6] he died with a peaceful conscience,[7] and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

7. The world, that knew the whole series of his life, were amazed at the mighty change. They beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the Divine power and mercy which had transformed him from a brute

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[1] **Repast,** (re pâst'), the act of taking food; that which is taken as food or a meal; victuals.

[2] **Suffice,** (sŭf fīz'), to be sufficient or enough; to furnish or supply.

[3] **Pro fū' sion,** a large quantity.

[4] **Re flĕc' tion,** the turning of the mind to what has already occupied it; continued thinking.

[5] **Con strāined',** compelled; forced.

[6] **Christian,** (krĭst' yan), one who professes to believe in the religion of Christ; especially one whose inward and outward life is conformed to the doctrines of Christ; one born in a Christian country or of Christian parents.

[7] **Conscience,** (kŏn' shĕns), the power or principle within us which decides on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of our actions and affections, and approves or condemns them.

to a man. But this was a single instance, and we may almōst venture to write *mĭracle*[1] upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate[2] age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency[3] to usefulnèss? DR. FRANKLIN.

SECTION XIII.

I.

54. RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

THERE is something pātriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for sŏng. Almost prīmēval[4] simplicity reigns over that northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillnèss.

2. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene chānges to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are fōrests of fir. Overhead hang the lŏng, fan-like branches, trailing with mŏss, and heavy with red and blue *cones.*[5] Under foot is a carpet of yĕllōw leaves; and the air is warm and balmy.

3. On a wooden bridge you crŏss a little silver stream, and anon[6] come fōrth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Acrŏss the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take ŏff their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, "Gŏd bless you."

4. The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strōwn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers.

5. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the

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[1] **Mĭr′a cle**, a wonder or wonderful thing; an effect or event that differs or departs from the known laws of nature.

[2] **De gĕn′er ate**, having become worse than one's kind; having lost in worth or goodness; degraded; mean.

[3] **Tĕnd′en cy**, direction or course toward any place, effect, or result; desire.

[4] **Prĭ mē′val**, primitive; belonging to the earliest times; original.

[5] **Cōnes**, bodies diminishing to a point; the fruit of the pine, fir, etc., that is shaped like a cone.

[6] **A nŏn′**, quickly; immediately.

Bible, and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,[1]—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it—or, perhaps, a little pine bark in it.

6. Meanwhile the sturdy[2] husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnèssed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth[3] one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths; and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands.

7. You meet, also, groups of Dalecarlian[4] peasant women traveling homeward, or townward, in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollŏw of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

8. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the rōadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsĕm'anè. In the parish register great events are doubtlèss recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the cŏffin.

9. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadŏw of the church spire, with its lŏng, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings,[5] on others, only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages.

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[1] **Heirloom**, (âr′ lōm), any furniture or movable that descends to the heir with the house; any piece of personal property that has been in the same family for many years.

[2] **Sturdy**, (stêr′ dĭ), hardy; stout.

[3] **Uncouth**, (un kōth), misshapen; awkward; not handsome.

[4] **Dalecarlia**, (dā′le kär′ lĭ ā), an old province of Sweden, now comprised in the læn or district of Falun.

[5] **Arm ō′ ri al bear′ ings**, coats-of-arms, or parts of the coats-of-arms. In ancient times, when the soldiers, and especially their commanders, wore armor, the face, as well as the entire person, was concealed. In order that the soldiers might recognize their leaders, the commander wore on his shield, or as a crest for the helmet, some device, such as a bird, a beast, a spear, sword, etc. By degrees this custom was reduced to a system, and the king arrogated the right of bestowing on his brave followers the exclusive privilege of wearing certain devices on the shield or the helmet. This was the foundation of the *science of heraldry*, and the origin of coats-of-arms.

10. Nor must I forgĕt the suddenly chānging seasons of the northern clime. There is no lŏng and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom, one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pŏmpous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

11. The days wane[1] apace. Erelŏng the sun hardly rises ăbove the horĭ'zon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are palĕ and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns ălŏng the horĭ'zon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

12. And now the northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a sŏft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zēnith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart[2] the heavens, like a summer sunset.

13. Sŏft, purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pŏmp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though ōnly a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding.

14. And now the glad, leafy, midsummer, full of blossoms and the sŏng of nightingales, is come! In every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths, and roses, and ribbons, streaming in the wind; and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goĕth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children

[1] **Wāne**, decrease; waste away. [2] **A thwart**, across; through.

are at play in the streets an hour later. The windōws and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

15. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night which is not night, but a sunlèss, yĕt unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadōws, and refreshing coolnèss! How beautiful the lōng, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yĕsterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit togĕther, hand in hand, benēath the starlèss sky of midnight!

16. From the church tower in the public square the bell tōlls the hour, with a sŏft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer: and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonōrous[1] voice, he chants—

"Ho! watchman, ho! twelve is the clock!
God keep our town from fire and brand,
And hostile hand! twelve is the clock!"

From his swallōw's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night lŏng; and further north the priest stands at his dọor in the warm mĭdnīght, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

II.

55. THE SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans,[2] as it still does with a great pōrtion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal[3] affairs were suspended;[4] and so zealously[5] did our fathers maintain the letter, as well as the spirit of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer

[1] **So nō′ rous**, high-sounding; giving a clear or loud sound.

[2] **Pū′ ri tans**, persons, in the time of Queen Elizabeth and her immediate successors, so called in derision, because they professed to follow the *pure* word of God, and reject the ceremonies and government of the Episcopal Church; the first settlers of New England.

[3] **Tĕm′ po ral**, belonging to this life or world, or to the body only.

[4] **Sus pĕnd′ ed**, caused to cease for a time; delayed; stopped.

[5] **Zĕal′ ous ly**, earnestly; with eagerness.

was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to work on Sunday.

2. It must be confessed that the tendency of the age is to laxity,[1] and so rapidly is the whŏlesome strictnèss of primitive times abating, that, should some antiquary,[2] fifty years hence, in explŏring his garret rubbish, chance to cast his eye on our humble pages, he may be surprised to learn, that, even now, the Sabbath is observed, in the interior of New England, with an almost Judā'ical[3] severity.

3. On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators[4] are hŭrrying to and fro to complete the lagging businèss of the week. The good mothers, like Burns's[5] mātron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or help (we prefer the nătional descriptive term), are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and *mops*, to make all *tidy* for the Sabbath.

4. As the day declines, the hŭm of labor dies ăwāy, and, after the sun is set, perfect stillnèss reigns in every well ordered household, and not a foot-fall is heard in the village street. It can not be denied, that even the most scriptural, missing the excitemènt of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bedtime. The obvious[6] inference[7] from this fact is skillfully avoided by certain ingenious[8] reasoners, who allege,[9] that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra[10]

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[1] **Lăx' i ty**, looseness; carelessness of duty.

[2] **An' ti qua ry**, one who studies into the history of ancient things, as statues, coins, medals, paintings, books, etc., or searches for them, and explains their origin and purpose; one well acquainted with things that took place in old times.

[3] **Ju dā' ic al**, pertaining to the Jews. The Jews are noted for the strict manner in which they observe the Sabbath.

[4] **Pro crăs' ti na tors**, persons who delay things to a future time.

[5] **Robert Burns**, the great peasant poet of Scotland, was born near Ayr, in the district of Kyle, on the 25th of January, 1759. He died on the 21st of July, 1796.

[6] **Ob' vi ous**, easily discovered, seen, or understood; plain; clear.

[7] **In' fer ence**, that which follows as certainly or probably true; conclusion.

[8] **Ingenious**, (in jēn' yŭs), skillful or quick to invent; having skill to contrive, or to form new combinations of ideăs; witty.

[9] **Allege**, (al lĕj'), to assert; to declare positively.

[10] **Extra**, (eks' trā), over and above; beyond what is due, appointed, or expected; uncommon.

quantity of sleep on every seventh night. We recommend it to the curious to inquire, how this peculiarity was adjusted, when the Sabbath was changed from Saturday to Sunday.

5. The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lōwing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct,[1] till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue[2] from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor, bend their mĕasured steps to the meeting-house;—the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modèst gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousnèss of independence and equality, which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility,[3] envy, and discontent.

6. If a morning salutation[4] is reciprocated,[5] it is in a suppressed voice; and if, perchance, nature, in some reckless urchin, burst fōrth in laughter—"My dear, you forgĕt it's Sunday," is the ever ready reproof. Though evèry face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relaxed by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

7. The farmer's ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle,[6] bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance,—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daughters, blooming, intelligent, well-bred, pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, prunella shoes, Leghorn hats, fans, and parasols, and the spruce young men, with their plāited ruffles, blue coats, and yĕllōw buttons.

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[1] **Extinct**, (eks tingkt'), quenched; put out; having ceased; ended.

[2] **Issue**, (ish' shō), proceed; go out.

[3] **Ser vĭl' i ty**, the state or quality of being meanly respectful, cringing, or fawning.

[4] **Săl` u tā' tion**, the act of greeting or paying respect by words or actions commonly used.

[5] **Re cĭp' ro cāt ed**, given and received by turns; interchanged.

[6] **Vē' hĭ cle**, that in which any thing is or may be carried, as a wagon, cart, carriage, or the like.

8. The whōle community meet, as one religious family, to ŏffer their devotions at the common altar. If there be an outlaw from the society,—a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued,—he may be seen stealing ălŏng the margin of some little brook, far ăwāy from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellōws.

9. Tōward the close of the day (or to bŏrrōw a phrase descriptive of his feelings, who first used it), "when the Sabbath begins to *abate*,"[1] the children cluster about the windōws. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, mĕrry voices break fōrth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps.

10. The village belle[2] arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys găther on "the green;" the lads and girls thrŏng to the "singing-school;" while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the plĕasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.[3] MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

III.

56. THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

ABOUT the chapel door, in easy groups,
The rustic people wait. Some trim the switch,
While some prognosticate[4] of harvèsts full,
Or shake the dubious[5] head, with argumènts
Based on the winter's frequent snow and thaw,
The heavy rains, and sudden frŏsts severe.

2. Some, happily but few, deal scandal[6] out,
With look askance[7] pointing their victim. These

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[1] **A bāte′**, to decrease or become less in strength or violence.

[2] **Bĕlle**, a young lady of great beauty and much admired.

[3] **Pĕn′ance**, suffering, labor, or pain used as a punishment for faults, or as an expression of sorrow for sin.

[4] **Prog nŏs′ tic āte**, to foretell from signs.

[5] **Dū′ bi ous**, not settled, or doubtful in opinion; doubting.

[6] **Scăn′ dal**, something said which is false and injurious to character.

[7] **A skănce′**, aside; sideways.

Are the rank tares[1] in every field of grain—
These are the nettles stinging unaware—
The briers which wound and trip unheeding feet—
The noxious[2] vines, growing in every grove!
Their touch is deadly, and their passing breath
Poison most venomous![3] Such have I known—
As who has not?—and suffered by the contact.
Of these the husbandman takes certain note,
And in the proper season disinters[4]
Their baneful[5] roots; and, to the sun exposed,
The killing light of truth, leavĕs them to pine
And perish in the noonday!

3. 'Gainst a tree,
With strŏng arms folded ō'er a giant chest,
Stands Barton, to the neighborhood chief smith;
His coat, unused to aught save Sunday wear,
Grown too oppressive by the morning walk,
Hangs on the drooping branch: so stands he ŏft
Beside the open door, what time the share
Is whitening at the roaring bellows'[6] mouth.

4. There, too, the wheelwright—he, the magistrate[7]'—
In small communities a man of mark—
Stands with the smith, and holds such argument
As the unlettered but observing can;
Their thĕme[8] some knot of scripture hard to solve.
And 'gainst the neighboring bars two others fan,
Less fit the sacred hour, discussion hot
Of politics; a topic which, inflamed,
Knows no propriety of time or place.

5. There Oakes, the cooper, with rough brawny[9] hand,
Descănts[10] at large, and, with a noisy ardor,

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[1] **Tare**, (târ), a weed that grows among wheat and other grain; darnel; rye-grass.

[2] **Noxious**, (nŏk′ shŭs), hurtful; poisonous; destructive.

[3] **Vĕn′om oŭs**, mischievous; spiteful; deadly.

[4] **Dĭs in ters′**, unburies; digs out.

[5] **Bāne′ ful**, full of bane or deadly poison; destructive.

[6] **Bellows**, (bĕl′ lŭs).

[7] **Măg′ is trāte**, a judge; a justice of the peace.

[8] **Thēme**, a topic or subject on which a person writes or speaks.

[9] **Brawn′ y**, having large, strong muscles; muscular; strong.

[10] **Descănts′**, talks; makes remarks.

Rattles around his theme as round a cask;
While Hanson, heavy browed, with shoulders bent,
Bent with great lifting of huge stones—for he
A mason and famed builder is—replies
With tongue as sharp and dexterous[1] as his trowel,
And sentences which like his hammer fall,
Bringing the flinty fire at every blow!

6. But soon the approaching parson ends in peace
The wordy combat, and all turn within.
Awhile rough shoes, some with discordant[2] creak,
And voices clearing for the psalm, disturb
The sacred quiet, till, at last, the vail
Of silence wavers, settles, falls; and then
The hymn is given, and all ărīse and sing.

7. Then follows prayer, which from the pastor's heart
Flows unpretending, with few words devout
Of humble thanks and askings; not with lungs
Stentorian,[3] assaulting heaven's high wall,
Compelling grace by virtue of a siege!
This done, with loving care he scans his flock,
And ōpes the sacred volume at the text.

8. Wide is his brow, and full of honest thought—
Love his vocation, truth is all his stock.
With these he strives to guide, and not perplex
With words sublime and empty, ringing oft
Most musically hollow. All his facts
Are simple, broad, sufficient for a world!
He knows them well, teaching but what he knows.

9. He never strides through metaphysic[4] mists,
Or takes false greatness because seen through fogs,
Nor leads 'mid brambles of thick argument
Till all admire the wit which brings them through;

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[1] **Dĕx′ ter ous**, skillful; artful; ready; handy.

[2] **Dis cord′ant**, disagreeing; harsh; jarring.

[3] **Stĕn tō′ ri an**, extremely loud. Stentor was the Greek name of a man, spoken of by Homer, who had a very loud voice.

[4] **Mĕt` a phys′ ics**, the science of the principles and causes of all things existing; the science, or regulated knowledge, of the mind.

Nor e'er essays, in sermon or in prayer,
To share[1] the hearer's thought; nor strives to make
The smallèst of his congregation lōse
One glimpse of heaven, to cast[2] it on the priest.

10. Such simple cōurse, in these ambitious times,
Were worthy imitation; in these days,
When brazen[3] tinsel bears[4] the palm from worth,[5]
And trick and pertnèss take the sacred desk;
Or some cōarse thunderer, arm'd with doctrines new
Aims at our faith a blow to fell an ox—
Swinging his sledge,[6] regardlèss where it strikes,
Or what demolishes—well pleased to win
By ēither blows or noise!—A modern seer,[7]
Crying destruction! and, to prove it true,
Walking abroad, for dĕmolĭtion[8] arm'd,
And boldly leveling where he can not build!

11. The service done, the congregation rise,
And with a freshnèss glowing in their hearts,
And quiet strength, the benison[9] of prayer,
And whōlesome admonition, hence depart.

12. Some, lōth to go, within the graveyard loiter,
Walking among the mounds, or on the tombs,
Hanging, like pictured grief benēath a willōw,
Bathing the inscriptions with their tears; or here,
Finding the earlièst vīolet, like a drop
Of Heaven's anointing blue upon the dead,
Bless it with mōurnful plĕasure; or perchance,
With careful hands, recall the wandering vine,
And teach it where to creep, and where to bear
Its future epitaph of flowers. And there,
Each with a separate grief, and some with tears,
Ponder the sculptured lines of consolation.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

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[1] **Share**, (shâr).
[2] **Cast**, (kâst).
[3] **Brazen**, (brā′ zn).
[4] **Bears**, (bârz).
[5] **Worth**, (wûrth).
[6] **Slĕdge**, a heavy hammer.
[7] **Sēer**, a person who foresees events; a prophet.
[8] **Demolition**, (dĕm`o lĭsh′ un), act of overthrowing or destroying; ruin.
[9] **Benison**, (bĕn′ i zn), benediction; a blessing; reward.

SECTION XIV.

I.

57. LAD AND HIS NEIGHBOR.

I HAD, said William Lad, the apŏstle[1] of peace, a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm, at some distance from the hōmestĕad. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvèst. These sheep were of the gaunt,[2] long-leggèd kind, active as spaniels:[3] they would spring over the highèst fence, and no partition wall could keep them out.

2. I complained to neighbor Pulcifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without ăvāil. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of his sheep were lŏng, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there: I became angry, and told my men to set the dŏgs on them; and, if that would not do, I would pay them, if they would shoot the sheep.

3. I rode ăwāy much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once, a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, "Would it not be well for you to try in your ŏwn conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others?" I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best cōurse to be pursued. The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulcifer. I found him chopping wood at his dōor.

4. "Good morning, neighbor!" No answer. "Good morning!" I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt without looking up. "I came," continued I, "to see about the sheep." At this, he threw down his ax and exclaimed, in an angry manner: "Now aren't you a pretty[4] neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man, like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!"

5. "I was wrŏng, neighbor," said I; "but it wōn't do to let

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[1] **Apostle**, (a pŏs′ sl), one of the twelve disciples of Christ; a person sent forth to do some important business.

[2] **Gaunt**, (gânt), tall and thin; slender; lean.

[3] **Spaniels**, (spân′ yĕlz).

[4] **Pretty**, (prĭt′ tĭ).

your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say, that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine; and in the fall you shall take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock."

6. Pulcifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out: "Now, 'Squire, are you in earnest?" "Certainly I am," I answered; "it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out."

7. After a moment's silence, "The sheep shan't trouble you any more," exclaimed Pulcifer. "I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that, when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot, too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind, too."

8. The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. "And, my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

II.

58. TRUE FREEDOM, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

1.

WE want no flag, no flaunting rag, for Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns, to struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words, the mind our battle-plain;
We've won such victories before, *and so we shall again.*

2.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—they stain her brightest cause:
'Tis not in blood that Liberty inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart in language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before, *and so they shall again.*

3.

We yield to none[1] in earnèst love of freedom's cause sublime;[2]
We join the cry, "FRATERNITY!"[3] we keep the march of Time.
And yĕt we grasp nor pike nor spear, our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before, *and so we shall again.*

4.

We want no aid of barricade[4] to show a front to wrŏng;
We have a citadel[5] in truth, mōre durable[6] and strŏng.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith, have never striven in vain;
They've won our battles many a time, *and so they shall again.*

5.

Peace, prògress, knowledge, brotherhood—the ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely to see their triumph near.
No widōw's groans shall load our cause, no blood of brethren stain;
We've won without such aid before, AND SO WE SHALL AGAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

III.

59. A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA.

LET us quarrel, Amĕrican kinsmen. Let us plunge into war. We have been friends too lŏng. We have too highly promoted each other's wealth and prosperity. We are too plethoric,[7] we want depletion;[8] to which end let us cut one another's thrōats.

2. Let us sink, burn, kill, and destroy—with mutual energy; sink each other's shipping, burn each other's arsenals,[9] destroy

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[1] **None**, (nŭn), not one.

[2] **Sub′ lime′**, high; stately; lofty; excellent.

[3] **Fra ter′ ni ty**, brotherhood.

[4] **Băr` ri ′cāde′**, a fortification made in haste, of earth, stone, trees, wagons, or any thing that will stop the progress of an enemy, or serve for defense or security against his shot; any means of defense.

[5] **Cĭt′ a del**, a fortress or castle, in a city or near it.

[6] **Dūr′ a ble**, lasting.

[7] **Plĕth′ or ic**, over-full, especially of blood.

[8] **De plē′ tion**, act of emptying; blood-letting.

[9] **Ar′ se nals**, places where warlike implements are made or kept; storehouses for guns, powder, etc.

each other's property at large. We will bombard[1] your towns, and you shall bombard ours—if you can. Let us ruin each other's commerce as much as possible, and that will be a considerable some.

3. Let our banks break while we smite and slay one another; let our commercial houses smash right and left, in the United States and the United Kingdom. Let us maim[2] and mutilate[3] one another; let us make of each other miserable objects, cripples, halt,[4] and blind, adapted for the town's end, to beg during life.

4. Come, let us render the wives of each other widows, and the mothers childless, and cause them to weep rivers of tears, amounting to an important quantity of "water privilege."[5]

5. The bowl of wrath, the devil's punch-bowl, filled high, filled high as possible, share we with one another. This, with shot and bayonets, will be good in your insides and in my inside—in the insides of all of us brethren.

6. Oh, how good it is—oh, how pleasant it is, for brethren to engage in internē'cīne[6] strife! What a glorious spectacle we Christian Anglo-Saxons, engaged in the work of mutual destruction—in the reciprocation[7] of savage outrages—shall present to the despots and the fiends!

7. How many dollars will you spend? How many pounds sterling shall we? How much capital we shall sink on either side—on land as well as in the sea! How much we shall have to show for it in corpses and wooden legs!—never ask what other return we may expect for the investment.[8]

8. So, then, American kinsmen, let us fight; let us murder

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[1] **Bombard,** (bŏm bärd'), attack with bombs, or large iron shells filled with powder, thrown from mortars or cannon.

[2] **Māim,** to deprive of the use of a limb, so as to render a person less able to defend himself in fighting, or to annoy his enemy; to deprive of a necessary part.

[3] **Mū' ti lāte,** to cut off a limb or important part of; to maim; to cripple; to hack.

[4] **Halt,** (hâlt), lame.

[5] **Water privilege,** the advantage of a water-fall in streams sufficient to raise water for driving water wheels.

[6] **In`ter nē' cine,** mutually destructive; deadly.

[7] **Re cĭp`ro cā' tion,** interchange of acts; a mutual giving and returning.

[8] **In vĕst' ment,** the laying out of money in the purchase of some kind of property, usually of a lasting nature.

and ruin each other. Let dĕmagŏgues[1] come hot from their conclave[2] of evil spirits, "cry havoc, and let slip the dŏgs of war," and do you be mad enough to be those mad dogs, and permit yourselves to be hounded upon us by them. PUNCH.

IV.

60. THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

WHO is it that mourns for the days that are gŏne,
When a noble could do as he liked with his own?
When his serfs,[3] with their burdens well filled on their backs,
Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax?
When his word was a statute,[4] his nod was a law,
And for aught but his "order" he cared not a straw?
When each had his dungeon and rack[5] for the poor,
And a gibbet[6] to hang a refractory[7] boor?[8]

2. They were days when a man with a thought in his pate
Was a man that was born for the popular hate;
And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
The man was too vile to be left unconfined;
The days when obedience, in right or in wrŏng,
Was always the sermon and always the sŏng;
When the people, like cattle, were pounded[9] or driven,
And to scourge[10] them was thought a king's license from heaven.

3. They were days when the swŏrd settled questions of right,
And Falsehood was first to monopolize[11] Might;

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[1] **Dĕm′a gŏgue**, a leader of the people, especially one who controls the multitude by deceitful arts; an artful political speaker.

[2] **Cŏn′clāve**, a private room or meeting; a close assembly.

[3] **Serfs**, (sĕrfs), servants or slaves.

[4] **Stăt′ute**, an act of the legislature of a state or country, declaring, commanding, or forbidding something; a special law.

[5] **Răck**, an instrument used to inflict severe pain, consisting of a large frame, upon which the body of the sufferer is slowly stretched until sometimes the joints are drawn out of place.

[6] **Gibbet**, (jĭb′ bet), a kind of gallows, consisting of an upright post with an arm extending out from the top, on which formerly the worst criminals were hung in chains, and left exposed.

[7] **Re frăct′ o ry**, stubborn; resisting authority; ungovernable.

[8] **Boor**, a countryman; a peasant.

[9] **Pound′ ed**, put into a pound, an inclosure for stray cattle; confined.

[10] **Scourge**, (skĕrj), beat, whip.

[11] **Mo nŏp′ o lize**, to get entire possession of.

When the fighter of battles was always adored,
And the greater the tyrant, the greater the lord;
When the king, who by myriads could number his slain,
Was consider'd by far the mōst worthy to reign;
When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
A gŏd in his life, and a saint in his death.

4. They were days when the headsman[1] was always prepared—
The block ever ready—the ax ever bared;
When a corpse on the gibbet aye[2] swung to and fro,
And the fire at the stake never smoldered[3] too low;
When famine and age made a woman a witch,
To be roasted ălīve, or be drowned in a ditch;
When difference of creed was the vilèst of crime,
And martyrs[4] were burn'd half a score at a time.

5. They were days when the gallows[5] stood black in the way,
The larger the town, the more plentiful they;
When Law never dreamed it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,
Was never appeased[6] till a victim had died;
And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,
Were strung up togĕther—again and again.

6. They were days when the crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach;
When ignorance, stolid[7] and dense, was its doom,
And bigotry[8] swāthed[9] it from cradle to tomb;
But the Present, though clouds ō'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.
And we are too wise, like the bigots, to mourn
For the darknèss of days that shall never return.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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[1] **Hĕads'man**, an executioner; one who cuts off heads.

[2] **Aye**, (å), always; forever.

[3] **Smōl'der**, burn and smoke without flame or vent.

[4] **Mar'tyrs**, witnesses, who sacrificed their lives or property for the truth, or to sustain a cause.

[5] **Gallows**, (găl'lus).

[6] **Ap pēased**, made calm or quiet; pacified.

[7] **Stŏl'id**, stupid; dull; heavy.

[8] **Bĭg'ot rў**, headstrong or blind attachment to a particular belief or practice; unreasonable zeal or warmth in favor of a party, sect, or opinion.

[9] **Swāthed**, wrapped; bound.

V.

61. WAR.

WAR is the work, the elemènt, or rather the spōrt and triumph of Death, who glōries not ōnly in the extent of his conquest,[1] but in the richnèss of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the agèd, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strŏng.

2. It is remarked by the most ăncient of poets, that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sŏrrōw, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects.

3. Parents mōurn for their children with the bitternèss of despair; the agèd parent, the widōwed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, evèry thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel[2] weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

4. But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate[3] ideă of the ravages of the swŏrd. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, ăpart from the religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt[4] from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We can not see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prŏmpted by compassion to lend him evèry assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a momènt; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

5. In these last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tendernèss due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows,

[1] **Conquest**, (kŏng′ kwest), that which is conquered or subdued.

[2] **Rā′ chel**, see St. Matthew, chapter II.

[3] **In ăd′ e quate**, not sufficient; incomplete; defective.

[4] **Exempt**, (egz ĕmt′), taken out or removed; free; not subject to.

binds them to the earth, ămĭd the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe!

6. If they are spared by the humanity of the ènemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolŏngātion of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, ŏften to a remote distance, through rōads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles[1] for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands.

7. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities[2] of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sŏrrōws, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

8. We must remember, however, that as a vĕry small propōrtion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this sōurce. Mōre are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwhōlesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dāngers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulnèss. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion[3] spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

9. We have hitherto adverted to the sufferings of ose only who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold evèry thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon[4] dependent on the sword! How boundlèss the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues[5] of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except so far as it is dimly deci-

[1] **Re cĕp′ ta cles**, reservoirs; houses, any thing capable of receiving or holding.

[2] **As` si dū′ i ties**, daily or constant attentions.

[3] **Con tā′ gion**, the act of transmitting a disease from one person to another by contact or touch; any disease which spreads or communicates by touch.

[4] **Boon**, that which is asked or given as a benefit or favor; a gift.

[5] **Issues**, (ĭsh′shōz), passages; outlets.

phered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

10. Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation[1] which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors?

11. Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of in'dustry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation.[2] There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil!

12. In another part you witness opulent[3] cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished;[4] the houses of the rich pillaged,[5] and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre[6] and ruin!

ROBERT HALL.

VI.

62. BATTLE FIELDS, OR VULTURES' SHAMBLES.

AS I was sitting within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures crying to each other on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock. I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity[7] where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

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[1] Cŏn'ster nā'tion, excessive fear.

[2] Dĕs'o lā'tion, act of laying waste; destruction.

[3] Op'u lent, wealthy; rich.

[4] De mŏl'ished, thrown or pulled down; pulled to pieces.

[5] Pĭl'laged, stripped of money or goods by open force; robbed.

[6] Massacre, (măs'a ker), slaughter; destruction; murder.

[7] Căv'i ty, a hollow space; an opening.

2. I soon perceived that my labor would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence,[1] with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by her last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

3. "My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes. You have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl; you have seen me seize the leveret[2] in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food: I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."

4. "Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known. His flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture! Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?" "He is too bulky," said the mother. "When we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."

5. "Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear. By what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenseless than a sheep?" "We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and the vulture would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our nourishment, infused into him a strange ferocity,[3] which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth.

6. "Two herds of men," continued she, "will often meet, and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another: you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled, for the convenience of the vulture."

7. "But when men have killed their prey," said a young vulture, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it, till he is satisfied

[1] Prŏm′i nence, a point jutting or standing out from the surface of something.

[2] Lĕv′er et, a hare in its first year.

[3] Fē rŏc′i tў, savage wildness or fierceness; fury; cruelty.

himself. Is not man a kind of wolf?" "Man," said the mother, "is the ōnly beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him the greatèst benefactor to our species."

8. "If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves?" "Because man will, sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a lŏng time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close togĕther, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel[1] in human blood."

9. "But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat." "My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I can not answer, though I am reckoned the mōst subtle[2] bird of the mountain.

10. "When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyry[3] of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian[4] rocks. He had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strŏngest wing can fly, between the rising and setting of the summer sun; and he had fed year after year on the vitals[5] of men.

11. "His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being reăllу vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed togĕther by the storm, that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed.

12. "Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these cā'terers[6] of ours; and those that hover more closely around them, pretend that there is in evèry herd one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be mōre eminently delighted with carnage.[7] What it is that entitles him

[1] **Rĕv' el**, to feast in a riotous and lawless manner, or with noisy merriment.

[2] **Subtle**, (sŭt' l), artful; cunning.

[3] **Eyry**, (å' rĭ), the place where birds of prey build their nests and hatch their young.

[4] **Car pā' thĭ an**, a range of mountains in Europe, chiefly in Austria.

[5] **Vī' tals**, parts of animal bodies necessary to life.

[6] **Cā' ter ers**, those who buy or provide food.

[7] **Carnage**, (kär' naj), the flesh of slain animals; slaughter; great destruction of lives.

to such preëminence,[1] we know not. He is seldom the biggèst or the swiftèst; but such are his eagerness and diligence in providing and preparing food for us, that we think the leader of such human herds is entitled to our warmèst gratitude, and should be styled, THE FRIEND OF THE VULTURES!"

DR. JOHNSON.

VII.

63. THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

"WHAT dost thou see, lōne watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? comes the wished-for-hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch ăbroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

2. "The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence[2] to the sun;
But yĕt I see on the horī'zon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."[3]

3. "And is that all, O watcher on the tower?
Look fōrth again; it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain cōpes,[4]
And the green woods benēath them on the slopes?"

4. "A mist envelopes them; I can not trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.[5]
The clouds roll up in gold and amber[6] flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

5. "We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdèst; many of us die
Ere[7] the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"

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[1] **Pre ĕm' i nence**, superiority; the condition of being first in place or rank.

[2] **Rĕv' er ence**, fear mingled with respect and affection.

[3] **Surge**, (sĕrj), to swell; to run high like waves.

[4] **Cōpe**, a cover; a hood; any thing regarded as extended over the head, as the concave or arch of the sky; a priest's cloak.

[5] **A pāce'**, with a quick pace; quick; fast; hastily.

[6] **Am' ber**, of the color of amber, which is yellowish.

[7] **Ere**, (ār), before; sooner than.

6. "I hope, but can not tell. I hear a sŏng,
Vivid[1] as day itself, and clear and strŏng,
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pōuring in sunlight his seraphic[2] tune."

7. "What doth he say—O watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? *Is* his chant sublime,
Filled with the glōries of the future time?"

8. "He prophesies;—his heart is full;—his lay
Tells of the brightnèss of a peaceful day—
A day not cloudlèss, nor devoid[3] of storm,
But sunny for the mōst, and clear and warm."

9. "We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellèst. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strŏng,
And Right shall rule supreme, and vanquish Wrŏng?"

10. "He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Sōar as unfettered as its Gŏd designed."

11. "Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it:—tell us, yĕt again,
If the broăd daylight breaks upon the plain?"

12. "It breaks—it comes—the misty shadōws fly:—
A rosy radiance[4] gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
THE PLAIN IS YET IN SHADE, BUT DAY IS NEAR."

CHARLES MACKAY.

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[1] **Vĭv′id**, bright; lively; glowing; alive.

[2] **Se răph′ ic**, pertaining to a seraph, or angel of the highest order; sublime; pure.

[3] **De void′**, destitute; not in possession; free from.

[4] **Rā′ di ance**, brightness shooting in rays of light or heat; vivid light; brilliancy; luster.

SECTION XV.

I.

64. THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

WHOEVER has traveled among the Scottish hills and dales, can not have failed to observe the scrupulous[1] fidelity[2] of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A mōre honorable trait[3] of character than this can not be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels,[4] are prōne to put reliance in those who make the Bible their companion, the well-thumbed pages of which show the confidence their owners repose[5] in it.

2. A few years ago, there dwelt in Ayrshire[6] an ān'cient couple, possessed of this world's gear[7] sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe, and a canny[8] daughter to bless their gray hair and tottering steps. A gallănt[9] of a farmer became enamored[10] of the daughter, and she, nothing lōth,[11] consented to be his.

3. The match being every way worthy of her, the old folks gave their approval, and as they were desirous to see their child comfortably settled, the two were made one. In a few short years, the scythe of time cut down the old people, and they gave their bodies to the dust, and their souls to the Creātor.

4. The young farmer, having heard much of the promised land beyŏnd the sea, găthered togĕther his property, and, selling such as was uselèss, packed up what was calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same desire for adventure, sold ŏff their homes and homesteads, and, with the young couple, set sail for Amĕrica.

Scrupulous, (skrō' pu lŭs), careful; conscientious.

[2] **Fī dĕl'i tў**, loyalty; faithfulness.

[3] **Trāit**, a stroke; a touch; a marked feature or peculiarity.

[4] **In' fi dels**, unbelievers; persons who deny Christianity and the truth of the Bible.

[5] **Re pōse'**, place, as in confidence.

[6] **Ayrshire**, (ār' sher), a country in the southwest part of Scotland, bordering on the sea.

[7] **Gēar**, goods; furniture.

[8] **Căn' ny**, skillful; dexterous prudent.

[9] **Gal lănt'**, a gay or fashionable man; one fond of paying attention to ladies; one who wooes; a lover.

[10] **En ăm' ored**, in love with.

[11] **Lōth**, reluctant; unwilling.

5. Possessed of considerable property in the shape of money this company were not like the generality of emigrants,[1] poor and friendless, but happy, and full of hope of the future. The first thing done after the landing, was the taking out of the old family heir-loom, the Bible, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided the vessel to a safe haven.

6. The farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation:[2] he therefore spent but little time in the city at which he arrived; and as his fellow-passengers had previously determined on their destination,[3] he bid them farewell, and, with a light heart, turned his face toward the setting sun. Indiăn'a, at this time, was fast becoming settled, and, having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

7. He fixed on a farm on the banks of the Wabash, and having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage[4] for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm, and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently ăwāited the time when he might go forth to reap the harvest; but, alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart, or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields are white with the fullness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

8. We leave this first sŏrrōw, and pass on to witness the struggles of the afflicted wĭdōw a year afterward. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she bŏrrōwed the money of a neighbor, who had been very attentive to her husband and herself. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum at the promised time; but all would not do; fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated[5] troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished her farm and stock

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[1] **Em' i grants**, persons who leave their own country, to settle in another.

[2] **Oc`cu pā' tion**, that which occupies and engages the time and attention; the business of one's life.

[3] **Dĕs`ti nā' tion**, place or point aimed at; the end of a journey.

[4] **Mortgage**, (môr' gej), a conveyance of property, upon condition, as security for the payment of a debt or the performance of a duty, and to become worthless upon payment or performance.

[5] **Ac cū' mu lāt ed**, heaped up; greatly increased.

for less than she owed her neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution[1] on her furniture.

9. On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took coŭrage, and strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wrŏnged no one, went to the temple of her heavenly Father, and with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to Him "who turnèth not ăwāy;" and having communed[2] side by side with her neighbor, returned to her desolate home. Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old "family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips, and sought for consolation in its pages. Slowly she perused[3] its holy and inspiring verses, and găthered hope from its never-failing promises.

10. The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels[4] were, in due cōurse, knocked ŏff to the highest bidder. Unmoved she saw pass from her possession article after article, without ă murmur, till the constable[5] held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed, and gave silènt utterance to a breaking heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento[6] of her revered and departed par'ents; and the humāne[7] man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but her inĕx'orable[8] creditor declared every thing should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was due to him.

11. The book was, therefore, put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and declaring she would have some relic[9] of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining that. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper.

12. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and

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[1] **Ex`e cū'tion**, the warrant by which an officer carries into effect the judgment of a court.

[2] **Com mūned'**, partaken of the sacrament, or Lord's Supper.

[3] **Perused**, (pe rōzd'), read with attention.

[4] **Chattels**, (chăt' tlz), all things which a person owns, excepting lands and buildings.

[5] **Constable**, (kŭn' sta bl), an officer of the peace.

[6] **Me mĕn' to**, memorial; something which causes remembrance.

[7] **Hu māne'**, having dispositions and feelings proper to man, and a desire to treat other human beings or animals with kindness; kind; benevolent.

[8] **In ĕx' o ra ble**, that can not be moved by prayers or entreaties.

[9] **Rĕl' ic**, that which remains, or is left after a loss; something kept in remembrance.

what was her joy and delight to find each to be a bank-note, good for five hundred pounds, on the bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words: "*When sŏrrŏw overtakes you, seek your Bible.*" And on the other, in her father's hand, "*Your Father's ears are never dĕaf.*"

13. The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased it, and she gladly took it back. Having paid ŏff her relentless[1] creditor to the uttermost farthing, and rented a small house, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the precepts of the old family Bible without fear or mŏlestā'tion.[2]

II.

65. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these rĕcords bear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear!

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[1] lesting or disturbing, or the state of
[2] being molested; annoyance.

Her ăngel face—I see it yĕt!
What thrŏnging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

4. Thou truèst friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no trĕasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

III.

66. THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've trĕasured it lŏng as ă saintèd prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?[1] a mother sat there,
And a sācrèd thing is that old arm-chair.

2. In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed[2] seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,[3]
With truth for my creed[4] and Gŏd for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earlièst prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

3. I sat and watched her many ă day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;

[1] **Spĕll**, a phrase or verse repeated for its magical power; hence, any charm.

[2] **Hăl'lōwed**, made holy; set apart for holy or religious use; treated as sacred.

[3] **Be tīde'**, befall; happen.

[4] **Crēed**, belief · articles of faith.

And I almōst worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

4. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lāva tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and can not tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair. ELIZA COOK.

IV.

67. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

2. That old familiar tree,
Whose glōry and renown
Are spread ō'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down!
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that agèd oak,
Now towering to the skies!

3. When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

4. My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

V.

68. THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

1.

MY beautiful! my beautiful! that standèst meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glŏssy neck, thy dark and fiery eye—
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed,
I may not mount on thee again: thou'rt sold, my Ar'ab steed!

2.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wĭnd,
The farther that thou flièst now, so far am I behind.
The strănger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold:
Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

3.

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the strănger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bread prepare;
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care.

4.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never mŏre with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont[1] to be.

[1] Wont, (wŭnt), used; accustomed.

Evening shall darken on the earth, and ō'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

5.

Yes! thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house, from all of these my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

6.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

7.

Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, ălŏng thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,
Till carelèss eyes which rest on thee may count each starting vein.

8.

Will they ill use thee? If I thought—but no, it can not be—
Thou art so swift, yĕt easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.
And yĕt, if haply when thou'rt gŏne my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the same hand which casts thee ŏff command thee to return?

9.

Return? Alas, my Ar'ab steed, what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the găthering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage[1] appears.

10.

Slow and unmounted will I roam with weary foot ălōne,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou ŏft hast bŏrne me on;
And sitting down by that green well, will pause and sadly think,
'Twas here he bowed his glŏssy neck, when last I saw him drink.

[1] **Mirage**, (mė räzh'), a deceptive appearance, as an image of water in sandy deserts, or of a village in a desert, built on a lake, or of objects elevated in the air, arising from an unequal refraction in the lower portion of the atmosphere, and causing distant objects to be seen double.

11.

When last I saw him drink!—Away! the fevered dream is ō'er;
I could not live ă day, and know that we should meet no mōre:
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strŏng,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too lŏng.

12.

Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false! my Ar'ab steed! I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains:
Away!—Who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

VI.

69. THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Acrŏss its antique[1] portico[2]
Tall poplar-trees their shadōws throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ăncient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

2. Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crŏsses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sŏrrōwful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

3. By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes ălŏng the vacant hall,

---

[1] **Antique**, (an tēk'), ancient; old; of old fashion.

[2] **Pōr' ti co**, a piazza, gallery, or covered walk.

Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chāmber door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

4. Through days of sŏrrōw and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude[1]
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like Gŏd, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

5. In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality:[2]
His great fires up the chimney rōared;
The strānger feasted at his bōard;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,[3]
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

6. There groups of mĕrry children plāyed,
There youths and maidens dreaming strāyed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence[4] of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ăncient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

7. From that chāmber, clothed in white,
The bride came fŏrth on her wedding night;
There, in that silènt room belōw,
The dead lay in his shroud of snōw;

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[1] **Vĭ cĭs′ sĭ tūde**, revolution; regular change or succession.

[2] **Hŏs`pĭ tăl′ ĭ tў**, reception and entertainment of guests or strangers without reward, or with kind and generous liberality.

[3] **"Skeleton at the feast."** It was customary among the Egyptians to seat a masked or veiled skeleton at their feasts.

[4] **Af′ flu ence**, abundance of any thing; wealth; plenty.

And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

8. All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

9. Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe[1] of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SECTION XVI.

I.

70. LAZY PEOPLE.

YOU may see him, if you are an early riser, setting off, at peep of dawn, on a fishing expedition.[2] He winds through the dreary woods, yawning portentously,[3] and stretching as if he were emulous[4] of the height of the hickory-trees.

[1] **Horologe**, (hŏr′ o lŏj), an instrument indicating the time of day; a timepiece of any kind.

[2] **Expedition**, (eks` pe dĭsh′ un), a sending forth or setting forth for the performance of some important object; a great enterprise, undertaking, or attempt at some distance.

[3] **Por tĕnt′ ous ly**, ominously; showing that something is about to happen.

[4] **Em′ ū lŏŭs**, very desirous or eager to imitate, equal, or excel another.

2. Dexterously[1] swaying his lŏng rod, he follōws the little stream till it is lŏst in the bosom of the woodland lake: if unsuccessful from the bank, he seeks the frail skiff, which is the common property of laborious idlers like himself, and, pushing off shōre, sits dreaming under the sun's wilting beams, until he has secured a supply for the day. Home again—an irregular meal at any time of day—and he goes to bed with the āgūe; but he murmurs not, for fishing is not work.

3. Then come the whortleberries; not the little, stunted, seedy things that grow on dry uplands and sandy commons, but the prŏd'uce of towering bushes in the plashy meadow; generous, pŭlpy berries, covered with a fine bloom; the "blaeberry" of Scotland; a delicious fruit, though of humble reputation, and, it must be confessed, somewhat enhanced[2] in value by the scarcity[3] of the more refined productions of the garden.

4. We scorn thee not, O bloom-covered neighbor! but gladly buy whōle bushels of thy prolific[4] family from the lounging Indian, or the still lazier white man. We must not condemn the gătherers of whortleberries, but it is a melancholy truth that they do not gĕt rich.

5. Baiting for wild bees beguiles the busy shunner of work into many a wearisome tramp, many a night-watch, and many a lŏst day. This is a mōst fascinating chase, and sometimes excites the vĕry spirit of gambling. The stake seems so small in comparison with the possible prize—and gamblers and honey-seekers think all possible things probable—that some, who are scarcely ever tempted from regular business by any other disguise of idleness, can not withstand a bee-hunt.

6. A man, whose arms and ax are all-sufficient to insure a comfortable livelihood for himself and his family, is chopping, perhaps, in a thick wood, where the voices of the locust, the cricket, the grasshopper, and the wild bee, with their kindred, are the ōnly sounds that reach his ear from sunrise till sunset. He feels lonely and listless; and, as noon draws on, he ceases from his hot toil, and, seating himself on the tree which has just fallen benēath his ax, he takes out his lunch of bread and

[1] **Dĕx' ter oŭs ly**, adroitly; skillfully.

[2] **Enhanced**, (en hånst'), added to; increased.

[3] **Scarcity**, (skâr' sĭ tĭ).

[4] **Pro lĭf' ic**, producing young or fruit; fruitful; bringing forth in abundance.

butter, and, musing as he eats, thinks how hard his life is, and how much better it must be to have bread and butter without working for it.

7. His eye wanders through the thick fŏrest, and follows, with a feeling of envy, the wingèd inhabitants of the trees and flowers, till at length he notes, among the singing throng, some half-dozen of bees. The lunch is soon dispatched; a honey-tree must be near; and the chopper spends the remainder of the daylight in endeavoring to discover it. But the cunning insects scent the human robber, and will not approach their home until nightfall. So our weary wight[1] plods[2] homeward, laying plans for their destruction.

8. The next morning's sun, as he peeps above the horī'zon, finds the bee-hunter burning honey-comb and old honey near the scene of yĕsterday's inkling.[3] Stealthily does he watch his line of bait, and cautiously does he wait until the first glutton that finds himself sāted with the luscious feast sets ŏff in a "bee-line"—"like ărrōw darting from the bow"—blind betrayer of his home, like the human inebriate.[4]

9. This is enough. The spoiler asks no mōre; and the first moonlight night sees the rich hōard[5] transferred to his cottage, where it sometimes serves, almōst unaided, as food for the whōle family, until the last drop is consumed. One hundred and fifty pounds of honey are sometimes found in a single tree, and it must be owned the temptation is great; but the luxury is generally dearly purchased, if the whōle cŏst and consequences be counted.

10. To be content with what supplies the wants of the body for the present moment, is, after all, the characteristic[6] rather of the brute than of the man; and a family accustomed to this view of life, will grow mōre and more idle and thriftless, until poverty and filth, and even beggary, lose all their terrors. It is almōst proverbial among farmers, that bee-hunters are always behindhand.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

[1] **Wight**, a being; a person.

[2] **Plŏd**, to tread heavily and slowly.

[3] **Inkling**, (ĭngk' ling), inclination; desire; a whisper or hint.

[4] **In ē' bri ate**, one who is drunk; especially, a habitual drunkard.

[5] **Hōard**, a store, stock, or large quantity of any thing laid up.

[6] **Char`ac ter ĭs' tic**, that which forms or marks a character; that which distinguishes a person or thing from another.

II.

71. THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just mĕasure try
The worth of Hours as they go by;

2. For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

3. But if in earnèst care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

4. Those surely are nŏt fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content:

5. And mōre,—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from plĕasure's charm,—

6. If then ă painful sense comes on
Of something whōlly lōst and gŏne,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

7. Of something from your being's chain
Broke ŏff, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,—

8. Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogĕther dies
Suffices man's just destinies!

9. So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

10. That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

11. Esteeming sŏrrōw, whose employ
Is to develop not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

R. M. MILNE.

III.

72. BEHIND TIME.

A RAILROAD train was rushing ălŏng at almōst lightning speed. A curve was just ăhĕad, beyŏnd which was ă station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yĕt to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive [redacted]ed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a co[redacted]en.[1] A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity;[2] and all because an engineer had been *behind time.*

2. A great battle was going on. Column[3] after column had been precipitated[4] for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted ălŏng the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reënforcements[5] for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or every thing would be lost.

3. A powerful cōrps[6] had been summoned from ăcrŏss the country, and if it came up in season all would yĕt be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve[7] into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whōle world knows the result. Grouchy[8] failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helē′na because one of his marshals was *behind time.*

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[1] **Collision,** (kŏl lĭzh′ un), the act of striking together; a striking together, as of two hard bodies.

[2] **Eternity,** (e tĕr′ ni tĭ), the state or condition which begins at death; everlastingness.

[3] **Column,** (kŏl′ um), a body of troops drawn up in files, or rows, with a narrow front.

[4] **Pre cĭp′ i tāt ed,** thrown headlong; pressed violently; hurried.

[5] **Rē′en fōrce′ment,** additional force; additional troops or force to increase the strength of an army, or ships to strengthen a navy.

[6] **Corps,** (kōr), a body of soldiers; a division or part of an army.

[7] **Reserve,** (re zĕrv′), a select body of troops, in the rear of an army, drawn up in order of battle, kept back to sustain the other lines as may be necessary.

[8] **Grouchy,** (grō′ shē′), Marshal Grouchy, who was expected to aid Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of France, with a body of troops, at Waterloo, June 18th, 1815; but, as he failed to appear, the French were defeated by the Allies under the Duke of Wellington.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets[1] in Căl'ifor'niă, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

5. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing[2] to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquī'ry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half ă million to the insolvents,[3] but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting,[4] had been *behind time.*

6. A condemned man was led out for execution.[5] He had taken human life, but under cir'cumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve,[6] a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season.

7. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind.

8. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious[7] death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time.*

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[1] **As'sets,** property of a person who is dead, or of a debtor who is unable to pay; the entire property of all sorts belonging to a merchant or to a trading company.

[2] **Ma tūr'ing,** ripening; becoming full-grown or perfect; reaching the time fixed for payment; becoming due, as a note.

[3] **In sŏlv'ents,** persons who are unable to pay their debts.

[4] **Re mĭt'ting,** giving up; sending back; sending money, bills, and the like, to a distance.

[5] **Ex`e cū'tion,** the act of carrying into effect; a putting to death for crime.

[6] **Re prīēve',** the delay for a time of an execution.

[7] **Ig`no mĭn'i oŭs,** marked with public disgrace or dishonor; shameful; infamous.

9. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the mōst important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal[1] of nations, honor, happinèss, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put ŏff reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "*behind time.*"

10. Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yĕt it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated mōre than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time.*

FREEMAN HUNT.

IV.

73. TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horātiō say, To-mŏrrōw!
Go to — I will not hear of it. To-morrow?
It is a sharper,—who stakes penury
Against thy plenty;—takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The cŭrrency of idiots;[2]—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls[3] the easy creditor!

2. To-mŏrrōw?
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hōary[4] registers of Time,—
Unless perchance in the *fool's* calendar.[5]
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my dear Horātiō,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as *dreams* are; and as baselèss
As the fantastic[6] visions of the evening.

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[1] **Wēal**, a sound, healthy, or prosperous condition of a person or thing.

[2] **Id′ i ot**, a natural fool; a fool from birth.

[3] **Gŭlls**, cheats; deceives.

[4] **Hōar′ y**, white or gray with age.

[5] **Cal′ en dar**, an orderly arrangement of the divisions of time, as days, weeks, months, etc.; an almanac.

[6] **Fan tăs′ tic**, fanciful; not real.

3. But sŏft, my friend, arrest the *present* momènts,—
For, be assured, they *all* are ărrant[1] telltales;
And though their flight be silènt, and their paths
Trackless as the wingèd couriers of the air,
They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithlèss sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.

4. And know, for that thou slumberedst on thy guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand implēadèd[2] at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked[3] Justice,—*who* shall tell thy audit?[4]

5. Then stay the *present* instant, dear Horātiŏ;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of mōre worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fount.
O! let it not elude thy grasp,——
But, like the good old pātriarch[5] upon rec'ord,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

V.

74. PROPER DISTRIBUTION OF TIME.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust, committed to us by Gŏd; of which we are now the depositaries,[6] and are to render an account at the last. That pōrtion of it which he has allotted to us is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribūtion of our time, that space which properly belŏngs to it.

2. Let not the hours of hŏspitality and plĕasure interfere with

[1] **Ar′ rant**, infamous; vile; mean.

[2] **Im plēad′ ed**, prosecuted; sued at law.

[3] **Hood′ winked**, blinded by covering the eyes. Justice, because impartial, is represented with a bandage over her eyes.

[4] **Audit**, (â′ dit), an examination of an account or of accounts, with the hearing of the persons concerned, by proper officers or other persons appointed; a final account.

[5] **Pā′ tri arch**, Jacob, see Genesis, chapter XXXII.

[6] **De pŏs′ it a ry**, a guardian; a person trusted with something.

the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To evèry thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. If we delay till to-mŏrrŏw what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belŏngs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us alŏng smoothly.

3. He who evèry morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrāngemènt of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos,[1] which admits nēither of distribution nor review.

4. The first requisite[2] for introducing order into the managemènt of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the mĕasure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatèst anxiety seek to lengthen it out.

5. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate confusion. While they complain that life is short, they are ŏften wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous[3] of evèry other possession, of time only they are prodigal.[4] They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it.

6. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belŏnged to a former period, labors under a burden not his own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such

[1] **Chaos**, (kā′ os), an empty space, without limit; that confusion, or confused mass, in which matter is supposed to have existed before it was separated into different kinds, and reduced to order by the creating power of God.

[2] **Requsite**, (rĕk′wi zit), that which is required by the nature of things; something necessary.

[3] **Covetous**, (kŭv′ et us), very desirous to obtain; excessively eager to obtain and possess.

[4] **Prŏd′igal**, extravagant; wasteful.

are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed ărīght, from not being performed in due season.

7. But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper măngement he prolŏngs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to Gŏd and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interèsts of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future.

HUGH BLAIR.

SECTION XVII.

I.

75. THE CYNIC.

THE cynic[1] is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant[2] in darknèss, and blind to light; mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad.

2. All virtue and generosity and disin'terestednèss[3] are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing, except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear[4] them; to send you away sour and morose.[5] His criticisms and

[1] **Cȳn′ ic**, a surly, snarling man. The Cynics were a sect of philosophers in ancient Greece, who affected to despise all the refinements of life. The sect was founded by Antisthenes, and supported by Diogenes. The name is derived from the Greek word for "*dog*," because they lived more like dogs than men. Hence, any person, despising the common coutesies of life, is called a *cynic*.

[2] **Vigilant**, (vĭg′i lant), attentive to discover and avoid danger, or to provide for safety; circumspect; wakeful; watchful.

[3] **Dis ĭn′ ter ĕst ed nĕss**, fairness; not favoring one's self.

[4] **Sēar**, to burn to hardness and dryness the surface of; to make callous; to dry up.

[5] **Mo rōse′**, severe; gruff; of a sour temper; ill-humored.

innuendoes[1] fall indiscriminately[2] upon evèry lovely thing, like frŏst upon flowers.

3. "Mr. A," says some one, "is a religious man." He will answer: "*Yes; on Sundays.*" "Mr. B has just joined the church:" "*Certainly: the elections are coming on.*" The minister of the Gŏspel is called an example of diligence: "*It is his trade.* Such a man is generous:—"*of other men's money.*" This man is obliging:—"*to lull suspicion and cheat you.*" That man is upright:—"*because he is green.*"

4. Thus, his eye strains out evèry good quality, and takes in ōnly the bad. To him, religion is hypocrisy,[3] honèsty a preparation for fraud,[4] virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity asceticism.[5] The līve-lŏng day he will sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietèst manner, and in polished phrase transfixing every character which is presented: "His words are sŏfter than oil, yet are they drawn swŏrds."

5. All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature: they honor a man who appears to have *found out mankind. They* begin to indulge themselves in flippant[6] sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue, wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the lŏng-tried and the venerable.

6. I do believe, that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil, religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yĕt, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater.[7] I tremble when I see its lāva[8] roll the fiery stream.

7. Therefore, I am the mōre glad, if upon the old crust of

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[1] **In`nu ĕn′dō**, a hint carefully given; a sly suggestion.

[2] **In`dis crĭm′i nate ly**, without distinction.

[3] **Hy pŏc′ri sy**, the putting on of an appearance of virtue, goodness, or religion, which one does not possess; a feigning to be what one is not.

[4] **Fraud**, (frâd), the act of deceiving with a view to gain an unlawful or unfair advantage; a trick thoughtfully used by which the right or interest of another is injured.

[5] **As cĕt′i cism**, the practice of undue severity and self-denial in religious things.

[6] **Flĭp′pant**, of smooth, fluent, and rapid speech; inconsiderate; pert; empty.

[7] **Crā′ter**, the cup, mouth, or hollow top of a volcano.

[8] **Lā′va**, the melted rock that is thrown out by a volcano, from its top or fisured sides. It flows out in streams sometimes miles in length

past eruptions,[1] I can find a single flower springing up. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light, as ever măriner was to see a star in a stormy night.

8. Mŏss will grow upon gravestones; the ivy will cling to the mōldering pile; the mistletoe[2] springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yĕt twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart! HENRY WARD BEECHER.

II.

76. JUDGE NOT.

PART FIRST.

MANY years since, two pupils of the University of Warsaw[3] were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund,[4] round whose pedestal[5] may be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of ēatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure, the oddity of which attracted their attention.

2. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. His coat, once black, was wōrn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin, wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated,[6] yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls benēath the column, purchased a half-penny worth of bread, ate part of it, and putting the remainder into his pocket, pursued his way tōward the palace of the lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar,[7] Alexander, exercised royal authŏrity in Poland.

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[1] **E rŭp′ tion**, that which bursts forth in a sudden or violent manner.

[2] **Mistletoe**, (mĭz′ zl tō), an evergreen plant that grows upon some other tree or plant from which it derives its nourishment.

[3] **War′ saw**, the capital of the kingdom of Poland, a dependency of Russia.

[4] **Sigismund**, (sĭg′ is mŭnd), the name of three kings of Poland. Sigismund III., surnamed De Vasa, born 1566, and died 1632.

[5] **Pĕd′ es tal**, the base or foot of a column, statue, vase, lamp, or the like; the part on which an upright work stands.

[6] **Emaciated**, (e mā′ shĭ āt ed), thin; wasted.

[7] **Czar**, (zär), emperor of Russia. This word is from Cæsar, a title given to the emperors of Rome.

3. "Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other. "I do not; but, judging from his costūme',[1] and mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker." "Wrŏng, my friend; he is Stanislaus Staszic."[2]

4. "Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?" "Yĕt, so it is," replied his companion; "under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our mōst influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious[3] men of Europe."

5. The man whose appearance contrasted so strŏngly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius. Of low extraction,[4] he left Poland while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leīpsic[5] and Gottingen,[6] continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson[7] and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon;[8] visited the Alps and the Apennines; and finally returned to his native land, stōred with rich and varied learning.

6. He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterward, the Governmènt wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highèst pōsts, and the greatèst dignities. His ēconŏmical[9] habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs culti-

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[1] **Cŏs tūme'**, a fixed manner, mode, or style, especially of dress; clothing.

[2] **Staszic**, (stăsh' its).

[3] **Il lŭs' tri oŭs**, possessing luster, or brightness; characterized by true greatness, nobleness, etc.

[4] **Extraction**, (eks trăk' shun), source; birth; origin.

[5] **Leipsic**, (līp' sik), the second city of Saxony, and one of the chief seats of commerce in Germany. The university, founded 1409, with a library of one hundred and ten thousand volumes, and about one hundred professors and private teachers, is attended by above nine hundred students.

[6] **Gottingen**, (gŏt' ting en), a town of Hanover, capital of the principality of Gottingen. Its university, founded 1734, was, down to 1831, the chief of the German universities, and the number of its students, from 1822 to 1826, averaged one thousand four hundred and eighty-one, annually. In 1845, it had only six hundred and thirty-three students.

[7] **Brisson**, (bre`sŏn').

[8] **Bŭf' fon**, an eminent naturalist, born in 1707, and died in 1788.

[9] **E`co nŏm'ic al**, guarding against loss or waste; prudent in expending money.

vated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest.

7. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction[1] to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity[2] always avenges itself by calumny,[3] and so Staszic found it; for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister[4] motives. A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

8. "Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose gray mustache[5] and old-fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that *he* could be a minister of State? Formerly, when a palatine[6] traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

9. "His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms." "He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another. "He sits on the ground, for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

10. A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant[7] silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest, and said: "A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

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[1] **De trăc′ tion**, abuse; the act of taking away from the character or worth of another; the act of decrying another from envy.

[2] **Mē` di ŏc′ ri ty**, a middle state; moderate degree of talents.

[3] **Căl′ um ny**, false statement of facts reproachful to another, made intentionally, and with knowledge of its falsehood; slander.

[4] **Sĭn′ is ter**, left-handed; evil; corrupt.

[5] **Mustache**, (mus tăsh′).

[6] **Păl′ a tine**, a minister; one invested with royal privileges.

[7] **In dĭg′ nant**, feeling angry, as when a person is excited by unworthy or unjust treatment, or by a mean action, or by the charge of a mean act.

11. "Pray, what use does he make of it?" "The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent[1] palace? Was it not Staszic?" "Oh, yes! because he is as greedy of praise as of gold," was the reply. "Poland esteems as her chief glōry the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal[2] movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canō'va[3] to honor the memory of Copernicus?"[4]

12. "It was Staszic," replied the priest; "and for that all Europe honors the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want reälly to know a man, watch the daily cōurse of his private life.

13. "This ŏstentātious[5] miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house: there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man, who repulses her. That man is Staszic; that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pŏmpous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relatives?"

III.

77. JUDGE NOT.

PART SECOND.

THE young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

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[1] **Mag nĭf' i cent**, on a grand scale; splendid.

[2] **Si dē' re al**, relating to the stars.

[3] **Canova**, (kå nō' vå), Antony Canova, one of the most distinguished sculptors of modern times, was born in 1757, and died in 1822, at Venice.

[4] **Co per' nĭ cŭs**, a most distinguished astronomer, who revived the true system of the motion of the heavenly bodies, according to the theory of Pythăg'oras. He was born Feb. 19th, 1473, and died in 1543.

[5] **Os` ten tā' tious**, fond of very great or offensive display; vaunting: boastful.

2. Next morning, he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother. This confirmation[1] of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts; he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

3. The learnèd minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him: "Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instrumènts, order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want any thing."

4. "On the contrary, sir, I came to thank you for your past kindnèss, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts." "You have, then, become rich?" "I am as poor as ever." "And your college?" "I must leave it." "Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the mōst promising of all our pupils; it must not be!"

5. In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on hearing it. "You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me at the expense of your suffering family."

6. The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said: "Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purèst virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterèst calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is in truth an enigma,[2] which I can not now solve—it is the secret of my life."

7. Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added: "Keep an account of the money I give you; consider it as a lōan; and when, some day, through[3] labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As for me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

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[1] Cŏn`fir mā´tion, the act of confirming, settling, or making fixed; proof.

[2] E nĭg´ma, a riddle; something mysterious.

[3] Through, (thrō).

8. During fifty years, Stanislaus Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice. On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mōurning Poles flocked ăround his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.[1] The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man.

9. His last testament[2] fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice.[3] His vast estates were divided into five hundred pōrtions, each to become the property of a free peasant, his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan, and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades.

10. A reserved fund was provided for the succor[4] of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated[5] serfs, was destined for purchasing by degrees the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

11. After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins[6] for founding a model hŏspital; and he left a considerable sum toward educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless and extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

12. A strange fate was that of Stanislaus Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

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[1] **Rĕl′ ic**, that which remains; a corpse; especially, the body, or some part of the body, of deceased saints or martyrs; any thing preserved in remembrance.

[2] **Tĕst′ a ment**, will; a writing in which a person declares how he wishes his property disposed of after his death.

[3] **Av′ a rice**, excessive love of money, or gain; greediness after wealth.

[4] **Succor**, (sŭk′ kor), help; assistance; aid.

[5] **Lĭb′ er a ted**, set at liberty; freed.

[6] **Flŏr′ ins**, coins first made at Florence. The silver florin was valued at from twenty-three to fifty-four cents. The gold florin was of the value of about a dollar and a half.

IV.

78. THE STORY OF PARNELL'S HERMIT.

A DEVOUT[1] hermit[2] lived in a cave, near which a shepherd folded his flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master, as being concerned in the theft. The hermit, seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect[3] the existence of a Divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix in the world.

2. In traveling from his retirement, he was met by an angel in the figure of a man, who said, "I am an angel, and am sent by God to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed and strangled the knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality, but was afraid to make any remonstrance[4] to his companion.

3. Next morning they went to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent citizen; but in the night the angel rose, and stole a golden cup of inestimable[5] value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel.

4. In traveling forward the next morning, they passed over a bridge, about the middle of which they met a poor man, of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening they arrived at the house of a rich man, and begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen.

5. The hermit, amazed that the cup which was stolen from

[1] **De vout'**, given up to religious feelings and duties.

[2] **Hermit**, (hĕr' mit), one who lives alone in a retired place; especially, one who so lives from religious motives; a recluse.

[3] **Sus pĕct'**, to hold to be uncertain; to doubt.

[4] **Re mŏn' strance**, reason against a thing; earnest advice or reproof.

[5] **In ĕs' ti ma ble**, that can not be estimated or valued; beyond price.

their friend and benefactor[1] should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced that his companion was a devil; and begged to go on ălōne. But the āngel said, "Hear me, and depart.

6. "When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocènt of the supposed offense; but had he not been then killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent.[2] His master endeavors to atone[3] for the murder, by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity.

7. "I strangled the child of the knight. But know, that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for his child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence[4] for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hŏspitable citizen. But know, that from a life of the strictèst temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard, and is now the most abstemious[5] of men.

8. "I threw the poor man into the water. He was then honèst and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile further, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man, who refused to take us within his roof. He has therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer for his inhospitality." The hermit fell prostrate at the āngel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of Gŏd's governmènt.

V.

79. TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasbourg,[6] by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Mĭracle of Life;

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[1] **Bĕn`e făc′tor**, one who confers a benefit or does good.

[2] **Im pĕn′i tent**, not repenting of sin; of a hard heart.

[3] **A tōne′**, to make amends.

[4] **Mu nĭf′i cence**, a bestowing or giving very liberally for the comfort, happiness, or pleasure of others.

[5] **Ab stē′mi ous**, sparing in food or strong drink.

[6] **Strasbourg**, (străs′bĕrg), a strongly fortified city of France.

As one who, wandering in a starlèss night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking ălŏng an unimagined shōre.

2. And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a scōre of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

3. Then, as he mused, he heard ălŏng his path
A sound as of an old man's staff ămong
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a strānger, weak, and poor, and old.

4. "Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

5. Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again;
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled:
"I never am unhappy." Tauler laid
His hand upon the strānger's cōarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strānge words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to."

6. "Nay, son,
Our times are in Gŏd's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadōw as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, ălīke
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not His life,
Is evil ōnly as devoid of good.
And for the happinèss of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the holy trinity[1]
Of Knowledge, Goodnèss, and Almighty Power."

[1] **Trĭn′ĭ tў**, three united in one; especially, the union of the three persons (the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,) in one Godhead, so that all are one God as to substance, but three persons as to individuality.

7. Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which lŏng has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

8. "Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not: this I know—
I can not lose the presence of the Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

9. Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaŏs clove
Apart the shadŏw wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. Gŏd hath sent the man
Lŏng sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmĕn never knew."

10. So, entering with a chănged and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadŏw break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths,[1] he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade[2] and lŏfty pediment,[3]
O'er architrave[4] and frieze[5] and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiseled by the wise

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[1] **Plĭnth**, a flat, round, or square base or foundation for a column.

[2] **Facade**, (fa sȧd′), front; front view or elevation of an edifice.

[3] **Pĕd′ i ment**, an ornamental crowning of the front of a building.

[4] **Architrave**, (ȧrk′ i trȧv), the part of a roof which rests on a column.

[5] **Frĭēze**, a flat member or face of the upper part of a column, which is often enriched with figures of animals, or other ornaments of sculpture.

Erwin of Steinbach,[1] dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,
Jeweled with sunbeams on its mural[2] crown,
Rose like a visible prayer.

11. "Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top;
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

80. THE FISHERMAN OF CASCO BAY.

PART FIRST.

AMONG the numerous islands in Casco Bay,[3] there are few, indeed, which at present contain more than a single dwelling; yet a century[4] ago, the traveler would have been cheered with the mingled hum of business and of pleasure; and could have rested beneath many a hospitable roof, the ruins of which are now scarcely visible.

2. They were formerly inhabited by fishermen; but, on account of the frequent attacks of the Indians, these huts were abandoned, and, being of slight materials, soon sunk into decay. Near one of these ruins, and not far from Diamond Cove, is the grave of Michael Burn, of whom the following story is related.

3. One evening, as he sat at the door of his hut, listening to the waves which broke on the rocks that surrounded him, his

[1] **Steinbach**, (stīn′ bȧk), the name of three small towns of Germany.

[2] **Mū′ ral**, resembling a wall.

[3] **Cȧs′ cō Bāy**, in Cumberland county, Maine, extends east from Portland about twenty miles.

[4] **Century**, (sĕnt′ yu ry), a hundred years.

dŏg, which was lying at his feet, suddenly sprang up, and, darting toward a projecting cliff,[1] plunged into the water. The fisherman, presuming from his earnest manner that something uncommon had attracted his attention, hastened to the spot from which the animal had lēaped; but the night was too dark to discover either the dog, or the object of his pursuit, and the murmur of the waves prevented his ascertaining what direction he had taken.

4. For ă lŏng time, he awaited his return in vain, and, at last, supposing he was engaged in a fruitless chase after some seals,[2] which frequently made their appearance, he retired to rest. Scarcely, however, had he sought his pillōw, when the well-known bark, and a scratching at the door, not only announced his return, but anxiety for his master's presence.

5. He opened the door; the dog whined, pulled him gently, as if wishing him to follōw, and suddenly left him. Having lighted his lantern, he left the hut, the dŏg, by his barking, directing the path; but, on approaching the shōre, judge of his surprise to find by his faithful animal a human being, and to all appearance a corpse.

6. It was evident that the dog had just drawn him from the water, but there were no marks of viōlence on his person. He opened his waistcoat—the body was still warm; and, filled with the hope of restoring animation,[3] he bore it to his hut. His exertions were not in vain. In a short time, the strānger gave signs of returning life, and by the next morning, he was enabled to converse with his generous preserver.

7. "You probably recollect seeing a vessel near your harbor, yĕsterday," said the strānger. "In that vessel, it was my misfortune to have been a passenger: Heaven grant that my belovèd wife has not likewise fallen a victim to perfidy[4] and ingratitude. I am a native of Amĕrica, but for some years past I have resided in France, where I acquired a considerable fortune. Desirous of spending my last days in the land of my fathers, I

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[1] **Cliff**, a high and steep rock; a very steep or overhanging place.

[2] **Sēals**, animals that live mostly in the water, and are taken for their skins; there are two general kinds, the hair seal and the fur seal.

[3] **An`i mā´tion**, the state of being lively, brisk, or full of spirit and vigor; breath; life.

[4] **Per´fi dy**, the act of violating faith, a vow, or promise; treachery; the violation of a trust reposed.

converted all my property into money, and embarked in this vessel with my young wife.

8. "I loaded the master and crew with presents, but this only served to increase their rapacity.[1] Although I was aware that they knew of the wealth I had on board, I entertained no fears concerning either my life or property; but last night, their diabolical[2] plans for the destruction of both, were put in execution.

9. "I was alone on the quarter-deck, when a deep groan causing me to turn, I beheld one of the passengers struck down with an ax, as he was approaching to join me. The ruffians,[3] with horrid yells, rushed forward to secure a second victim; but, though nearly overpowered by my sensations, I was enabled to reach the taffrail,[4] and dropped into the sea.

10. "The darkness of the night, the presumption[5] that I could not reach land, and above all, the work of death, which was still unfinished, prevented pursuit. I made an effort to float, trusting in Providence for my guide.

11. "But what was life? The dear woman for whom I wished to live, was deserted at the moment she most needed my assistance. The shrieks of the dying broke upon my ear, and I fancied I could distinguish the voice of my wife, imploring mercy.

12. "The thought was agonizing. Three times I attempted to regain the ship, but in vain—she was fast receding. At last, regardless of my fate, I murmured at that Being who had upheld me. I desired death, and ceased my exertions, in order to hasten its approach. From that moment, until I revived in your dwelling, reason left me."

II.

81. THE FISHERMAN OF CASCO BAY.

PART SECOND.

THE humane fisherman did all he could to comfort the hapless sufferer. He spoke of the consolations of religion, and reminded him of the submission which he owed to the

[1] **Rapăc'i ty**, desire of taking from others; undue greediness of gain.

[2] **Di`a bŏl'ic al**, wicked; devilish.

[3] **Ruffian**, (rŭf'yan), a noisy, brutal fellow; a robber; a murderer.

[4] **Tăff'rāil**, the upper part of the stern of a ship.

[5] **Presumption**, (prē zŭm'shŭn), belief upon incomplete proof; strong probability.

divīne will of that Gŏd, from whose hand he had already received such manifold blessings.

2. "I have no doubt," continued he, "that these men will soon land in this vicinity, to divide their plunder; and let us indulge the hope, that these outcasts of society will yet be brought to justice and you restōred to your affectionate wife." Animated with this ideă, the fisherman rose, and approached the windōw, and, as he had supposed, the vessel was distinctly seen standing in for the shōre.

3. Not ă momènt was to be lōst. Raising the strānger in his arms, he carried him to his skiff, and rowing round a steep bluff of rocks, which screened them from observation, he placed him in a cave, retired and secure. He then hastened to some huts, a few miles distant, informed the inhabitants of the bloody transactions of the past night, and conjūred[1] them, if they were not destitute of coŭrage and humanity, to aid him in bōarding the vessel, which was now at anchor.

4. A small but determined band was immediately collected; and, under the direction of the fisherman, they advanced with caution toward his humble dwelling. Providence smiled on their endeavors. They crept to the brow of a crag, benēath which the pirates were seated, dividing the money of the strānger,—and watching for a good opportunity, they sprang upon them. The confusion of guilt, and the effects of intoxication, rendered them an easy conquest.

5. They were carefully secured to ăwāit the punishmènt due to their crimes. The fisherman and his cŏmrādes then rowed ŏff for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured.

6. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of hŏrror. When she was aroused from the stupor[2] in which he had found her, she informed him that she was the only survivor of all those who had taken passage in the vessel. "Alas," exclaimed she, "I regret that my life was spared. Far mōre dear to me would have been the watery grave of my husband."

7. For some moments, the tears of the wretched woman

[1] Con jūre', summon by a sacred name; implore earnestly.

[2] Stū'por, insensibility; inability to perceive, act, or feel.

unmanned our generous fisherman; and when he at length collected himself, he was fearful of informing her too suddenly that her husband was ălīve, and in perfect safety. At first, he tried to soothe her agitated feelings by telling her that the murderers had no lŏnger the power of doing her any injury; and that, though separated from the one she loved, she should never want a protector while he had an arm to raise in her defense.

8. As she became more calm, he continued, "Perhaps your husband may be still ălīve. Some of the passengers have been picked up, severely wounded, it is true, but not beyŏnd the hope of recovery." At last, he gradually unfolded the happinèss that was in stōre for her. But with all his caution, nature fainted under the excess of joyful emotion; and he trembled lest all his labors should have been bestowed in vain.

9. The joy of the young couple at their meeting can not be adequately[1] described. Suffice it to say, that after having knelt in prayer to that Being who had, as it were, restored them to life, their first care was the welfare of the fisherman. A sum sufficient to render him independent was immediately bestowed, and the ōnly return which they requested was, that they might retain the faithful dŏg, who had been so instrumental in producing this joyous meeting.

10. But here the fisherman pleaded in his turn. He said, that his reward had been greater than his labors deserved, or his heart required. He hoped they would not charge him with ingratitude; but the dŏg, he said, patting him on the face, had been his only companion during the lŏng and dreary winters he had passed among those rocks—that there was no other living creature whom he could call his friend—and, in fine, rather than part with him, he would return their bounty; preferring his hut, his poverty, and his dog, to wealth and solitude.

11. "Ęnough has been said," replied the stranger; "you shall not part with him,—and I am sŏrry that I made a request which could give one moment's pain to so good a heart. Take this," added he, presenting a large addition to his former donation; "and if it be mōre than sufficient for your wants, I know it will be employed—as all wealth ought to be—in alleviating[2] the distress of your fellōw-beings."

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[1] **Ad′ e quate ly**, justly; fitly.

[2] **Al lē′ vi āt ing**, lightening; lessening; mitigating or making easier to be endured.

III.

82. AN INTERVIEW WITH A MALAY.

ONE day a Malāy[1] knocked at my dōor. What busineˋss a Malay could have to transact among English mountains, I can not conjecture; but possibly he was on his rōad to a sēa-pōrt, about forty miles distant.

2. The servant who opened the dōor to him was[2] ă young girl, born and bred among the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic[3] dress of any sort: his turban,[4] therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attāinmènts in English[5] were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideăs, if ēither party had happened to possess any.

3. In this dilemma,[6] the girl recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar[7] ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of dēmon[8] below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise[9] from the house.

4. I did not immediately go down; but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate,[10] took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque[11] attitudes exhibited in the ballets[12] at the opera-house,[13] though so ostentatiously complex[14] had ever done.

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[1] **Ma lāy′**, a native of Malacca, or Malaya.

[2] **Was**, (wŏz).

[3] **Asiatic**, (ā`shĭ ăt′ ik), relating to Asia, or its inhabitants.

[4] **Turban**, (tẽr′ ban), a head-dress worn in the East.

[5] **English**, (ĭng′glish).

[6] **Dĭ lĕm′ ma**, a state of things in which obstacles present themselves on every side, and it is difficult to determine what course to pursue; a difficult or doubtful choice.

[7] **Lū′ nar**, belonging to the moon.

[8] **Dē′ mon**, an evil spirit; a devil.

[9] **Ex′ or cise**, to expel, as evil spirits; to free from evil influences, by calling on some holy name.

[10] **E lăb′ o rate**, made with great labor and care; done with exactness or pains-taking.

[11] **Statuesque**, (stă yu ĕsk′), resembling statues.

[12] **Băl′ lets**, dances of a particular kind, accompanied with gestures.

[13] **Op′ e ra-house**, a house in which operas, or musical dramas, are given.

[14] **Ŏm′ plex**, made of many parts.

5. In a cottage-kitchen, but paneled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malāy′—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling :[1] he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity[2] contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her.

6. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its ĕx′quisite fairnèss, togĕther with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow[3] and bilious[4] skin of the Malāy′, enameled or veneered with mahogany by marine air; his small, fierce, restlèss eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferōcious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upward at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, while with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.

7. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Ar′abic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium,[5] which I have learned from Anastasius. And as I had nēither a Malāy′ dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridātès*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad,[6] considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearèst to an Oriental one.

8. He worshiped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malāy. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors, for the Malay had no means of betraying

[1] **Păn′el ing**, panel-work; squares, or pieces of any kind placed between other bodies.

[2] **In`tre pĭd′ i ty**, firm, unshaken courage; fearlessness.

[3] **Săl′ lōw**, a pale, sickly, yellowish color.

[4] **Bilious**, (bĭl′ yŭs), disordered in respect to the bile; dark-hued.

[5] **O′ pi um**, an intoxicating drug obtained from the juice of the poppy. It is principally used to lessen pain; but the Turks, Chinese, and other Eastern nations indulge in its use for its intoxicating effects.

[6] **Il′ i ad**, the Greek poem of Homer, which gives the history of the Trojan war.

the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey.

9. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Oriëntalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful.

10. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses, and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had traveled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being.

11. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him surged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it: he took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

IV.

83. TERRIFIC SCENE AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

PART FIRST.

THERE are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch[2] of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments[3] "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers[4] is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

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[1] **Rĕs′ pīte**, a putting off of that which was appointed; delay; rest.

[2] **Arch**, a curve line or part of a circle; any work in that form, or covered by an arch.

[3] **Bŭt′ments**, masses of rock or stone which support the ends of a bridge.

[4] **Pīērs**, columns of rock or stone for the support of an arch or bridge.

2. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular[1] bulwarks[2] of limestone, to the key[3] rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously[4] uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

3. At last, this feeling begins to wear away: they begin to look around them: they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there before them.

4. They are all satisfied with this feat of physical[5] exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander,[6] Cæsar,[7] and Bonaparte[8] shall rot in oblivion.[9] It was the name of Washington.[10] Before he marched with Braddock

[1] **Per' pen dĭc' u lar,** upright; inclining to neither side.

[2] **Bul' wark,** a fortification; any means of defense; protection.

[3] **Kēy of an arch,** is the top stone against which the sides rest.

[4] **Unconsciously,** (un kŏn'shus ly), without knowledge; not thinking.

[5] **Phŷs' ic al,** natural; bodily.

[6] **Alexander the Great,** son of Philip, king of Macedonia, was born in the autumn, B. C. 356. He made so many conquests, that he was styled the Conqueror of the world. He died in May or June, B. C. 323.

[7] **Caius Julius Cæsar,** the dictator of Rome, a great warrior, statesman, and man of letters, was born on the 12th of July, B. C. 100. On the 15th of March he perished by the hands of assassins in the senate-house, in the fiftieth year of his age.

[8] **Napoleon Bonaparte,** "Emperor of the French," a great warrior and statesman, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 5th of February, 1768, and died May 5th, 1821.

[9] **Ob lĭv' i on,** forgetfulness; cessation of remembrance.

[10] **George Washington,** commander-in-chief of the army of independence during the American Revolution, first President of the United States, styled the "Father of his Country," was born in Westmoreland, in the State of Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. He retired from public life in 1796, and died on the 14th of December, 1799, leaving a reputation without a stain.

to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors.[1]

5. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those niches, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled[2] in that mighty wall.

6. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album.[3] His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration[4] in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals.

7. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voice of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

8. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock.

9. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft.[5] He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below.

10. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to

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[1] **Prĕd`e cĕs′sor**, one who went before another and held the same place, office, or the like; one whom another follows or comes after.

[2] **Chrŏn′i cled**, recorded; written.

[3] **Al′bum**, a blank book in which are entered the names of distinguished persons, or in which friends insert pieces as memorials for each other; a book at public places in which visitors enter their names.

[4] **As`pi rā′tion**, a breathing after; an ardent wish.

[5] **Haft**, (hăft), handle.

put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood."

11. He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witnèss or avert[1] his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.[2]

V.

84. TERRIFIC SCENE AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

PART SECOND.

MINUTES of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundrèds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge ăbove, all holding their breath, and ăwāiting the fearful catastrophe.[3] The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices bŏth above and belōw. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair: "William! William! dōn't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Keep your eye toward the top!"

2. The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below.

3. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the sŏftĕst places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes[4] his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How evèry motion is watched from belōw! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the vĕry spot where, if he falls, he will not fall ălōne.

4. The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds

[1] **Avert**, (å vĕrt'), prevent.
[2] **Hearth-stone**, (hărth'-stōne).
[3] **Ca tăs' tro phe**, a final event, usually of a disastrous nature; an accident.
[4] **E cŏn' o mĭz es**, uses savingly.

himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to gĕt from under this overhanging mountain.

5. The inspiration[1] of hope is dying in his bosom: its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the lŏngest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging[2] painfully, foot by foot, from under that lŏfty arch. Spliced ropes are ready, in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge.

6. Two minutes mōre, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his little nervelèss hand, and, ringing alŏng the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

7. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopelèss heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to Gŏd. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings ŏff! he is reeling—trembling—toppling—over into eternity!

8. Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes.

9. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darknèss comes over him, and with the words, Gŏd, and Mother! whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of this last shallōw niche.

10. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful

[1] **In`spi rā' tion**, a highly exciting influence supposed to be *breathed into* a person by which he is able to understand and declare the truth; a very great elevation of the powers of the mind or soul.

[2] **Emerging**, (e mĕrj' ing), coming out.

abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity. ELIHU BURRITT.

VI.

85. ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

PART FIRST.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa[1] had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence.[2] The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating[3] coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

2. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice,[4] catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego,[5] or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly startled, and exclaimed—"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its par'ents?"

3. "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—"Look at the dog!"

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[1] Louisa, (lō ē' zā).

[2] Em' i nence, a height.

[3] In vig' o rāt ing, strengthening; giving life and energy to.

[4] Prĕc' i pice, a very steep descent of land or rock.

[5] Ot sē' go, a beautiful lake in the central part of the State of New York.

4. The advanced age of Brave had lŏng before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets,[1] the mastiff[2] would lay his huge frame on the ground, and ăwāit their movemènts, with his eyes closed, and a listlèssnèss in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector.

5. But when, ăroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, ēither through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistrèss, had she not so well known his good qualities.

6. "Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellŏw?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionaly giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

7. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight." Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed[3] motion.

8. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in hŏrrid malignity,[4] and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifelèss to the earth.

9. There was not a single feeling in the temperament[5] of Elizabeth Temple, that could prŏmpt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of

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[1] **Bouquet**, (bō kā'), a nosegay; a bunch of flowers.

[2] **Mastiff**, (mās' tif), a large kind of dog, remarkable for strength and courage.

[3] **Con vŭlsed'**, drawn or contracted with shaking.

[4] **Mā lig' ni ty**, extreme enmity or hatred.

[5] **Tĕm' per a ment**, the peculiar physical and mental character of a person arising from the relations and proportions between the several parts of the body.

the inanimate[1] Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration,[2] and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

VII.

86. ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

PART SECOND.

A QUARTER-GROWN cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

2. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches,[3] and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff.

3. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff.

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[1] **In ăn′ i māte**, without life or spirit; inactive; spiritless.

[2] **Rĕs`pi rā′tion**, the function by which air is breathed; act of breathing.

[3] **Haunches**, (hânch′ ez), the hips; the hinder part.

4. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued, on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interèst so hŏrrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

5. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the fŏrest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though tŏrn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake ŏff his furious foe like a fĕather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntlèss eye.

6. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In evèry thing but coŭrage he was only the vestige[1] of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary[2] and furious beast far beyŏnd the reach of the dog—who was making a desperate, but fruitlèss dash at her—from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her agèd foe. For a single momènt, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

7. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, prostrate and helplèss. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed,[3] and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillnèss that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

8. Elizabeth now lay whŏlly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts[4] the hearts of the inferior beings of his creă-

[1] **Vĕs′tige**, footprint; mark or remains.

[2] **Wā′ry**, cautious; watchful.

[3] **Col lăpsed′**, closed by falling together.

[4] **Daunts**, (dânts), intimidates.

tion; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub.

9. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting[1] flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet. Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer; but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched[2] to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror.

10. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gal; your bunnet hides the creater's head."

11. It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our her'oine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud—"Come in, Hector; come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

12. Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

[1] E mit' ting, sending forth; throwing or giving out.

[2] Blanched, (blancht), whitened by the removal of color; made pale.

SECTION XIX.

I.

87. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
(Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlèssly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent[1] step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread ăsīde, and let the rĕptīle live.

2. The creeping vermin, loathsome[2] to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacrèd to neatnèss and repose, the ăl'cove,[3]
The chămber, or refectory,[4] may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.

3. Not so, when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltlèss of offense, they rānge the air,
Or take their pastime in the spācious field.
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrŏng,
Disturbs the economy[5] of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an ăbōde.

4. The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount,[6] and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanèst things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As Gŏd was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.

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[1] **In`ad vert'ent**, not turning the mind to a matter; heedless; careless.

[2] **Lōath'some**, exciting disgust; sickening.

[3] **Al'cōve**, a recess of a library, or a room; any shady recess.

[4] **Re fĕc'to ry**, a room where refreshment is taken.

[5] **E cŏn'o my**, prudent arrangements, or plans.

[6] **Păr'a mount**, superior to all others.

5. Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonored, and defiled in mōst,
By budding ills that ask ă prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.

6. Mercy, to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn!

WILLIAM COWPER.

II.

88. SENSIBILITY.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles[1] springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindnèss is a great offense.

2. To spread large bounties, though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal[2] still,
God gives its counterpoise[3] to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted[4] powers,
When kindnèss, love, and concord[5] may be ours.

3. The gift of ministering to others' ease,
To all her sons impartial Heaven decrees;
The gentle ŏffices of patient love,
Beyŏnd all flattery, and all price above;

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[1] **Foi′ bles**, weak points; failings; faults not of a serious character.

[2] **Lĭb′ er al**, free; generous.

[3] **Coun′ ter poise**, that which compensates or balances; equal weight.

[4] **Stĭnt′ ed**, restrained; kept small.

[5] **Concord**, (kŏng′ kård), a state of agreement; harmony; union.

The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought:
Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate[1] of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, and friend,
The almost sacred joys of *Home* depend:
There, Sensibility,[2] thou best mayst reign,—
Home is thy true, legitimate[3] domain.[4]

HANNAH MORE.

III.

89. LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense[5] serener[6] light,
And milder moons imparadise[7] the night:
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

2. The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet[8] of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:

3. For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage[9] of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely[10] blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

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[1] **Ag′ gre gāte**, the sum or amount.

[2] **Sĕn`si bĭl′ i ty**, delicacy of feeling; that feeling which leads us to perceive and feel the troubles and misfortunes of others.

[3] **Le gĭt′ i mate**, rightful; lawful.

[4] **Do māin′**, dominion; empire; territory over which one's authority extends.

[5] **Dis pĕnse′**, deal or divide out in portions or parts; distribute.

[6] **Se rēn′er**, clearer; more soothing.

[7] **Im păr′ a dise**, make very happy; render like Paradise.

[8] **Măg′ net**, the loadstone; that which attracts.

[9] **Hĕr′it age**, inheritance; portion; an estate devolved by succession.

[10] **Su prēme′ ly**, in the highest degree.

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His swōrd and scepter, pāgeantry and pride,
While, in his sŏftened looks, benignly[1] blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

4. Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the nărrōw way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An āngel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside plĕasures gambol[2] at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot?[3] look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IV.

90. THE WIFE.

PART FIRST.

I HAVE ŏf*te*n had occasion to remark the fortitude[4] with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call fōrth all the energies of the sŏfter sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.[5]

2. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a sŏft and tender female, who has been all weaknèss and dependence, and ălīve to evèry trivial roughnèss, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental[6] force to be the comforter

[1] **Be nign′ ly**, graciously; kindly.

[2] **Găm′ bol**, dance and skip about in sport; play in frolic, like boys and lambs.

[3] **Pā′ tri ot**, a person who loves his country, and zealously supports and defends it and its interests.

[4] **For′ ti tude**, that firmness or strength of mind which enables a person to meet danger with coolness and courage, or to bear pain or misfortune without murmuring or losing spirit.

[5] **Sub lĭm′ i ty**, elevation; that which is so elevated or lofty in appearance or character as to produce a feeling of astonishment and awe.

[6] **Mĕn′ tal**, belonging to the mind.

and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterèst blasts of adversity.[1]

3. As the vine, which has lŏng twined its graceful foliăge ăbout the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted[2] by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils,[3] and bind up its shattered boughs,—so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and sŏlace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

4. I was once congratulating ă friend, who had ăround him a blooming family, knit togĕther in the strŏngest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

5. And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is mōre apt to retrieve[4] his situation in the world than a single one;—partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helplèss and belovèd beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearmènts, and his self-respect kept ălive by finding, that, though all abroad is darknèss and humiliation, yĕt there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect,—to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

6. These observations call to mind a little domestic stōry of which I was once a witnèss. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a

[1] **Ad ver'si ty**, that which opposes desire or success; distress.

[2] **Rĭft' ed**, split; shattered.

[3] **Tĕn' drils**, the fine shoots of a plant by which it clings to any substance.

[4] **Re triēve'**, recover; make better; make amends.

kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

7. The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination;—he was of a romantic[1] and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance.

8. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.[2]

9. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations;[3] and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard[4] countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony;[5] and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

10. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid[6] attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments[7] to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched.

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[1] **Ro măn′ tic**, wild; fanciful; extravagant.

Fe lĭc′ i ty, pure happiness.

[2] **Spĕc′ u lā′ tions**, schemes or plans to make money.

[4] **Hăg′ gard**, pale; ghastly; worn or wasted by want or suffering.

[5] **Ag′ o ny**, extreme or very great pain of body or mind.

[6] **Văp′ id**, dead; spiritless.

[7] **Blănd′ ish ments**, kind words; winning expressions or actions.

11. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek,—the sŏng will die ăwāy from those lips,—the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sŏrrōw; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world. At length he came to me, one day, and related his whōle situation, in a tone of the deepèst despair.

12. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, dōn't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almōst to madnèss!" "And why not?" said I. "She must know it, sooner or later; you can not keep it lŏng from her, and the intelligence[1] may break upon her in a mōre startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents[2] of those we love sŏften the harshèst tidings.

13. "Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook[3] reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sŏrrōws of those it loves are concealed from it."

14. "Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her vĕry soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegances of life,—all the plĕasures of society,—to shrink with me into indigence[4] and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightnèss, the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinemènts of ŏpulence.[5] How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol[6] of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

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[1] **In tĕl′ li gence**, information; tidings.

[2] **Ac′ cents**, words, language, or expressions in general.

[3] **Brook**, bear; endure; submit to.

[4] **In′ di gence**, want; poverty; need.

[5] **Op′ u lence**, wealth; riches.

[6] **I′ dol**, an image for worship; an object of great love

15. I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sŏrrōw relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm[1] had subsided, and he had relapsed[2] into moody[3] silence, I resumed the subject, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

16. "But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass acrŏss his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happinèss in outward show; you have yĕt friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—"

17. "I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively,[4] "in a hovèl!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—Gŏd bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transpōrt of grief and tĕndernèss.

18. "And, believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand,—"believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay,[5] more: it will be a sōurce of pride and triumph to her—it will call fŏrth all the lātent[6] energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in evèry true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant[7] in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity.

19. "No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering ānge1 she is—until he has gŏne with her through the fiery trials of this world." There was something in the earnèstnèss of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and, following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

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[1] **Păr′ ox ysm**, passion; high state of excitement.

[2] **Re lăpsed′**, fallen back; returned.

[3] **Mood′ y**, angry; peevish; sad.

[4] **Con vŭl′ sive ly**, with violent agitation.

[5] **Ay**, (āl), yes.

[6] **Lā′ tent**, secret; hidden; unseen.

[7] **Dor′ mant**, sleeping; not used.

V.

91. THE WIFE.

PART SECOND.

I MUST confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude[1] for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whŏle life has been a round of plĕasure? Her gay spirits might revŏlt[2] at the dark, downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto reveled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a strānger. In short I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation.[3]

2. He had made the disclosure. "And how did she bear it?" "Like an ānge! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl!" added he, "she can not realize the chānge we must undergo. She has no ideā of poverty but in the abstract;[4] she has only read of it in poĕtry, where it is allīed′ to love.

3. "She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no lŏss of accustomed conveniences nor elegances. When we come practically to experience its sordid[5] cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations, then will be the reāl trial." "But," said I, "now that you have got over the severèst task,—that of breaking it to her,—the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day.

4. "It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses a ruined man,—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse,—the keeping up a hollŏw show, that must soon come to an end. Have the coŭrage to appear poor, and you disarm pov-

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[1] **So lĭc′i tūde**, anxiety; uneasiness of mind caused by the fear of evil or the desire of good.

[2] **Re vōlt′**, rebel; become disobedient; turn away.

[3] **Trĕp`i dā′tion**, a trembling of the limbs from fear; agitation.

[4] **Ab′stract**, a general view; separation from other things.

[5] **Sor′did**, contemptible; mean.

erty of its sharpèst sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself; and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

5. Some days afterward, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplèst kind.

6. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the ideă of herself; it belŏnged to the little stŏry of their loves; for some of the sweetèst moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting[1] husband.

7. He was going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrăngemènt. My feelings had become strŏngly in'terested in the prŏgress of the family stŏry, and, as it was a fine evening, I ŏffered to accompany him. He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

8. "Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips. "And what of her?" asked I; "has any thing happened to her?" "What!" said he, darting an impatient glance; "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation,—to be căged in a miserable cottage,—to be obliged to toil almŏst in the mēnial[2] concerns of her wretched habitation?"

9. "Has she, then, repined[3] at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetnèss and good-humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tendernèss, and comfort!" "Ad'mirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich,—you never knew the boundlèss trĕasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

10. "Oh! but, my friend, if this, our first meeting at the cottage, were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of reăl experience; she has been introduced into

[1] **Dōt'ing**, loving greatly or to excess.

[2] **Mē'nial**, being low or mean; relating to a servant; servile.

[3] **Repined'**, complained; expressed sorrow or regret.

a humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arrānging its miserable equipmènts;[1] she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employmènt; she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almōst of every thing convenient; and may now be sĭtting down, exhausted and spiritlèss, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

11. There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay; so we walked on in silence. After turning from the main rōad up a nărrŏw lane, so thickly shaded with fŏrest-trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliāge; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front.

12. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot-path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk.

13. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the windōw and vanished, a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping fŏrth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild-flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whŏle countenance beamed with smiles; —I had never seen her look so lovely.

14. "My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been găthering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them,—and we have such excellent cream,—and everything is so sweet and still here!—Oh!" said she, putting

[1] **E quip' ments**, whatever things are necessary to fit out or furnish; habiliments; furniture.

her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face,—"oh, we shall be so happy!"

15. Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom, he folded his arms around her, he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has ŏften assured me, that, though the world has since gŏne prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yĕt never has he experienced a momènt of more ex'quisite felicity.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

VI.

92. THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here!
Father, mother, sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home;*
To-night, let no cold strănger come:
It is not ŏf*ten* thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found:
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once, be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour;
We're *all—all* here.

2. We're *not* all here!
Some are ăwāy—the *dead* ones dear,
Who thrŏnged with us this ăncient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltlèss mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentlèss hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band:
Some, like a night-flash, passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—
And cruel Ocean has *his* share—
We're *not* all here.

3. We *are* all here!
Even *they*, the *dead*—though dead, so dear;
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back *their* faded forms to view.

How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times lŏng past,
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their *words*, their *smiles* behold,
They're round us, as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

4. We are all here!
Father, mother, sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not lŏng of us be said;
Soon must we join the găthered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some *other* circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're *all—all here!*

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

SECTION XX.

I.

93. WINDOWS.

WE have a special doctrine of windōws. They are designed to let the light in, and equally to let the sight out; and this last function[1] is, in the country, of prime importance. For a windōw is but another name for a stately picture. There are no such landscapes on canvas as those which you see through glass. There are no painted windōws like those which trees and lawns[2] paint standing in upon them, with all the glory of Gŏd resting on them!

2. Our common, small, frequent windōws in country dwell-

[1] **Function**, (fŭngk′shun), duty, office, or calling.

[2] **Lawn**, (lân), open space between woods; a space of ground covered with grass, generally in front of or around a mansion or house.

ings are contemptible. We love rather the generous old English windōws, large as the whōle side of a room, many-angled, or circular; but, of whatever shape, they should be recessed—glōrious nooks of light, the very antitheses[1] of those shady coverts[2] which we search out in fŏrests, in hot summer days.

3. These little chāmbers of light, into which a group may găther, and be bōth in-doors and out of doors at the same time; where, in storms or in winter, we may have full access to the elements without chill, wet, or exposure,—these are the glōry of a dwelling. The great trĕasures of a dwelling are, the child's cradle, the grandmother's chair, the hearth[3] and old-fashioned fire-place, the table, and the windōw.

4. Bedrooms should face the east, and let in the full flush of morning light. There is a positive plĕasure in a golden bath of early morning light. Your room is filled and glōrified. You ăwāke in the vĕry spirit of light. It creeps upon you, and suffuses[4] your soul, pierces your sensibility, irradiates[5] the thoughts, and warms and cheers the whōle day.

5. It is sweet to ăwāke and find your thoughts moving to the gentle mĕasures of sŏft music; but we think it full as sweet to float into morning consciousnèss upon a flood of golden light, silent though it be! What can be mōre delicious than a summer morning, dawning through your open windōws, to the sound of innumerable birds, while the shadōws of branches and leaves swāy to and fro ălong the wall, or spread new patterns on the floor, wavering with perpetual change!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

II.

94. THE MORNING.

IT is morning, and ă morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its mĕtaphŏrical[6] sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty

[1] **An tĭth′ e sis**, contrast; the opposite of a thing.

[2] **Coverts**, (kŭv′ erts), covered places; shelters.

[3] **Hearth**, hărth).

[4] **Suffuses**, (suf fūz′ ez), overspreads; covers.

[5] **Ir rā′ di ates**, brightens; fills with light.

[6] **Mĕt`a phŏr′ ic al**, figurative.

of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say, she is "bright as the morning;" and no one doubts why Lucifer[1] is called "son of the morning."

2. But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, no one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning; their ideā of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes ălŏng after a cup of coffee and a beef'steak, or a piece of toast.

3. With them morning is not a new issuing of light; a new bursting fōrth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of Gŏd, the heavens and the earth; it is ōnly a part of the domestic day, belŏnging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner.

4. The first streak of light, the earliĕst purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into ŏrange and red, till at length the "glōrious sun is seen, regent[2] of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

5. Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages; but they are the strŏngĕst, perhaps, in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning."

6. This is highly poĕtical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousnĕss shall ărīse "with healing in his wings"—a rising Sun that shall scatter life, health, and joy through the Universe.

7. Milton[3] has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare,[4] from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glōry of morning, might be filled.

8. I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifesta-

[1] **Lū′ ci fer**, the bringer of light; the planet Venus; Satan.

[2] **Regent**, (rē′jent), ruler; governor; director.

[3] **John Milton**, a distinguished English poet, born December 9th, 1608, and died November 8th, 1675.

[4] **William Shakspeare**, the celebrated English poet, born in 1564, and died in 1616.

tions of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new ĕvèry morning," and fresh every moment.

9. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a mĭracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal mōre, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be.

10. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation, breaking fŏrth and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoymènts, and new gratitude.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

III.

95. MORNING.

I had occasion, ă few weeks since, to take the early train from Prŏvidènce to Bŏston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Evèry thing ăround was wrapped in darknèss and hushed in silènce, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train.

2. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shōne with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

3. Jupiter,[1] two hours high, was the herald[2] of the day; the Pleiades,[3] just above the horīzon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra[4] sparkled near the zēnith; Andromeda[5] veiled her newly-discovered glōries from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers[6] far benēath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

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[1] **Jū′ pi ter**, one of the planets, or heavenly bodies which revolve around the sun, the largest, and, next to Venus, the brightest.

[2] **Hĕr′ ald**, a proclaimer; a harbinger; a forerunner.

[3] **Pleiades**, (plē′ ya dèz), a group of seven small stars.

[4] **Lȳ′ra**, a northern group of stars, containing a white one of the first magnitude.

[5] **An drŏm′ e da**, a northern group of stars, supposed to represent the figure of a woman chained.

[6] **Pointers**, (pānt′ erz), two stars in the group called the Great Bear, the line between which *points* nearly to the North Star.

4. Such was the glōrious spectacle[1] as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became mōre perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations[2] of the west and north remained unchanged.

5. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration[3] went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glōries of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle.

6. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whōle celestial[4] concave[5] was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pōuring down from above in one great ocean of rādiance: till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from ăbove the horīzon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diāmonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glōries too severe for the gaze of man, began his cōurse.

7. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ăncient Magiāns,[6] who in the morning of the world wĕnt up to the hill-tops of Central Asia,[7] and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glōrious work of his hand. But I am filled with ămāzemènt, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witnèss this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creātor, and yet say in their hearts, "*There is no God.*"

EDWARD EVERETT.

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[1] **Spĕc′ta cle**, something exhibited to view; a show; a remarkable or noteworthy sight.

[2] **Cŏn`stel lā′ tion**, an assemblage, cluster, or group of fixed stars, situated near each other in the heavens, and bearing the name of an animal, or some other object which it is imagined to resemble.

[3] **Trans fig`ū rā′ tion**, a change of form.

[4] **Celestial**, (se lĕst′ yal), belonging to the regions of air, or the heavens that may be seen; belonging to the spiritual heavens; heavenly.

[5] **Cŏn′ cāve**, a curved or rounded hollow.

[6] **Magian**, (mā′ ji an), one of the Māgī, or priests of a certain order in Persia.

[7] **Asia**, (ā′ shi ā).

IV.

96. THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberlèss flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

2. And not ōnly these mĭnūte objects, but thē ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflōw with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are ălīve to it, can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on ĕvèry side.

3. Now this beauty is so precious, thē enjoymènts it gives are so refined and pure, so congeniăl[1] with our tenderèst and noblèst feelings, and so ăkĭn to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glōrious sky, they were tenants of ă dungeon. An infinite[2] joy is lōst to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowmènt.

4. Suppose that I were to visit ă cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicèst pictures of Răphaël, and every spare nook[3] filled with statues of the most ex'quisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that nēither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these mĭracles of art, how should I feel their prĭvation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the lovelinèss and grandeur which in vain cōurted their notice!

5. But ĕvèry husbandman is living in sight of the works of a dĭvīne Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glōry which shines fōrth in their forms, hues, proportions, and mōral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature?

6. The best books have mōst beauty. The greatèst truths

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[1] **Congenial**, (kon jē' ni al), partaking of the same nature or feeling; related by natural points of character.

[2] **In' fi nĭte**, without limit or bounds; perfect; very great.

[3] **Nook**, (nŏk), a narrow place between bodies; a corner; a recess; a retired place.

are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way mōst surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.

7. Now no man receives the true culture of ă man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapèst and mōst at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where cōarse labor tends to give a grōssnèss to the mind.

8. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ăncient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

W. E. Channing.

V.

97. FLOWERS.

IT is a matter of gratitude that this finèst gift of Providence is the most profusely[1] given. Flowers can not be monopolized. The poor can have them as much as the rich.

2. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's,[2] or a statue of Thorwaldsen's.[3] And, as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men rĕc'ognize a brief brotherhood in them.

3. It is not impertinent to ŏffer flowers to ă strănger. The poorèst child can proffer them to the richèst. A hundred persons turned togĕther into a meadōw full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

4. It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers ŏf*ten* are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little flōral gift to you, it can not but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection lŏnged to express itself as much as yours.

5. You have books, or gems, or services, that you can render as you will. The poor can give but little, and do but little.

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[1] **Pro fūse ly**, in a lavish manner.

[2] **Turner**, a distinguished English painter, born 1775, died 1851.

[3] **Thorwaldsen**, (tôr' wôld' sen), a celebrated Dānish sculptor, born 1770, died 1844.

Were it not for flowers, they would be shut out from those exquisite plĕasures which spring from such gifts. I never take one from a child, or from the poor, that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers!

6. And then, when Death enters ă poor man's house! It may be, the child was the ōnly creature that loved the unbefriended father—*rĕally* loved him; loved him utterly. Or, it may be, it is an only son, and his mother a widōw—who, in all his sicknèss, felt the limitation[1] of her poverty for her darling's sake as she never had for her own; and did what she could, but not what she would, had there been wealth.

7. The cŏffin is pine. The undertaker[2] sold it with a jerk of indifference and haste, lĕst he should lose the selling of a rosewood coffin, trimmed with splendid silver screws. The room is small. The attendant neighbors are few. The shroud is cōarse.

8. Oh! the darling child was fit for whatever was mōst ĕxcellènt, and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love. It takes money for fine linen; money for cŏstly sĕp'ultūre.[3] But flowers, thank God, the poorèst may have. So, put white buds in the hair—and honey-dew, and mignonette,[4] and half-blown roses, on the breast.

9. If it be spring, a few white vīōlets will dō; and there is not a month till November that will not give you something. But if it is winter, and you have no single pot of roses, then I fear your darling must be buried without a flower; for flowers cōst money in the winter!

10. And then, if you can not give ă stone to mark his burial-place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may, ĕvèry spring, pluck a bud for your bosom,[5] as the child was broken ŏff from you. And if it brings tears for the past, you will not see the flowers fade and come again, and fade and come again, year by year, and not learn a lesson of the resurrection—when that which perished here shall revive again, never mōre to droop or to die.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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[1] **Lĭm`it ā'tion**, the condition of being limited, restricted, or confined.

[2] **Un`der tāk'er**, one who undertakes, or engages in any business; especially, one who takes the charge and management of funerals.

[3] **Sĕp'ul tūre**, the act of placing the body of a human being in the grave; burial.

[4] **Mignonette**, (mĭn`yo nĕt'), a plant and flower prized for its sweet smell.

[5] **Bosom**, (bŭz' um).

VI.

98. THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

1.

THE melancholy[1] days are come, the saddèst of the year,
Of wailing[2] winds, and naked woods, and meadōws brown and sear.
Heaped in the hŏllōws of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying[3] gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wrĕn are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top caws[4] the crow, through all the gloomy day.

2.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and sŏfter airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly bed, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

3.

The wind-flower and the vīolet, they perished lŏng ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yĕllōw sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frŏst from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightnèss of their smile was gŏne from upland, glade,[5] and glen.[6]

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[1] **Mĕl′ an chŏl y̆**, low-spirited; unhappy; sad.

[2] **Wāil′ ing**, moaning; grieving over; weeping loudly.

[3] **Ed′ dy ing**, moving circularly.

[4] This reading—*caws*, instead of *calls*—is sanctioned by the gifted author. This piece alone is sufficient to seal the reputation of a poet, who, at least, on this side of the Atlantic, has no superior. In making these selections, the authors frankly confess the serious difficulty they have experienced in deciding, not what to take, but what to omit that bears the name of William Cullen Bryant.

[5] **Glāde**, an open or cleared place in a forest or wood.

[6] **Glĕn**, a retired and narrow valley; a narrow space between hills.

4.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel[1] and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light, the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose frāgrance late he bōre,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no mōre.

5.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the fŏrest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SECTION XXI

I.

99. PERPETUAL ADORATION.

THE turf[2] shall be my frāgrant shrine;[3]
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censer's[4] breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

2. My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves;
Or, when the stillnèss of the sea,
Even mōre than music, breathes of thee.

3. I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;

[1] Squirrel, (skwûr′ rel).
[2] Turf, (tĕrf).
[3] Shrine, a case or box in which sacred things are kept; an altar.
[4] Cĕns′ er, a vase or pan in which incense is burned.

And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rīte.[1]

4. Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glōries of thy wondrous name.

5. I'll read thy anger in the rack[2]
That clouds ăwhīle the day-beam's track!
Thy mercy, in the ăzure hue
Of sunny brightnèss, breaking through.

6. There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity![3]

7. There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love;
And meekly wait that momènt, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

THOMAS MOORE.

II.

100. SEASONS OF PRAYER.

TO prayer,[4] to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
And earth[5] in her Maker's smile ăwākes.
His light is on all belōw and ăbove,
The light of gladnèss, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,[6]
Send up the incense[7] of grateful prayer.

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[1] **Rite**, the act of performing divine or solemn service, as appointed by law, precept, or custom; a religious ceremony or usage.

[2] **Rack**, properly, moisture; dampness; hence, thin, flying, broken clouds, or any portion of floating vapor in the sky.

[3] **Dĭ'i ty**, divinity; Godhead.

[4] **Prayer**, (prâr).

[5] **Earth**, (êrth), see Note 4, p. 16.

[6] **Air**, (âr), see Note 2, p. 16.

[7] **In' cense**, the burning of some sweet-smelling substance, practiced in the worship of the gods of antiquity, and to the true God, under the Jewish dispensation. It is still practiced in the Romish Church, and the term is still in use to express any act of devotion.

2. To prayer!—for the glōrious sun is gŏne,
And the găthering darknèss of night comes on.
Like a curtain from Gŏd's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian[1] of night.

3. To prayer!—for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creätion's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted[2] powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

4. There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O hour of bliss![3] when the heart ō'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush fŏrth in words of fervent[4] prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

5. There are smiles and tears in that găthering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

6. Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish[5] are thick on his brow,—
Oh, what is earth and its plĕasures now!
And what shall assuage[6] his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

7. Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.

---

[1] **Guardian,** (gär′ de an), keeper; protector; here means, God.

Exalted, (egz ält′ ed), very high; superior.

[3] **Bliss,** happiness in the highest degree; heavenly joy.

[4] **Fer′vent,** earnest; warm.

[5] **Anguish,** (ăng′ gwish), extreme pain either of body or mind; bitter sorrow.

[6] **Assuage,** (as swāj′), soften; lessen; sōothe.

He has bidden ădieū to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are Gŏd's, his last words prayer.

8. The voice of prayer at the sable[2] bier![3]
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to Gŏd who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glōry where he shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

9. The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glōrious King,
Where no sŏrrōw shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinlèss and joyous sŏng they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

10. Awake! ăwāke! and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

III.

101. ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life, and Author of my days,
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise,
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hăllowed name, to harps of sĕraphs[4] sung:
Yĕt here the brightèst seraphs could no mōre
Than vail their faces, tremble, and ădōre.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,[5]
Are equal all; for all are nothing here.

[1] **Prayer**, (prâr), see Note 2, p. 16.
[2] **Sā′ble**, dark; black.
[3] **Bier**, a carriage, or a frame for carrying the dead to the grave.
[4] **Sĕr′aph**, an angel of the highest order.
[5] **Sphere**, (sfêr), orb or star; world; station or rank in life.

2. All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.
I feel that name my inmŏst thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillnèss through my soul:
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;[1]
Impetuous passion stops her headlŏng tide.

3. At thy felt presence all emotions[2] cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace;
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pāgeants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lŏst in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

4. But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted[3] yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to sōar in vain,
And mingles with the drŏss of earth again.
But He, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding ō'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

5. His ears are open to the sŏftèst cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silènt tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the săcrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live;
From each terrestrial[4] bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path[5] to everlasting peace.

6. If the sŏft hand of winning Plĕasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,

---

[1] Sub sīde′, settle down; cease to rage; fall into a state of quiet.

[2] E mō′ tion, a moving of the soul or mind; the excited action of some inward feeling.

[3] Wonted, (wŭnt′ed), accustomed; usual.

[4] Ter rĕs′ tri al, belonging to the earth; earthly.

[5] Path, (pȧth).

When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,—
And vernal[1] beauty paints the flattering scene,—
O! teach me to elude[2] each lātent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart, "Beware!"
With caution let me hear the Sīren's[3] voice,
And, doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.

7. If, friendlèss, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,—
Still let my steady soul thy goodnèss see,
And with strŏng confidence lay hold on thee:
With equal eye, my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the scepter or the rod,
While Gŏd is seen in all, and all in God.

8. I read his awful name, emblazoned[4] high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic[5] characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree:
In every leaf, that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of Gŏd among the trees.

9. With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy, crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore:
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent[6] in thee.

---

[1] **Ver′nal**, belonging to the spring; appearing in spring; hence, belonging to youth, the spring of life.

[2] **El lūde′**, to evade or escape from.

[3] **Sī′ren**, one of three damsels,—or according to some writers, of two,—said to dwell near the island of Caprea, in the Mediterranean, and to sing with such sweetness that they who sailed by forgot their country, and died from excess of delight; hence, an enticing woman; something which is alluring or deceptive.

[4] **Emblazoned**, (em blā′znd), decked or painted in bright colors.

[5] **Mȳs′tic**, far from human understanding; obscure.

[6] **Om nip′ o tent**, all-powerful.

10. Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes[1] before my swimming eye;
When, trembling, on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;—
Teach me to quit this transitory[2] scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

IV.

102. THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

2. Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

3. Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

4. What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That,[3] more than heaven pursue.

5. What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,—
To enjoy is to obey.

---

[1] **Re cēdes′**, departs; goes back.

[2] **Trăn′ si to ry**, passing away soon; fleeting; hasty.

[3] When this or that are thus used, *this* means the latter thing spoken of, and *that*, the former. In this stanza, *this* means "What conscience warns me not to do;" *that*, what "Conscience dictates to be done."

6. Yĕt not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodnèss let me bound;
Or think thee Lord ălōne of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

7. Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

8. If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrŏng, O, teach my heart
To find that better way.

9. Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or ĭm'pious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodnèss lent.

10. Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

11. Mean though I am, not whōlly so,
Since quickened[1] by thy breath;
O, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,—
Through this day's life or death.

12. This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

13. To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise! ALEXANDER POPE.

[1] Quĭck'ened, made alive.

SECTION XXII.

I.

103. MEMORY.

'TIS sweet to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the past ō'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion[1] that shines to deceive.
We know not the future—the past we have *felt*—
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the mŏrrōw fall cold on the soul.

2. 'Tis sweet to remember! when storms are abroad,
To see in the rainbow the promise of Gŏd;
The day may be darkened, but far in the west,
In vermilion[2] and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning he passèth ăwāy—
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can plāy,
When in calm reminiscence[3] we găther the flowers,
Which love scattered round us in happier hours.

3. 'Tis sweet to remember! When friends are unkind,
When their coldnèss and carelèssnèss shadōw the mind:
Then, to draw back the vail which envelops a land
Where delectable[4] prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
To list the fond voices of childhood again;—
Oh, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

4. 'Tis sweet to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glōry, the joy,

---

[1] **Illusion**, (il lū′ zun), a deceptive appearance; a false show.

[2] **Vermilion**, (ver mĭl′ yun), a beautiful bright red.

[3] **Rem`i nĭs′ cence**, memory; remembrance.

[4] **De lĕct′ a ble**, delightful; very pleasing.

Which spring from that fountain to gladden our way
When the changeful and faithlèss desert or betray.
I would not forgĕt!—though my thoughts should be dark,
O'er the ocean of life I look back from my bark,
And I see the lŏst Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest. W. G. CLARKE.

II.

104. MEMORY AND HOPE.

PART FIRST.

HOPE is the leading-string of youth; memory the staff of age. Yĕt, for a lŏng time, they were at variance,[1] and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almōst always grave, nay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and whenever she raised her eyes from the ground, it was ōnly to look back over her shoulder.

2. Hope was a smiling, dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy.[2] Wherever he went, he diffused gladnèss and joy around him; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as it cast its dim glances at the blue vault[3] of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor; the flowers looked mōre gay, the grass more green, the birds sung more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize[4] in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but Hope partook of immortality.[5]

3. One day they chanced to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding mankind with visionary,[6] impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that led only to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus*[7] of youth, and the scourge of old age.

---

[1] **Vā′ ri ance**, the act or state of varying; at enmity.

[2] **Buoyancy**, (bwâ′ an cy,) lightness; flow of spirits; cheerfulness.

[3] **Vault**, (vâlt), a continued arch or circle.

[4] **Sym′ pa thize**, to feel in consequence of what another feels: to have a common feeling.

[5] **Im` mor tăl′ i ty**, the quality of one exempt from death; perpetual life; freedom from forgetfulness.

[6] **Visionary**, (vĭz′ un a ry), dreamy; imaginary; not real.

[7] **Ig′ nis făt′ u us**, a deceitful fire; anything that deceives.

4. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past were as much exaggerated by Memory, as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, he in the future, and that this distance magnified every thing. "Let us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment." Memory reluctantly consented, and they went their way together.

5. The first person they met was a schoolboy, lounging lazily alŏng, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by, he sat down and burst into tears. "Whither so *fast*, my good lad?" asked Hope, jeeringly.

6. "I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I would rather, a thousand times, be at play; and sit on a bench with a book in my hand, while I long to be spŏrting in the fields. But never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be as free as the air." Saying this, he skipped ăwāy mĕrrily, in the hope of soon being a man. "It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

7. Passing onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slowly and with a melancholy air, behind a party of gay young men and maidens, who walked arm in arm with each other, and were flirting and exchanging all those little harmless courtesies, which nature prŏmpts on such occasions. They were all gayly dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely apron, and clumsy, thick-soled shoes.

8. "Why do you not join yŏnder group," asked Hope, "and partake in their gayety, my pretty little girl?" "Alas!" replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and then I shall be so happy!" Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing alŏng mĕrrily with the rest.

9. In this manner they wended their way, from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human race, who at this time were all young (it being not many years since the first creation of mankind), repining at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce any thing to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion.

10. "Let us return home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose among its beautiful bowers; to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times more musically; to the birds that sung a thousand times more sweetly; and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting[1] as the scenes of my early youth!"

III.

105. MEMORY AND HOPE.

PART SECOND.

HOPE indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their return home. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they approached the spot from which they had departed. It so happened, one day, that they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff.

2. Memory at once rĕc'ognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first onset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who, being immortal, was still a blithe, young boy, sighed, as if his heart was breaking. "What ailèth thee, old man?" asked the youth.

3. "What aileth me?" he replied, in a feeble, faltering voice. "What should ail me, but old age? I have outlived my health and strength; I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all that I loved, or that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn; and now I stand like an old tree, withering, alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable; and the recollection of the happinèss of my youthful days, when, carelèss, and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, mĕrry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

4. "Behold," said Memory, "the consequence of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion. "Behold!" replied Hope, "the deception practiced by thyself. Thou

[1] **Enchanting,** (en chânt' ing), delighting in the highest degree; captivating.

persuadèst him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out togĕther, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighed to be a man?" Memory cast down her eyes, and was silent.

5. A little way onward, they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an aged woman, meanly clad, and shaking with palsy.[1] She sat all alone, her head resting on her bosom, and, as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them. "Good mŏrrōw, old lady, and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gayly; and the old woman thought it was a lŏng time since she had heard such a cheering salutation.

6. "Happinèss!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weaknèss and infirmity. "Happiness! I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sŏrrōw. Oh, I remember those delightful days, when I thought of nothing but the present momènt, nor cared for the future or the past. When I laughed, and played, and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, and wished to be no other than I was. But those happy times are passed, never to return. Oh, could I but once more return to the days of my childhood!"

7. The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hŏllōw eyes. Memory again reproached her companion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a lŏng time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

8. They now approached their home, and Memory was on tiptoe, with the thought of once more enjoying the unequaled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so lŏng separated. But somehow or other, it seemed that they were sadly changed. Nēither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, nor the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in time past.

9. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how chănged is evèrything! I ălōne am the same." "Every thing is the same, and thou alone art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past, just as much as I deceive others in the future."

[1] **Palsy**, (pâl′ zĭ), a weakening, interruption, or destruction of the powers of the body, especially those of feeling and voluntary motion.

10. "What are you disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost fourscore and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between you." They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth.

11. The old man smiled, and, for a few moments, sat buried in thought. He then said to them: "I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children; the hilarity[1] of youth, and the blessing of health." "And dost thou not despair?" said Memory. "No: I have still one hope left me." "And what is that?" "The hope of heaven!"

12. Memory turned toward Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other." "With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued forever after to travel together, hand in hand, through the world. JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

IV.

106. LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,—
"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

3. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the Sun that is never to set.

[1] Hi lăr′ i tȳ, a very pleasant excitement of the animal spirits; merriment; joyfulness; gayety.

4. Should they who are nearèst and dearèst thy heart,—
Thy friends and companions,—in sŏrrōw depart,
"Look alōft" from the darknèss and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5. And, oh! when Death comes, in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that momènt of darknèss, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, "LOOK ALOFT,"—and depart.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

107. MOUNT VERNON IN 1759.

IN his letter from Mount Vernon,[1] Washington writes: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner, for life, and I hope to find mōre happinèss in retiremènt, than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world."

2. This was no Utopian[2] dream, transiently indulged ămid the charms of novelty. It was a deliberate purpose with him, the result of innate[3] and enduring inclination. Throughout the whōle cōurse of his career, agricultural life appears to have been his *beau ideal*[4] of existence, which haunted his thoughts even amid the stern duties of the field, and to which he recurred[5] with unflagging interest, whenever enabled to indulge his natural bias.[6]

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[1] **Mount Ver′non**, Virginia, the former residence of Washington, on the west side of the Potomac, eight miles below Alexandria. It contains the mansion and tomb of the "Father of his Country."

[2] **U tō′pi an**, ideal; fanciful; having no real existence. Utopia is a name given by Sir Thomas More to a fancied island, in which every thing was perfection. The term is derived from two Greek words, meaning "*no place*."

[3] **In nāte′**, inborn; native; natural.

[4] **Beau ideal**, (bō` i dē′ al), an image or picture, formed in the mind, of the greatest beauty or excellence, free from all defects and blemishes which nature exhibits.

[5] **Recurred**, (re kĕrd), came back.

[6] **Bī′as**, a leaning of the mind; inclination.

3. Mount Vernon was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly furled his sail, and fancied himself anchored for life. No impulse of ambition tempted him thence; nothing but the call of his country, and his devotion to the public good. The place was endeared to him by the remembrance of his brother Lawrence, and of the happy days he had passed here, with that brother, in boyhood; but it was a delightful place in itself, and well calculated to inspire the rural feeling.

4. The mansion was beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture,[1] each having its allotted laborers. Much, however, was still covered with wild-woods, seamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets—haunts of deer, and lurking-places of foxes.

5. The whōle woody region alŏng the Potomac, from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyŏnd, with its rānge of fŏrests and hills, and picturesque[2] promontories,[3] afforded spōrt of vārious kinds, and was a noble hunting-ground. Washington had hunted through it with old Lord Fairfax in his stripling days: we do not wonder that his feelings throughout life incessantly reverted to it.

6. "No estate in United Amĕrica," observes he, in one of his letters, "is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finèst rivers in the world,—a river well stocked with vārious kinds of fish, at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, &c., in great ăbŭndance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whōle shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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[1] **Cŭlt′ ūre**, cultivation; employment of means or labor in making, producing, or in refining and advancing.

[2] **Pĭct′ ur ĕsque′**, fitted to form a good or pleasing picture; presenting that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.

[3] **Prŏm′ on to ries**, high lands extending into the sea; headlands.

II.

108. WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves—
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yŏn bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're ă-fīre!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

3. In the Gŏd of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred pātriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell? REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

III.

109. THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

LO, now the cannon thundering to the sky,
The thickening fumes that scent the heated air,
Recall the camp, and spread before mine eye
The pitch of battle and the triumph there.

2. The summoned plowman grasps the ready gun,
And swiftly strides ăcrŏss the fŭrrow's sod;
The smith, ere half the heated shoe is done,
Swings on in haste, and rides the steed unshod.

3. The mason flings his glittering trowel by,
And leaves behind the pale and weeping few;
The miller's wheel above the stream hangs dry,
While ō'er the hill he waves the swift ădieū.

4. Lo, all the air is throbbing to the drum;
In every highway sounds the shrilly fife;
And flashing guns proclaim afar they come,
Where hŭrried banners lead the way to strife.

5. Though rude the music, and the arms are rude,
And rustic garmènts fill the motley[1] line,
Yet noble hearts, with noble hopes imbued,[2]
Thrill through the ranks with energy dĭvīne;—

6. Thrill through the ranks until those sounds become
Celestial melodies from Freedom's lips!
These arms an ĕngĭne[3] to strike despots[4] dumb,
And leave oppression howling in eclipse.[5]

7. Then comes the struggle, raging loud and lŏng—
The seven years' battle with the banded foes—
The tyrant, and the savage, and the strŏng
Grim[6] arm of want with all its direful[7] woes.

8. Half clad and barefoot, bleeding where they tread,
Where hunger and disease allied[8] consort,[9]
The pale survivors stand among their dead,
And brave the winter in their snow-walled fort.

9. But heavier than the (thŭ) storms which fold thē earth,
Than all the ills which winter's hand commits,
The bitter thought that at the sacred hearth
Of unprotected homes some hŏrror sits.

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[1] **Mŏt' ley**, made up of various kinds of colors; formed of different or unlike parts.

[2] **Im būed'**, colored deeply; impressed or filled

[3] **Engine**, (ĕn' jĭn), any instrument by which an effect is produced; means.

[4] **Dĕs' pot**, one who holds or uses entire control over another; a master; one who rules others regardless of the laws; tyrant.

[5] **E clĭpse'**, obscuration; darkness.

[6] **Grĭm**, of forbidding or fear-awakening appearance; fierce; frightful.

[7] **Dīre' ful**, evil in a great degree; dreadful; terrible.

[8] **Al lied'**, confederated; united by treaty; related by any tie.

[9] **Con sort'**, join together; appear.

10. But Gŏd is just; and they who suffer mōst,
Win most; for tardy triumph comes at last!
The pātriot, bravely dying at his post,
Hath rivaled all the Cæsars[1] of the past.

11. Right conquers wrŏng, and glōry fŏllōws pain,
The cause of Freedom vindicated[2] stands;
And Heaven consents; while, staring ō'er the main,
Old Europe greets us with approving hands.

12. If now a film ō'er-swim my agèd gaze,
Or if a trēmor in my voice appear,
It is the memory of those glōrious days
Which moves my failing frame and starts the tear.

13. Oh, on this sacred spot again to rest,
Where passed the pātriots, ere this old heart faints!
Then I depart, with a contented breast,
Where they are walking crowned among the saints.

14. Here on these steps, made holy by their tread,
I list their kindling voices as of yōre;
And hear that bell, now hanging speechlèss, dead,
Which rung for Freedom, broke, and rung no mōre.

15. Broke with the welcome tidings on its tongue,
Broke, like a heart, with joy's excessive note,—
'Tis well no cause less glōrious e'er hath rung
In silver music from its hăllōwed thrōat.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

IV.

110. AMERICAN EXPERIMENT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

WE are summoned to new energy and zeal, by the high nature of the expĕrimènt we are appointed in Prŏvidènce to make, and the grandeur of the theater on which it is to be performed. At a momènt of deep and general agitation in the Old World, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity.

[1] **Cæsars**, (sē′ zarz), here relates to Julius Cæsar, a Roman warrior, statesman, and man of letters, who was one of the most remarkable men of any age.

[2] **Vĭn′di cāt ed**, proved to be right.

2. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant[1] prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society,—to settle, and that forever, the momentous[2] question,—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular[3] system of Government.

3. One might almost think, without extravagance,[4] that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished[5] their treasures, and their blood, of old,—who spake and wrote, who labored, fought and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth,—are now hanging, from their orbs[6] on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity.[7]

4. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate-houses and forums,[8] I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchres of the nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure[9] us, to be faithful to our trust.

5. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison-house, where the sons of freedom have been immured;[10] by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations,—they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world.

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[1] **Be nig′ nant**, kind; gracious; favorable.

[2] **Mō mĕnt′ oŭs**, of moment or consequence; weighty; important.

[3] **Pŏp′ u lar**, pleasing, suitable, or pertaining to the common people.

[4] **Ex trăv′ a gance**, the act of wandering beyond proper bounds; excess, as in spending money too freely, or using language that goes beyond the truth.

[5] **Lăv′ ished**, expended or gave very freely.

[6] **Orb**, a solid or hollow body of a round form; especially, one of the heavenly bodies; a sun, planet, or star.

[7] **Hū măn′ i tў**, mankind in general; the human race.

[8] **Fō′ rum**, a market-place, or public place in Rome, where law causes were tried, and speeches made to the people.

[9] **Ad jūre′**, to charge, bind, command, beg, or entreat solemnly and earnestly, as if under oath.

[10] **Im mūred′**, shut up; inclosed within walls.

6. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes;[1] and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.[2] EDWARD EVERETT.

V.

111. OUR COUNTRY.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
Yĕt lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

2. For on thy cheek the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thy own sunny sky.

3. Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellèst with thy sons!
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearlèss heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

4. There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and oppressed;
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

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[1] **De mŏs′ the nes**, the greatest of Athenian orators and patriots, was born about B. C. 385. After the defeat of the confederate Greeks by Antipater, he demanded the surrender of Demosthenes, who thereupon took poison, and died in 322.

[2] **Mar′ cus Tŭl′ li ŭs Cic′ e ro**, an able writer, the greatest orator of Rome, was born on the 3d of January, B. C., 106. He was murdered by the soldiers of Antony, who cut off his head and hands, on the 7th of December, 43.

5. O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightnèss of thy skies
The thrŏnging years in glōry rise,
And as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

6. Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,—
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

112. FRIENDSHIP.

1.

WE have been friends togĕther, in sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-trees in infancy we played.
But cōldnèss dwells within thy heart, a cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together; shall a light word part us now?

2.

We have been gay togĕther; we have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip, and sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together; shall a light word part us now?

3.

We have been sad togĕther; we have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered the hopes of early years.
The voices which were silènt there would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been *sad* together; shall a light word part us now?

CAROLINE NORTON.

II.

113. FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WHEN streams of unkindnèss as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meeknèss is writhing in tormènt and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yĕt,
None, none but an ăngel of Gŏd can declare,
"I now can forgive and forgĕt."

2. But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence[1] steeped,
With the wrŏng so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition[2] is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forgĕt.

3. To forgĕt? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all insults and evils behind,
And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit shall fret,
And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forgĕt.

4. Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art:
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forgĕt!

---

[1] Pĕn′ i tence, sorrow of heart on account of sins, crimes, or offenses.

[2] Contrition, (kon trĭsh′ un), deep sorrow for sin; penitence.

5. Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue:
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met;
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?

6. Yes, yes; let a man when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend;
For thus on his head in kindnèss he heaps
Hot coals—to refine and ămĕnd;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, *Forgive and forget.* M. F. TUPPER.

III.

114. THE HEADSTONE.

PART FIRST.

THE cŏffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shoveling was over, and the lŏng, broad, skillfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined togĕther, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newèst mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring.

2. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard. Here, some acquaintances from distant parts of the parish, who had not had opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belŏnged to the deceased,[1] nor in the cōurse of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave,

[1] **De cēased′**, departed; dead.

were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families.

3. There, a small knot of neighbors were speaking, without exaggeration,[1] of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group; while a few yards further removed from the spot were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

4. Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere but unimpassioned[2] grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently[3] than would have been the case had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow.

5. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other; and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral. No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement.[4]

6. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor—selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations[5]—unaccommodating manners on both sides—taunting words that mean little when

[1] **Exaggeration,** (egz åj`er å'shun), enlargement beyond truth.

[2] **Unimpassioned,** (un`im påsh'-und), without showing signs of passion or feeling.

[3] **In tĕnt' ly,** attentively; fixedly.

[4] **Es trānge' ment,** the act of being made strange, or a ceasing to be familiar and friendly with.

[5] **Temporal expectations,** expectations of this world, as goods and possessions.

uttered, but which rankle[1] and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strŏng when rising up together in one baneful[2] band, had gradually but fatally infected[3] their hearts, till at last they, who in youth had been seldom separate and truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen[4] during a feud.[5]

7. Surely, if any thing could have sŏftened their hearts toward each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones, and clods were falling down upon their father's cŏffin. And doubtlèss their hearts were so softened.

8. But pride, though it can not prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tendernèss that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickednèss of their causelèss quarrel.

IV.

115. THE HEADSTONE.

PART SECOND.

A HEADSTONE had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone with a sand-glass, skull, and crŏss-bones, chiseled not rudely, and a few words inscribed.

2. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the bystanders, "William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the fāvorĭte son; but

[1] **Rankle**, (răngk′ l), to grow more rank or strong; hence, to become more violent; to rage.

[2] **Bāne′ful**, injurious; poisonous; working ill.

[3] **In fĕct′ed**, tainted with disease; poisoned.

[4] **Clăns′men**, persons belonging to a clar or tribe.

[5] **Feūd**, a contention or quarrel, satisfied only by bloodshed; a deadly hatred or strife between clans, families, or parties in a state; strife; dispute; contest.

I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this headstone, had I not?"

3. During these words the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For ăwhīle the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousnèss in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; so that the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply, among the other unostentatious[1] memorials of the humble dead.

4. The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to sŏf*t*en the displĕasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yĕs, we were his affectionate sons; and since my name is on the stone I am satisfied, brother.

5. "We have not drawn togĕther kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingnèss to be on other and better terms with you; and if we can not command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindnèss."

6. The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the churchyard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chămber of his heart even the vilèst guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn, and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently—

"Behold, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell!"

7. The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a nat-

[1] **Unostentatious**, (ŭn` ŏs ten tā´ shŭs), modest; not showy.

ural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother;" and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction ărōse from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely toward each other.

8. As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly grasping each other's hand, in the little hŏllōw that lay between the grave of their mother lŏng since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yĕt still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said—"I must fulfill the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its ŏffice.

9. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not ŏften beseech you, ăpart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen,[1] who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were bōth absent; nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died.

10. "As lŏng as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two ălōne. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no mōre. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him. 'My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of Gŏd and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used tŏ do. Dear boys, receive my blessing.'"

11. Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from a lŏng and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconcilement. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm, with the minister to the

[1] In reading this sentence, it must be remembered that Stephen was the name of the younger brother, whom the minister addressed. His mother died in giving him birth

manse.[1] On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book.

12. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, bŏth during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided JOHN WILSON.

V.

116. THE BROTHERS.

WE are but two—the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

2. Heart leaps to heart—the sācred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honèst blood
Alike we fondly claim.

3. We in one mother's arms were locked—
Lŏng be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

4. Our boyish spŏrts were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;—
Let manhood keep ălīve the flame,
Lit up so lŏng ăgō.

5. We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shōulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie. CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[1] Mănse, a habitation or house; especially, a clergyman's dwelling-house.

SECTION XXV.

I.

117. THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

THERE lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in stōry and in sŏng. It has been prolific in statesmèn, warriors, and poets. It has given to the world mōre than its share of genius and of greatnèss. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully in all battles but its own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pāthos.[1]

2. In this fair region God has seen fit to send the mōst terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable[2] decrees. The earth has failed to give her in′crease; the common mother has forgotten her ŏffspring, and her breast no lŏnger affords them their accustomed noŭrishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgĕts, for a momènt, the gloomy history of the past.

3. In battle, in the fullnèss of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem,[3] or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles ălōne, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like,[4] has exhausted his veins.

4. Who will hesitate to give his mite, to avert such awful results? Give, then, ɔoncrously and freely. Recollect, that in so doing, you are exercising one of the most gŏd-like qualities of your nature, and, at the same time, enjoying one of the greatèst luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has

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[1] **Pā′thos**, passion; that which excites passions and emotions; that which awakens tender emotions.

[2] **Inscrutable**, (in skrō′ta bl), that can not be found out by human reason; unsearchable.

[3] **Rē′qui em**, a hymn imploring rest for the dead.

[4] **Văm′pire**, a fabulous devil or spirit, that was supposed to suck the blood of persons asleep; hence, one who lives by preying on others.

permitted us to exercise equally with himself, that noblèst of even the Dĭvīne attributes,[1] benevolence.

5. Go home and look at your families, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheek of the poor children of Ireland; and you will give according to your stōre, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you—not grudgingly, but with an open hand; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

"Is not strained;[2]
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blessès him that gives, and him that takes."

S. S. Prentiss.

II.

118. ONLY THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

GIVE me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

2. It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,—
All the lĭvelōng day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see,—
I ăwōke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

3. How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?

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[1] At′ tri būte, that which is considered as dwelling in, or belonging to, a person or thing.

[2] Strāined, forced; unnatural.

For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

4. The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold,—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

5. What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing, one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

6. There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the Channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night,
Would give life to *me* and *you*.

7. Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when *he* died;
Quick, for I can not see you, mother;
My breath is almost gone;
Mother, dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn. MISS EDWARDS.

III.

119. THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD sŏftly,—bow the head,—
In reverent[1] silence bow;
No passing-bell doth tōll,—
Yet an immortal[2] sōul
Is passing now.

2. Strānger, however great,
With hōly reverence bow;—
There's one in that poor shed,—
One by that paltry[3] bed,—
Greater than thou.

3. Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! death doth keep his state;
Enter,—no crowds attend;
Enter,—no guards defend
This palace gate.

4. That pavemènt, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers[4] tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting, with meager[5] hands,
A dying head.

5. No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail ălōne;
A sob suppressed,—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting grōan.

6. Oh, change!—oh, wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars,—
This momènt, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyŏnd the stars!

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[1] **Rĕv'er ent**, submissive; humble.
[2] **Im mor' tal**, imperishable; undying; lasting forever.
[3] **Paltry**, (pâl'trĭ), mean; worthless.
[4] **Cōurt' ier**, one who attends or frequents the courts of princes; one who flatters to please.
[5] **Mēa' ger**, having little flesh; thin; lean; without richness, strength, or the like.

7. Oh, chānge!—stupendous[1] change!
There lies the soullèss clod;
The Sun eternal breaks,—
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his Gŏd!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

IV.

120. THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot—
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot,[2]
The rōad it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
"Rattle his bōnes over the stōnes!
He's ōnly a pauper, whom nobody ōwns!"

2. Oh, where are the mōurners? Alas! there are none—
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

3. What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, ō'er the hedges is hurled!—
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

4. Poor pauper defunct![3] he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a cōach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be lŏng, if he goes on so fast:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

5. You bumpkins![4] who stare at your brother conveyed—
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!

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[1] **Stū pĕn′ doŭs**, astonishing; wonderful; amazing; especially, of amazing height or extent.

[2] **Wŏt**, to be aware; know.

[3] **De fŭnct′**, deceased; dead.

[4] **Bŭmp′ kin**, an awkward, heavy rustic; a clown, or awkward countryman.

And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

6. But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear sŏft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yĕt owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

121. THE LABORER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likenèss of thy Gŏd!—who mŏre?
A soul as dauntlèss[1] 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wŏre.

2. What then?—Thou art as true a MAN
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the thrŏng.

3. Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step, and averted[2] eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

4. If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightèst cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

[1] **Dauntless**, (dânt' les), fearless. [2] **A vert'ed**, turned aside, or away.

5. No :—uncurbed passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires[1]
Forever, till thus checked :—

6. These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And lŏnger suffer not!

7. Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has Gŏd with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?[2]

8. True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of bŏth—a noble mind.

9. With this, and passions under ban,[3]
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer[4] of any man.
Look up, then: that thy little span
Of life may be well trod! WM. D GALLAHER.

II.

122. THE TRUE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

FRŎM the foundation of the world, there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and upon those who live by it, with contempt, as though it were something mean and ignoble.[5] This is one of those vulgar prejudices which have arisen from considering every thing vulgar that was peculiar to the multitude.

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[1] **As pīres′**, longs after; desires eagerly to reach or obtain.

[2] **En dow′**, bestow; give.

[3] **Băn**, prohibition; restraint.

[4] **Pēer**, equal; a person of the same rank.

[5] **Ig nŏ′ ble**, of low birth or family; very mean; degraded.

2. Because the multitude have been suffered to remain too lŏng rude and ignorant, evèry thing associăted[1] with their condition has been cŏnfounded with the circumstances of this condition. The multitude were, in their rudenèss and ignorance, mean in the public estimation, and the labor of their hands was held to be mean too.

3. Nay, it has been said that labor is the result of Gŏd's primary curse, pronounced on man for his disobedience. But that is a great mistake. God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake; but not that his labor was cursed. He told him that in the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground. But so far from labor partaking of the curse, it was given him as the means of triumphing over the curse.

4. The ground was to produce thorns and thistles, but labor was to extirpate[2] these thorns and thistles, and to cover the face of the earth with fruit-trees and bounteous harvests. And labor has done this: labor has already converted the earth, so far as its surface is concerned, from a wildernèss into a paradise.[3]

5. Man eats his bread in the sweat of his face; but is there any bread so sweet as that, when he has ōnly nature to contend with, and not the false arrāngemènts of his fellow men? So far is labor from being a curse—so far is it from being a disgrace—it is the vĕry principle which, like the winds of the air, or the agitation of the sea, keeps the world in health. It is the very life-blood of society, stirring in all its veins, and diffusing vigor and ĕnjoymènt through the whōle system.

6. Without man's labor, Gŏd had created the world in vain! Without our labor, all life, except that of the rudèst and mōst savage kind, must perish. Arts, civilization, refinemènt, and religion must perish. Labor is the grand pedestal of God's blessings upon earth; it is mōre—like man and the world itself—it is the ŏffspring and the work of God.

7. All honor then to labor, the ŏffspring of Deity; the mōst ancient of ancients, sent fŏrth by the Almighty into these nĕther[4] worlds as the most noble of nobles! Honor to that dĭvīne prin-

[1] **Associated,** (as sō′ shĭ āt ed), closely connected or joined with.

[2] **Extirpate,** (eks tĕr′ pāt), to root out; destroy.

[3] **Păr′ a dīse,** heaven; a place of great happiness.

[4] **Nĕth′ er,** situated down or below; lower.

ciple which has filled the earth with all the comforts, and joys, and af'fluence that it possesses, and is undoubtedly the instrument of happiness wherever life is found.

8. Without labor, what is there? Without it, there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive—in heaven or on the earth—is the prŏd'uct of labor. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars—what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors of the Omnipotent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a dĭvīne work. We carry on what God began.

9. What a glōrious spectacle is that of the labor of man upon the earth! It includes everything in it that *is* glorious. Look round, my friends, and tell me what you see that is worth seeing that is not the work of your hands, and of the hands of your fellōws—the multitude of all ages?

10. What is it that felled the ancient fōrests and cleared vast morasses[1] of other ages? That makes green fields smile in the sun, and corn, rustling in the breezes of heaven, whisper of plenty and domestic joy? What raised first the hut, and then the cottage, and then the palace? What filled all these with food and furniture—with food simple and also cŏstly; with furniture of infinite variety, from the three-legged stool to the mōst magnificent cabinet[2] and the regal[3] throne? What made glass, and dyed it with all the hues of rainbows or of summer sunsets? What constructed presses and books, and filled up the walls of libraries, every inch of which contained a mass of lātent light hōarded for the use of ages?

11. What took the hint from the split walnut-shell which some boy floated on the brook, and set on the flood first the bōat, and then the ship, and has scattered these glōrious children of man, the water-walking ships, over all the oceans of the world, and filled them with the prŏd'uce of all lands, and the machinery of profoundest inventions? What has made the wide sea like a great city street, where merchants are going to and fro full of eager thoughts of self-accumulation, but not the less full of international[4] blessings?

[1] **Mo răss' es**, marshes; low, wet pieces of ground.

[2] **Căb' in et**, a piece of furniture consisting of a chest, drawers, and doors; a private room.

[3] **Rē' gal**, belonging to a king; kingly.

[4] **International**, (in ter năsh'un al), between nations; relating to two or more nations.

12. What has made the land like one great garden, laid down its rōads that run like veins to evèry pōrtion of the system of life, cut its canals, cast up its lines of railways, and driven alŏng them, in fire and vapor, the awful but beneficial dragons of modern enterprise? What has piled up all our cities with their glittering and exhaustlèss wealth, their splendid utensils,[1] their paintings, their mechanic wonders, all serving domestic life, and its belovèd fireside delights. Labor! labor! labor! It is labor, and your labor, men of the multitude, that has done it all!

13. True, the wise ones tell us that it is intellect[2] that has done it. And all honor to intellect! It is not I nor you, fellow-workers, who will attempt to rob the royal power of intellect of one iota[3] of his renown. Intellect is also a glōrious gift of the Dĭvĭnity—a dĭvīne principle in the earth. We set intellect at the head of labor, and bid it lead the way to all wonders and discoveries; but we know that intellect can not go ălōne. Intellect can not separate itself from labor.

14. Intellect has also its labor; and in its most ăb'stract[4] and ethereal[5] form can not develop itself without the coöperation of its twin-brother labor. When intellect exerts itself—when it thinks, and invents, and discovers—it then labors. Through the medium of labor it does all that it does; and upon labor it is perfectly dependent to carry out all its mechanical operations. Intellect is the head—labor the right hand. Take ăwāy the hand, and the head is a magazine of knowledge and fire that is sealed up in eternal darknèss. Such are the relationships of labor and intellect.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

III.

123. LABOR.

LABOR is rest—from the sŏrrōws that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from the sin-prŏmptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

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[1] **U tĕn' sil**, any article of which use is made; tools, etc.

[2] **In' tel lect**, the faculty of thinking; the understanding.

[3] **Iota**, (ī ō' tă), the smallest Greek letter; a very small quantity.

[4] **Ab' stract**, pure; separate; difficult.

[5] **E thē' re al**, composed of ether; very thin; heavenly.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillōw,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billōw;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willōw!
Work with a stout heart and resolute[1] will!

2. Labor is health! Lo the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;
How his strŏng arm, in its stalwart[2] pride sweeping,
Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl growèth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon[3] flowèth,
From the fine acorn the strong fŏrest blowèth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

3. Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee
Bravely fling ŏff the gold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yŏn pure heaven smiling beyŏnd thee,
Rest not content in thy darknèss—a clod![4]
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy Gŏd.

4. Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come ō'er us:
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting[5] goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
Mōre and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its noŭrishing stem it is riven.

5. "Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing,
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.

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[1] **Resolute**, (rĕz′ o lūt), determined; firm to one's purpose.

[2] **Stalwart**, (stôl′ wort). brave; bold; strong.

[3] **Cocoon**, (kō kŏn′), the silken ball in which the silk-worm confines itself before its change. It is composed of silk threads, which, being unwound, form the silk which is manufactured.

[4] **Clŏd**, a lump of earth.

[5] **Un`in ter mĭt′ ting**, ceaseless; without stopping.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the sŏft breathing flower;
From the small insects, the rich cŏral[1] bower:
Only man in the plan ever shrinks from his part.

6. Labor is life!—'tis the still water failèth;
Idlenèss ever despairèth, bewailèth:
Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assailèth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillnèss of noon.
Labor is glōry!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changès and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

SECTION XXVII.

I.

124. AGRICULTURE.[2]

PART FIRST.

BUT, sir, to come to mōre practical, and you will probably think more appropriate topics, I will endeavor to show you that I am no enemy to new discoveries in agriculture[3] or any thing else. So far from it, I am going to communicate to you a new discovery of my own, which, if I do not greatly overrate *its* importance, is as novèl, as brilliant, and as auspicious[4] of great results, as the celebrated discovery of Dr. Franklin; *not* the identity[5] of the electric fluid and lightning—I don't refer to

[1] **Cŏr′al**, a hard substance like shell (carbonate of lime), which is made by very minute creatures, and forms their habitation. It is sometimes red, but more abundant in white. It appears to grow, or rather is formed, by the little creatures, in the shape of branches of trees, and when alive they appear like flowers on the branches. These little creatures sometimes commence a structure in the ocean, which by degrees becomes an island. Their history is exceedingly interesting.

[2] **Extract** of a speech delivered before the U. S. Agricultural Society, Boston, Oct. 1855.

[3] **Ag`rĭ cŭlt′ūre**, the cultivation of land; farming.

[4] **Auspicious**, (âs pĭsh′ us), favorable; giving fair promises of success.

[5] **I dĕn′ ti ty**, sameness.

that; but his other famous discovery; that the sun rises sevèral hours before noon; that he begins to shine as soon as he rises; and that the sōlar ray is a cheaper light for the inhabitants of large cities, than the candles, and oil, and wax tapers, which they are in the habit of preferring to it.

2. I say, sir, my discovery is somewhat of the same kind; and I reälly think full as important. I have been upon the track of it for several years; ever since the glitter of a few metallic particles in the gravel washed out of Capt. Sutter's mill-race[1] first led to the discovery of the gold diggings of California; which for some time past has been pouring into the country fifty or sixty millions of dollars annually.

3. My discovery, sir, is nothing short of this—that we have no need to go or send to Californiä for gold, inasmuch as we have gold diggings on this side of the cōntinènt much more productive, and consequently much more valuable than theirs. I do not of cōurse refer to the mines of North Carolina or Georgia, which have been worked with some success for several years, but which, compared with California, are of no great mōmènt.

4. I refer to a much broader vein of auriferous[2] earth, which runs whōlly through the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains, which we have been working unconsciously for many years, without recognizing its transcendent[3] importance; and which it is actually estimated will yield, the present year, ten or fifteen times as much as the Californiä diggings, taking their prōduce at sixty millions of dollars.

5. Then, sir, this gold of ours not ōnly exceeds the Californiä in the annual yield of the diggings, but in several other respects. It certainly requires labor, but not nearly as much labor to gĕt it out. Our diggings may be depended on with far greater confidence, for the ăverage yield on a given superficies.[4] A certain quantity of moisture is no doubt necessary with us, as with them, but you are not required, as you are in the *placers*[5] of California, to stand up to your middle in water all day, rocking a cradle

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[1] **Mill'-rāce**, the current of water which turns the wheel of a mill, or the canal in which it is conveyed.

[2] **Au rĭf' er ous**, producing gold.

[3] **Trans cĕnd' ent**, surpassing; very great.

[4] **Superficies**, (sū' per fĭsh' ez), surface; outward part or face of a thing.

[5] **Placer**, (plă sär'), a gravelly place where gold is found, especially by the side of a river, or in the bed of a mountain torrent.

filled with gravel and gold-dust. The cradles we rock are filled with something better.

6. Another signal advantage of our gold over the Californiă gold is, that after being pulverized[1] and moistened, and subjected to the action of moderate heat, it becomes a grateful and nutritious[2] article of food; whereas no man, not even the lŏng-eared King of Phrygia[3] himself, who wished that every thing he touched might become gold—could masticate[4] a thimble-full of the Californiă dust, cold or hot, to save him from starvation.

7. Then, sir, we gĕt our Atlantic gold on a good deal mōre favorable terms than we get the Californiă. It is probable, nay, it is certain, that, for evèry million dollars' worth of dust that we have received from San Francisco, we send out a full million's worth in prŏduce, in manufactures, in notions generally, and in freight;[5] but the gold which is raised from the diggings this side, yields, with good management, a vast increase on the outlay, some thirty fold, some sixty, some a hundred.

8. But, besides all this, there are two discriminating cir'cumstances of a mōst peculiar character, in which our gold differs from that of Californiă, greatly to the advantage of ours. The first is this: On the Sacramento and Feather rivers, throughout the *placers*, in all the wet diggings and the dry diggings, and in all the deposits of auriferous quartz,[6] you can gĕt but one solitary exhaustive crop from one locality; and, in getting that, you spoil it for any further use. The soil is dug over, worked over, washed over, ground over, sifted over—in short, turned into an abomination of desolation, which all the guano[7] of the Chincha Islands would not restore to fertility.

9. You can never gĕt from it a second yield of gold, nor any thing else, unless, perhaps a crop of mullen or stramonium.[8]

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[1] **Pŭl' ver ized**, converted into powder or fine dust.

[2] **Nutritious**, (nu trĭsh' us), nourishing, promoting growth.

[3] **Mi' das**, who is represented as having the ears of an ass, and the power to change every thing that he touched into gold.

[4] **Măs' ti cāte**, to grind with the teeth and prepare for swallowing.

[5] **Freight**, (frāt), the lading of a ship, wagon, etc.; the price of transporting goods.

[6] **Quartz**, (kwârtz), a kind of rock, or rather an ingredient of rocks.

[7] **Guano**, (gwā' no), a rich manure; the dung of sea-fowls.

[8] **Stra mō' ni ŭm**, a plant having rank leaves, and large trumpet-shaped flowers. It has poisonous properties, and is used in medicine to relieve pain and produce sleep.

The Atlantic diggings, on the contrary, with good management, will yield a fresh crop of the gold every four years, and remain in the interval in condition for a succession of several other good things of nearly equal value.

10. The other discriminating circumstance is of still more astonishing nature. The grains of the California gold are dead, inorganic[1] masses. How they got into the gravel; between what mountain mill-stones, whirled by elemental[2] storm-winds on the bosom of ocean'ic[3] torrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic[4] hands the coveted grains were sown broadcast in the *placers*, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or reproduction, and that when that crop was put in, Chaos[5] must have broken up the soil.

11. How different the grains of our Atlantic gold, sown by the prudent hand of man, in the kindly alternā'tion of seed-time and harvest; each curiously, mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seeming lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a seminal germ,[6] a living principle! Drop a grain of Californiä gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchänged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessèd gold, into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it sŏftens, it swells, it shoots upward, it is a living thing.

12. It is yĕllōw itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself, more glōrious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west winds whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweet-

[1] **In` or găn' ic**, having no organs; not found with the organs or instruments of life.

[2] **El` e mĕnt' al**, relating to the elements, here meaning earth, air, fire, and water.

[3] **Oceanic**, (o she ăn' ik), pertaining to the ocean.

[4] **Ti tăn' ic**, gigantic. The Titanes or Titans was a name applied by the ancients to the sons of Cœlus and Terra, figurative names for the *heavens* and the *earth*. They were of gigantic size and strength.

[5] **Chaos**, (kā' os), was the name of one of the oldest of the heathen gods. The proper meaning of the term is that confused mass of matter which existed before the creation of the world.

[6] **Sĕm' i nal germ**, the germ or growing principle of the seed.

heart's garmènt; still towers alŏft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable flŏss,[1] displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons[2] like this (an ear of Indian corn), each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers.

13. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. I presume there were two or three such ears on the stock. This would give us one thousand four hundred and forty, perhaps two thousand one hundred and sixty grains as the prŏduce of one. They would yield, next season, if they were all successfully planted, four thousand two hundred, perhaps six thousand three hundred ears. Who does not see that, with this stupendous progression, the prŏduce of one grain in a few years might feed all mankind? And yĕt, with this visible creation annually springing and ripening around us, there are men who doubt, who deny the existence of Gŏd. Gold from the Sacramento River, sir! There is a săc'rament[3] in this ear of corn enough to bring an ātheist[4] to his knees.

II.

125. AGRICULTURE.

ART SECOND.

BUT it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of the Californiă gold, that, though one crop ōnly of gold can be găthered from the same spot, yĕt, once gathered, it lasts to the end of time; while our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and, when consumed, is gŏne forever. But this, Mr. President, would be a most egregious error bōth ways.

2. It is true the Californiă gold will last forever unchanged if its owner chooses; but, while it so lasts it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig-iron,[5] which makes the best of

[1] **Flŏss**, a downy or silky substance.

[2] **Baton**, (bă tŏng'), a staff; a badge of honor.

[3] **Săc'ra ment**, an oath or vow; a holy rite: the Lord's Supper.

[4] **A'the ist**, one who denies or disbelieves the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent Being.

[5] **Pig-iron**, (pĭg' ī'urn), iron in blocks or bars; cast iron.

ballast;[1] whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can nēither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it: it is reälly uselèss till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the mōre plentiful it is, the less its exchangeable value.

3. Far different the case with our Atlantic gold: it does not perish when consumed, but, by a nobler alchemy[2] than that of Paracelsus,[3] is transmuted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool, that which thou sowèst is not quickened *except* it die."

4. The burning pen of inspiration,[4] ranging heaven and earth for a sĭmĭlitūde,[5] to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate ideä of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as "bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain." To-day a sĕnselèss plant, to-mŏrrōw it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes, overtoiling brain.

5. Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery noŭrishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the fivefold mystery of sense;[6] purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought.

6. Heaped up in your grăn'aries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze,

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[1] **Băl' last**, weight put into the hold of vessels, when not loaded, to make them float steadily.

[2] **Al' che my**, chemistry, as practiced in former times; or the proposed, but imaginary art of the changing of base metals into gold, and of finding some universal remedy for all diseases.

[3] **Păr`a cĕl' sŭs**, one of the early alchemists, was born about the year 1493, near Zurich, a city in the northern part of Switzerland. He is considered as the founder of the modern science of medicine. He died in 1541, in his forty-eighth year.

[4] **In`spi rā' tion**, the act of inspiring, breathing in, infusing, and the like; inhalation; a divine influence by which the prophets, apostles, or sacred writers, were prepared to receive and communicate moral or religious truth.

[5] **Sĭ mĭl' i tūde**, likeness; comparison.

[6] **Fivefold mystery of sense**, the five senses, hearing, seeing, smelling, touching, and tasting.

bending in the corn-field under the yĕllōw burden of harvèst, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads[1] of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

7. Yes, sir, to drop the allegory,[2] and speak without a figure, it is this noble agriculture, for the promotion of which this great company is assembled from so many parts of the Union, which feeds the human race, and all the humbler orders of animated nature dependent on man. With the exception of what is yielded by the fisheries and the chase (a limited, though certainly not an insignificant, sŏurce of supply), agriculture is the steward which spreads the daily table of mankind.

8. Twenty-seven millions of human beings, by accurate computation,[3] ăwōke this vĕry morning, in the United States, all requiring their "daily bread," whether they had the grace to pray for it or not, and, under Providence, all looking to the agriculture of the coŭntry for that daily bread, and the food of the domestic animals depending on them; a demand, perhaps, as great as their own.

9. Mr. President, it is the daily duty of you farmers to satisfy this gigantic appetite; to fill the mouths of these hungry millions—of these starving millions, I might say, for if, by any catastrophe,[4] the supply were cut ŏff for a few days, the life of the country—human and brute—would be extinct. How nobly this great duty is performed by the agriculture of the country, I need not say at this bōard, especially as the subject has been discussed by the gentleman who preceded me.

10. The wheat crop of the United States the present year, is variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five millions of bushels; the oat crop at four hundred millions of bushels; the Indian corn, our precious vegetable gold, at one thousand millions of bushels!—a bushel, at least, for every human being on the face of the globe. Of

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[1] **Mȳr′ i ads**, a myriad is the number of ten thousand, but it is sometimes used for any very large number; a very great many.

[2] **Al′ le go ry**, a story in which the apparent meaning is not the real one, but is intended to declare some important truth with greater force and spirit.

[3] **Cŏm‵pu tā′ tion**, calculation; reckoning.

[4] **Catastrophe**, (ka tăs′ tro fe), a final and, usually, unfortunate event; calamity; disaster.

the other cereal,[1] and of the leguminous[2] crops, I have seen no estimate.

11. Even the humble article of hay,—this poor timothy, herds' grass, and red-top, which, not rising to the dignity of the food of man, serves ōnly for the subsistence of the mute partners of his toil,—the hay crop of the United States is probably but little, if any, inferior in value to the whōle crop of cotton, which the glowing imagination of the South sometimes regards as the great bond which binds the civilized nations of the earth togĕther. EDWARD EVERETT.

III.

126. THE HUSKER'S SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hōard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn pōured
From out her lavish horn.

2. Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The ŏrange from its glōssy green,
The cluster from the vine:—

3. We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestōw,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snōw.

4. Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their fŭrrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

5. We dropped the seed ō'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened, from our sprouting grain,
The robber-crows away.

[1] Cē′re al, relating to grain that is good for food.

[2] Le gū′min ous, peas, beans, and other vegetables that grow in pods.

6. All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon,
Its sŏft and yĕllōw hair.

7. And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come;
We pluck away the frŏsted leaves,
And bear the trèasure hōme.

8. There, richer than the fabled gift,
Apollo[1] showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

9. Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their cŏstly bōard;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty pōured!

10. Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

11. Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden cŏrn.

12. Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

13. But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[1] A pŏl′ lo, one of the principal gods of the Greeks and Romans; the presiding deity of archery, prophecy, music, and medicine.

SECTION XXVIII.

I.

27. THE GOLDEN AGE OF NEW YORK.

PART FIRST.

I WILL not grieve the patience of my readers by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam.[1] Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers,[2] like so many pains-taking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors—they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log-hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled[3] roof—from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage-garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous[4] burgomaster.[5] In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

2. The sage council, not being able to determine upon any plan for building of their city—the cows, in a laudable[6] fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

3. The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best foot foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was

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[1] **New Amsterdam**, the name given by the Dutch to New York.

[2] **Burghers**, (bĕrg′ erz), citizens; the inhabitants of a borough, or incorporated town.

[3] **Tiled**, covered with tiles, or plates of baked clay.

[4] **Pŏn′ der ous**, weighty; very heavy.

[5] **Burgomaster**, (bĕrg′ o mȧs′ ter), a magistrate in Holland.

[6] **Laud′ a ble**, worthy of praise.

curiously designated, by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew.

4. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that evèry man could have a wind to his mind; the most stanch[1] and loyal[2] citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

5. In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for clĕanlinèss was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas,[3] or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ŏfttimes worn out, by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

6. The whŏle house was constantly in a state of inundation,[4] under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his own townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; but this I look upon to be a mere spŏrt of fancy, or what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

7. The grand parlor was the place where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistrèss and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to

[1] **Stanch**, (stânch), firm in principle; faithful and earnest; steady.

[2] **Loy′ al**, devoted to the support of law; faithful to the rightful ruler; faithful to a friend or lover.

St. Nĭch′ o las, the patron saint of boys; the Santa Claus of the Dutch. He is said to have been the bishop of Myra, and to have died in the year 326.

[4] **In` un dā′ tion**, an overflow of water.

rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering on their stocking-feet.

8. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhŏm'-boids,[1] with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the windōw-shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

9. As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most genèrally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whōle family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the vĕry cat and dŏg, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner.

10. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking on the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours togĕther; the good woman[2] on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathlèss attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the ŏracle[3] of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak fŏrth for a lŏng winter afternoon a string of incredible stŏries about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

II.

128. THE GOLDEN AGE OF NEW YORK.

PART SECOND.

IN those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers

[1] **Rhŏm'boids**, figures having four equal sides, but not equal angles.

[2] **Woman**, (wŭm'an).

[3] **Oracle**, (ŏr'a kl), a wise person; any person or place whose opinion is consulted with religious reverence.

showed incontestable[1] symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised, by a visit from a neighbor, on such occasions.

2. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or nobility, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went ăwāy about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might gĕt home before dark.

3. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stŏred with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated around the geniăl board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattèst pieces in this mighty dish —in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon[2] in the lakes.

4. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to bōast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in the city, excepting in gĕnūĭne Dutch families.

5. The tea was served out of a majestic delf[3] teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies.[4] The beaux[5] distinguished themselves by their adroitnèss in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea-kĕttle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies[6] of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it.

6. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside

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[1] In` con tĕst′ a ble, that can not be disputed; too clear to admit of debate.

[2] Salmon, (săm′ un).

[3] Dĕlf, earthen; a kind of ware made in imitation of china, at Delft, properly called delft ware.

[4] F'ăn′ ta sy, the same as *fancy*.

[5] Beaux, (bōz), men of dress; a lady's attendants or suitors.

[6] Macaronies, (măk` a rō′ nēz), finical fellows, or those that are affectedly nice or showy; fops; beaux.

each cup, and the company alternately[1] nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

7. At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting[2]—no gambling of old ladies nor hoiden[3] chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all.

8. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely[4] in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, Yes, sir, or Yes, madam, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire-places were decorated.

9. The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them at the door. WASHINGTON IRVING.

III.

129. THE BURDENS OF MANKIND.

PART FIRST.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates,[5] that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now

[1] **Al tern' ate ly**, in succession, or by turns.

[2] **Coquetting**, (ko kĕt' ting,) attempting to attract the notice, admiration, or love of; trifling in love.

[3] **Hoiden**, (hâl' dn), rude; rustic.

[4] **De mūre' ly**, solemnly; with downcast eyes.

[5] **Sŏc' ra tes**, an illustrious Greek philosopher, and teacher of youth, born at Athens, B. C. 468, and unjustly executed for impiety in 398.

think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a diversion. Hŏrace[1] has carried this thought a great deal further: he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

2. As I was ruminating[2] on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them togĕther in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of plĕasure, the whōle human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

3. There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was vĕry active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical[3] shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind.

4. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having vĕry officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fĕllōw-crēatures grōaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

5. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel[4] very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

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[1] **Hŏr′ace**, a noted Roman poet, born on the 8th of December, B. C. 65; died on the 19th of November, B. C., 8, at the age of fifty-seven.

[2] **Ruminating**, (rō′mi nāt ing), musing on, or meditating over and over.

[3] **Chi mĕr′ ic al**, fanciful; imaginary; having, or capable of having, no existence save in thought.

[4] **Far′ del**, bundle; a little pack.

6. There were numbers of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was vĕry odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched ăwāy as heavy laden as they came.

7. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones, who stripped themselves of a tawny[1] skin. There were vĕry great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries.

8. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many mōre imaginary than reăl. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication[2] of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen.[3] But what mōst of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whōle heap; at which I was vĕry much astonished, having concluded within myself, that evĕry one would take this opportunity of gĕtting rĭd of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

9. I took notice in particular of a vĕry profligate fellōw, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthlèss rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

10. When the whōle race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden

[1] **Taw′ny**, of a dull yellowish-brown color, like things tanned, or persons sunburnt.

[2] **Com`pli cā′tion**, entanglement; a number woven or tangled together.

[3] **Splēen**, melancholy; a disease called "hypochondria," and familiarly, "*blue devils*."

she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortnèss of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation.[1] The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me, like a mask.

11. It happened, vĕry luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too lŏng for him. It was, indeed, extended to a shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whōle face. We had, bōth of us, an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, evèry man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there ărōse many new incidents in the sequel[2] of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

IV.

130. THE BURDENS OF MANKIND.

PART SECOND.

IN my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whōle species thus delivered from its sŏrrōws; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

2. As we were regarding vĕry attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whōle heap with

[1] **Ag`gra vā'tion**, a making worse; an enlarged representation or heightened description of any thing wrong, hateful, improper, or unnatural.

[2] **Sē' quel**, that which follows; a succeeding part.

incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hŭrry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public.

3. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrōwn into the heap by an angry father. The gracelèss youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the bēard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, ēither of them, to recede from the choice they had made.

4. A poor galley[1]-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout[2] in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickněss against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

5. The female world were vĕry busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking[3] a lot of gray hairs for a carbuncle;[4] and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lŏst reputation; but, on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much mōre disagreeable than the old one.

6. I made the same observation on evèry other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieū of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are, in some mĕasure, suited and propōrtioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

7. I could not, for my heart, forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman, mentioned in the former paper, who went off a vĕry well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the

[1] Găl′ley, a low, flat-built vessel. A galley-slave is one condemned, for crimes, to labor at the oar on board a galley.

[2] Gout, a very painful, constitutional disease of the joints.

[3] Trŭck′ing, exchanging; bartering.

[4] Carbuncle, (kär′bŭngk l), an inflammatory swelling or tumor.

fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whōle assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

8. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the lōng visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my fŏrehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

9. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick, bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made so awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasing kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

10. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whōle plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, grōans and lămentātions. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to gi evèry one his own again. They discharged themselves with a eat deal of plĕasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such grōss delusions, was commanded to disappear.

11. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She evèry now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was

Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sŏrrōws, but, what I thought vĕry remarkable, the whŏle heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the mōst commodious manner, he marched ŏff with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

12. Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happinèss of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sŏrrōws of my fellow-creatures with sĕntiments of humanity and compassion. JOSEPH ADDISON.

V.

131. EXERCISE OF THE FAN.

WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swōrds, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistrèssès of the wĕapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practiced at cōurt.

2. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:—Handle your fans, unfurl your fans, discharge your fans, ground your fans, recover your fans, flutter your fans.

3. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine. But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts.

4. When my female rĕgiment is drawn up in array, with evèry one her wĕapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to

handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in rĕadinèss to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a closed fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

5. The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, while every one in the rĕgiment holds a picture in her hand.

6. Upon my giving the word to discharge their fans, they give one gĕnèral crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise, but I have several ladies with me, who, at their first entrance, could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a repōrt like a pocket-pistol.

7. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrŏng places, or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

8. When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in cōurse, is to ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it ăsīde in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it ōnly consists in tŏssing a fan with an air upon a lŏng table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

9. When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden, (like ladies that look upon their watches after a lŏng visit), they

all of them hasten to their arms, cătch them up in a hŭrry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

10. The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whōle exercise; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I gĕnèrally lay aside the dog-days[1] and the hot time of the summer for the teaching of this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs[2] and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dāngerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

11. There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the mĕrry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious,[3] there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I ōnly see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know vĕry well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes.

12. I have seen a fan so vĕry angry, that it would have been dāngerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is ēither a prude[4] or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

VI.

132. ANON.

OF Anon but little is known, though his works are excessively numerous. He has dabbled in evèry thing. Prose and poĕtry are ălīke familiar to his pen. One mōment he will

[1] **Dŏg-dāys**, the days when Sirius or the dog-star, rises and sets with the sun. The dog-days commence the latter part of July, and end the beginning of September.

[2] **Zephyr**, (zĕf′ ẽr), any soft, mild, gentle breeze; a light wind, and particularly the west wind.

[3] **Tē′ dĭ ŏŭs**, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.

[4] **Prude**, (prōd), a woman of affected or over sensitive modesty.

be up the highèst flights of phĭlŏsophy, and the next he will be down in some kitchen-garden of literature, culling an enormous gooseberry, to present it to the columns of some provincial newspaper. His contributions are scattered wherever the English language is read. Open any volume of miscellanies[1] at any place you will, and you are sure to fall upon some choice little bit sighed by "Anon."

2. What a mind his must have been! It took in every thing, like a pawnbroker's shop. Nothing was too trifling for its grasp. Now he was hanging on to the trunk of an elephant, and explaining to you how it was mŏre elastic than a pair of india-rubber braces; and next he would be constructing a suspension bridge with a series of monkeys' tails, tying them together as they do pocket-handkerchiefs in the gallery of a theater, when they want to fish up a bŏnnet that has fallen into the pit.

3. Anon is one of our greatèst authors. If all the things which are signed with Anon's name were collected on rows of shelves, he would require a British Muse'um all to himself. And yĕt of this great man so little is known that we are not even acquainted with his Christian name.

4. There is no certificate of baptism, no moldy tombstone, no musty washing-bill in the world on which we can hook the smallèst line of speculation, whether it was John, or James, or Joshua, or Tom, or Dick, or Billy Anon. Shame that a man should write so much, and yĕt be known so little. Oblivion uses its snuffers sometimes very unjustly.

5. On second thoughts, perhaps it is as well that the works of Anon were not collected together. His reputation for consistency[2] would not probably be increased by the collection. *It* would be found that frequently he had contradicted himself—that in many instances when he had been warmly upholding *the* Christian white of a question, he had afterward turned round, and maintained with equal warmth the Pagan[3] black of it. *He* might ŏften be discovered on bŏth sides of a truth, jumping boldly from the right side over to the wrŏng, and flinging big stones at any one who dared to assail him in ēither position.

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[1] Mĭs' cel la nў, a collection of compositions, or writings, on various subjects.

[2] Con sĭst' en cў, harmony or agreement of the same thing with itself at different times.

[3] Pā' gan, after the manner of those who worship false gods.

6. Such double-sidedness would not be pretty, and yet we should be lēnient[1] to such inconsistencies. With one who had written so many thousand volumes, who had twirled his thoughts as with a mop on every possible subject, how was it possible to expect any thing like consistency? How was it likely that he could recollect every little atom out of the innumerable[2] atoms his pen had heaped up?

7. Anon ought to have been rich, but he lived in an age when piracy[3] was the fashion, and when booksellers walked about, as it were, like Indian chiefs, with the skulls of the authors they had slain hung round their necks. No wonder, therefore, that we know nothing of the wealth of Anon. Doubtless he died in a garret, like many other kindred spirits, Death being the only score out of the many knocking at his door that he could pay.

8. But to his immortal credit, let it be said, he has filled more libraries than the most generous pātrons of literature. The volumes that formed the fuel of the barbarians' bonfire at Alexandria[4] would be but a small book-stall by the side of the folios,[5] quartos,[6] octavos,[7] and duodecimos,[8] he has pyramidized[9] on our book shelves. Look through any catalogue you will, and you will find that a large proportion of the works in it have been contributed by Anon. The only author who can in the least compete with him in fecundity[10] is Ibid.

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[1] **Lē′ ni ent**, mild; gentle; forgiving.

[2] **In nū′ mer a ble**, that can not be numbered.

[3] **Pī′ ra cy**, robbery on the high seas; robbing another of his writings.

[4] **Al` ex ăn′ dri a**, founded by Alexander the Great, in the year 332 B. C., a celebrated city and seaport of Egypt. Its library surpassed all others of which the ancients could boast, numbering seven hundred thousand volumes, a part of which was destroyed by fire during the war with Julius Cæsar; and the remainder by Caliph Omar, in the year 640.

[5] **Fō′ li o**, a book made of sheets of paper each folded once.

[6] **Quarto**, (kwâr′ to), a printed book next in size to a folio; so called because originally there were four leaves to each sheet.

[7] **Oc tā′ vo**, a book of a size next below a quarto, much taller than it is broad; so called because originally it had eight leaves to a sheet.

[8] **Dū` o dĕc′ i mo**, a book shaped like an octavo, and next smaller in size. Originally it had twelve leaves to a sheet, and hence the name.

[9] **Pȳr′ a mid ized**, piled up in the form of a pyramid—a solid body, terminating in a point at the top, whose base is made up of straight lines, and whose sides are triangles.

[10] **Fe cŭn′ di ty**, fruitfulness.

VII.

133. CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

PART FIRST.

YOU must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion,[1] and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility to shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university,[2] the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

2. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial[3] welcome.

3. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet[4] with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium[5] of my body, and

[1] **Complexion**, (kom plĕk′ shun), the hue or color of the face or skin, particularly of the face.

[2] **U ni ver′ si ty**, a school in which are taught all branches of learning.

[3] **Cor′ di al**, hearty; warm; sincere.

[4] **Băr′ on et**, a title of honor between knight and baron.

[5] **E qui lĭb′ ri um**, equality of weight or force; a just poise or balance in respect to an object, so that it remains firm

the due adjustment of the center of gravity[1] to the five positions.[2]

4. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the bǎronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory,[3] when unsupported by habitual practice!

5. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lĕst I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this īdē'a, I blushed the deepèst crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned up all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nō'menclator[4] of the family.

6. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The bǎronet's politenèss, by degrees, dissipated[5] my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress[6] his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

7. The cheerfulnèss of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness,[7] till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics,[8] in which the bǎronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

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[1] **Center of gravity**, the point around which all parts balance.

[2] **Positions**, (po zish' unz), the modes of standing directed by the dancing-master, which are five in number.

[3] **Thē'o ry**, plan, general principles; foundation of an opinion.

[4] **Nō'men clā'tor**, one who announces names.

[5] **Dis'si pā'ted**, scattered; removed.

[6] **Sup prĕss'**, check; stifle; conceal.

[7] **Shēep' ish ness**, bashfulness.

[8] **Clăs' sics**, authors or works of the first rank, commonly referring to Greek and Latin.

8. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon [1] in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book; which made me mōre eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it fōrcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood [2] inkstand on the table under it.

9. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its prōg'ress with my cāmbric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I, with *joy*, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

VIII.

184. CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

PART SECOND.

IN walking through the hall, and suite (swēt) of apartments, to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.

2. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whōle scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk dress was not stout enough

[1] **Xenophon**, (zĕn' o fon), a celebrated Greek historian and general; writings of Xenophon.

[2] **Wĕdg' wood**, a kind of pottery, which takes its name from the inventor, Mr. Wedgwood.

to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation,[1] and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling caldron ;[2] but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amid the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

3. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first cōurse,[3] or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me ; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar : răther let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

4. I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony ; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate.

5. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water ; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire ; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with ēagernèss ; but, oh ! how shall I tell the sequel ?

6. Whether the butler[4] by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strŏngèst brandy; with which I filled my mouth, already flayed[5] and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow ; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas rĕp′rimand[6] the servants, and Lady

[1] **Fo`men tā′tion**, a bathing with warm fluids.

[2] **Caldron**, (kâl′ drun), a large kettle or boiler

[3] **Cōurse**, the dishes set on the table at one time.

[4] **Bŭt′ler**, an officer or servant in a household, whose principal business is to take charge of the liquors, plate, etc.

[5] **Flāyed**, skinned ; having the skin taken off.

[6] **Rĕp′ri mănd**, to censure ; blame severely

Friendly chide her daughters; for the măasure of my shame and their diversion was not yĕt complete.

7. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The bărонet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant[1] sense of guilt could not have excited. ANON.

SECTION XXIX.

I.

185. LINES TO A CHILD ON HIS VOYAGE TO FRANCE.

LO! how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tŏsses, eager to be free.
Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours mōre,
And she will move in stately grandeur on,
Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.
O, 'tis a thought sublime, that man can fōrce
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trăcklèss, and compel the winds,
Those freëst agents of Almighty power,
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes.

2. Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 'twere a common thing—thy soul unawed,
Thy childish spōrts unchecked: while thinking *man*

[1] Poignant, (pâin′ ant), sharp; stinging; severe; actually painful.

Shrinks back into himself—himself so mean
'Mid things so vast,—and, rapt in deepèst awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
The ungovernable winds. 'Tis not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from hori'zon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'er-arching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintnèss there.

3. 'Tis wonderful!—and yĕt, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomlèss,
As wide, as terrible, and yĕt sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glōry and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go fōrth,
And hope sits weeping ō'er a general wreck.

4. And thou must sail upon this sea, a lŏng,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. O! then, be early wise!
Learn from the mărinер his skillful art
To ride upon the waves, and cătch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
'Mid countlèss dangers, to the destined pōrt
Unerringly secure. O! learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in Heaven.

5. Farewell—Heaven smile propitious on thy cōurse,
And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
Of love paternal. Yĕs, and mōre than this—
Blest be thy passage ō'er the chānging sea
Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
To meet in peace thine other Father,—God.

HENRY WARE, JR.

II.

186. FEELINGS EXCITED BY A LONG VOYAGE.

PART FIRST.

TO an Amĕrican visiting Europe, the lŏng voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the momènt you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy[1] until you step on the opposite shōre, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

2. I have sayed that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries,[2] a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes.

3. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing,[3] or climb to the main-top[4] on a calm day, and muse for hours togĕther on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horī′zon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creätion of my own, or to watch the gentle undulating billōws rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shōres.

4. There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a specter through the blue waters.

5. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world benēath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomlèss valleys; of shapelèss monsters that lurk among the vĕry foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms[5] that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

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[1] **Vā′ can cy**, emptiness; freedom from employment; idleness.

[2] **Rĕv′ e ry**, an irregular train of thoughts, occuring in musing.

[3] **Quar′ ter-rāil′ ing**, the railing on the sides of a ship, extending from the main-mast to the stern.

[4] **Māin′-top**, top of the main-mast.

[5] **Phantasm**, (făn′tazm), that which appears to the mind; an image formed by the mind, and supposed to be real; a dream.

6. Sometimes a distant sail gliding alŏng the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How in′teresting this fragmènt of a world[1] hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glōrious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an in′terchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile[2] regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered pōrtions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

7. We one day descried some shapelèss object drifting at a distance. At sea, evèry thing that breaks the monotony[3] of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed ŏff by the waves.

8. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides.

9. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has lŏng been over;—they have gŏne down amid the rōar of the tempèst;—their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the stōry of their end.

10. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers ŏffered up in the deserted fireside of home! How ŏften has the mistrèss, the wife, and the mother, pōred over the daily news, to cătch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her pōrt, "and was never heard of mōre."

11. The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when

[1] **World**, (wĕrld).
[2] **Stĕr′ile**, barren; unfruitful.
[3] **Mo nŏt′ o ny**, a tiresome sameness, or want of variety.

the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

III.

137. FEELINGS EXCITED BY A LONG VOYAGE.

PART SECOND.

"AS I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of New'foundland', one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship.

2. "I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of '*a sail ahead!*' but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her.

3. "She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amid-ships.[1] The force, the size, and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves: we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

4. "As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry!

5. "It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns,

[1] A mid'-ships, in the middle of a ship between stem and stern.

and listened if we might hear the halloo′ of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw anything of them more!"

6. It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the masthead. I question whether Columbus,[1] when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming[2] with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

7. From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest.

8. As we sailed up the Mersey[3] I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the moldering ruins of an abbey[4] overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill—all were characteristic of England. The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once at the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives.

9. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to rec′ognize each other.

10. But I particularly noted one young woman[5] of humble dress, but in′teresting demeanor. She was leaning forward from

[1] **Chris′ to pher Co lŭm′ bus**, the discoverer of America, born in Gĕn′oä, Italy, about 1435, and died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506.

[2] **Tēem′ ing**, bringing forth in abundance; overflowing.

[3] **Mer sey**, (mẽr′ zĭ), the river on which Liverpool is situated.

[4] **Ab′ bey**, a society of persons of either sex, shut out from the world, and bound to remain single and devote their time to religion; the *building* used for such a society.

[5] **Woman**, (wŭm′ an).

among the crowd; her eye hŭrried over the ship as it neared the shōre, to cătch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck, in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died.

11. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not rec'ognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whōle volume of sŏrrōw; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

12. All now was hŭrry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of busineśs. I ălōne was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a strānger in the land.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

IV.

138. THE TRAVELER.

WITHDRAW yŏn curtain, look within that room,
Where all is splendor, yĕt where all is gloom:
Why weeps that mother? why, in pensive mood,
Group noiseleśs round, that little, lovely brood?
The battle-door is still, laid by each book,
And the harp slumbers in its customed nook.

2. Who hath done this? what cold, unpitying foe
Hath made this house the dwelling-place of woe!
'Tis he, the husband, father, lōst in care,
O'er that sweet fĕllōw in his cradle there:
The gallant bark that rides by yŏnder strand
Bears him to-mŏrrōw from his native land.

3. Why turns he, half unwilling, from his hōme,
To tempt the ocean, and thē earth to rōam?

Wealth he can bōast a miser's sigh would hush,
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush;
Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—
So honored and so blessed, what bids him go?—

4. His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead;
Where rise the monuments of ăncient time,
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime;
The Pagan's temple and the Churchman's tower,
War's bloodiëst plain and Wisdom's greenèst bower;
All that his wonder woke in school-boy themes,
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams.

5. Where Socrates once taught he thirsts to stray,
Where Homer[1] pōured his everlasting lay;
From Virgil's[2] tomb he lōngs to pluck one flower;
By A'von's[3] stream to live one moonlight hour;
To pause where England "garners up" her great,
And drop a pātriot's tear to Milton's fate;
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old;
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
And read, wherever spread, the book of Man:
For these he goes, self-banished from his hearth,
And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

6. Yĕt say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
When, grouping round the future winter fire,
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
And lose his absence in his glad return?—
Return?—alas! he shall return no mōre,
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shōre.

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[1] **Hō'mer**, the most distinguished of poets, called the "Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birthplace, and the period in which he lived, are not known.

[2] **Virgil**, (vĕr' jil), the most distinguished of the Roman poets, was born at Andes, a small village of Mantua, on the 15th of October, B. C. 70. He died on the 22d of September, B. C. 19, before completing his fifty-first year. His body lies buried at the distance of two miles from the city of Naples.

[3] **Avon**, (ā' von), a river in England, on the bank of which Shakspeare was born.

7. Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, then turn away to weep;
Kind woman's place rough măriners supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.

8. Wrapped in the raiment that it lōng must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear;
Even there the spirit that I sing is true,
The crew look on with sad, but curious view;
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays,
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;
How eloquent, how awful, in its power,
The silent lecture of death's sabbath hour!

9. One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one lōng, cōld embrace;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle ō'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no mōre;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

V.

139. THE BELL OF THE ATLANTIC.[1]

1.

TOLL, tōll, tōll, thou bell by bĭllōws swung;
And, night and day, thy warning words repeat with mōurnful tongue!
Toll for the queenly boat, wrecked on yŏn rocky shōre!
Sea-weed is in her palace halls; she rides the surge[2] no mōre.

[1] **The steamboat Atlantic**, plying between Norwich, in Connecticut, and New York, was wrecked on an island near New London. Many of the passengers were on their way to join in the celebration of the annual Thanksgiving in New England. The bell of this boat, supported by a portion of the wreck, continued for many days and nights to toll as if in mournful requiem of the lost.

[2] **Surge**, (sûrj).

2.

Tōll for the master bold, the high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life amid the crestèd wave!
Toll for the hardy crew, sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant ocean dared; but it vanquished them at last.

3.

Tōll for the man of Gŏd, whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan of that intense despair!
How precious were those tones on that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm, and the mountain billōws' strife!

4.

Tōll for the lover lŏst to the summoned bridal train!
Bright glows a picture on his breast, benēath th' unfathomed main.
One from her casemènt gazèth lŏng ō'er the misty sea:
He comèth not, pale maiden—his heart is cold to thee.

5.

Tōll for the absent sire, who to his home drew near,
To bless a glad expecting group—fond wife and children dear!
They heap the blazing hearth; the festal board is spread;
But a fearful guest is at the gate: room for the pallid dead!

6.

Tōll for the loved and fair, the whelmed beneath the tide—
The broken harps around whose strings the dull sea-monsters glide!
Mother and nursling sweet, reft from their household thrŏng;
There's bitter weeping in the nest where breathed their soul of sŏng.

7

Tōll for the hearts that bleed 'neath misery's fŭrrowing trace!
Toll for the haplèss orphan left, the last of all his race!
Yeā, with thy heaviëst knell, from surge to rocky shōre,
Toll for the living,—not the dead, whose mortal woes are ō'er!

8.

Tōll, tōll, tōll, ō'er breeze and billōw free,
And with thy startling lōre instruct each rover of the sea:
Tell how o'er proudèst joys may swift destruction sweep,
And bid him build his hopes on high—lōne teacher of the deep.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

VI.

140. THE WRECK OF THE ARCTIC.

IT was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its trĕasures of dead art, and its glōry of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, from the capitals of vārious nations; all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial[1] fury, and then we will embark; we will slide acrŏss the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our lŏnged-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

2. And so the thrŏng streamed ălŏng from Ber'lin, from Paris, from the Orient,[2] converging upon London, still hastening tōward the welcome ship, and nărrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded ăbōard. Never had the Arctic bōrne such a hōst of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so mâny of us.

3. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich.[3] It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the cŭrrent; the năational colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure ălŏng the shōre, and the Arctic glides joyfully fōrth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run.

4. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He nēither revealed his presence nor whispered his ĕrrand. And so hope was effulgent,[4] and lĭthe[5] gayety dispōrted itself, and joy was with every guest.

5. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—hōme is not far ăwāy. And

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[1] E'quĭ nŏc'tial, pertaining to the equinoxes, or the time when the day and night are of equal length. This occurs on the 21st of March and the 23d of September.

[2] O'ri ent, place of the rising sun; the East; hence, the countries of Asia; the early seat of learning.

[3] Greenwich, (grĭn'ĭj).

[4] Ef fŭl'gent, shining with a flood of light; bright.

[5] Lĭthe, pliant; easily bent.

every morning it was still one night nearer home, and at evening one day nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of New'foundland. Boldly they made it, and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers.

6. At noon there came noiselèssly stealing from the north that fatèd instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, bŏth steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and rōaring wheels, but invisible. At a league's distance, unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned; within hail, and bearing right tōward each other, unseen, unfelt, till in a momènt mōre, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic.

7. The death-blow was scarcely felt ălōng the mighty hull. She nēither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor ŏfficers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prŏmpt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his bōat with the first officer, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm.

8. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh that some good ăngel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "except these ăbide in the ship ye can not be saved." They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters, gaining upon the hold and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow.

9. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreăncy[1] of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate ŏfficer lŏst all presence of mind, then coŭrage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the bōats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of SINKING!

10. Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is bŏrne

[1] Rĕc′ re an cy, a mean-spirited yielding; unfaithfulness.

from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SECTION XXX.

I.

141. NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

NOT many generations[1] ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes[2] civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here, the wigwam[3] blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy[4] lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew

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[1] **Gĕn`er ā′tion**, the mass of people living at the same time; the common length of time at which one class of persons follows another, or father is succeeded by child; an age.

[2] **Em bĕl′lish es**, adorns; makes beautiful by ornaments; decorates.

[3] **Wĭg′wam**, an Indian hut, or cabin.

[4] **Sedgy**, (sĕj′ĭ), overgrown with a narrow flag or coarse grass, called sedge.

not the Gŏd of Revelation, but the God of the universe[1] he acknowledged in ĕvèry thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day thrōne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lŏfty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fēarlèss eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own mătchlèss form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious sōurce he bent in humble, though blind adoration.[2]

5. And all this has passed ăwāy. Acrōss the ocean came a pilgrim[3] bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continènt, and blotted forever from its face, a whōle, peculiar people. Art has usurped[4] the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors.[5] The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad,[6] the hero of the pathetic tale, is gŏne! and his degraded ŏffspring crawls upon the soil, where *he* walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their ărrōws are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has lŏng since gŏne out of the shōre, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the rōar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

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[1] **U′ ni verse,** all created things as a whole; the world.

[2] **Ad` o rā′ tion,** the act of paying honors to a Divine being; worship paid to God.

[3] **Pĭl′ grim,** one who slowly and heavily treads his way; a traveler who has a religious object. *Pilgrim bark,* a vessel bearing pilgrims.

[4] **Usurped,** (yu zĕrpt′), taken and retained that which does not belong to us, or it.

[5] **Pro gĕn′ i tor,** an ancestor in the direct line; a forefather.

[6] **Băl′ lad,** a popular sŏng in simple, homely verses.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder[1] on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belŏnged. They will live only in the sŏngs and chronicles[2] of their exterminators.[3] Let these be faithful to their rude virtues, as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate, as a people.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

II.

142. THE DREAM.

I HAD a dream—a strānge, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light;
And even yĕt its shadōws seem
To linger in my waking sight.

2. Earth green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood;
And airs just wakened, sŏftly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

3. Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
Bees hummed amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they played
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

4. Fast climbed the sun! the flowers were flown,
There played no children in the glen;
For some were gŏne, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bēarded men.

5. 'Twas noon, 'twas summer; I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
A mighty stream with creek and bay.

6. And here was love, and there was strife,
And mirthful shouts, and wrathful cries,
And strŏng men, struggling as for life,
With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

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[1] **Pŏn′der**, to weigh in the mind; to examine or dwell upon with long and careful attention.

[2] **Chronicle**, (krŏn′ĭ kl), a historical account of facts or events arranged in the order of time; a history; a record.

[3] **Ex ter′mi nā`tor**, one who, or that which roots out, or destroys completely; destroyer.

7. Now stooped the sun—the shades grew thin;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves;
And sunburnt groups were gathering in
From the shorn field its fruits and sheaves.

8. The river heaved with sullen sounds;
The chilly wind was sad with moans;
Black hearses passed, and burial-grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.

9. Still waned the day; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds blew chillier yet;
The woods were stripped, the fields were waste,
The wintry sun was near its set.

10. And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Lingered and shivered to the air
Of that bleak shore and water bleak.

11. Ah! age is drear, and death is cold!
I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee withered, bowed, and old,
And woke, all faint with sudden fear.

12. 'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
And bade her clear her clouded brow;
"For thou and I, since childhood's day,
Have walked in such a dream till now.

13. "Watch we in calmness, as they rise,
The changes of that rapid dream,
And note its lessons, till our eyes
Shall open in the morning beam."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

III.

143. THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

THERE was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him.

2. He went often to visit the spot where the women had

buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had bōth lōst their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and ărrōws.

3. He had heard the old people say, that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follōw it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no chānge in the face of the country. Fōrests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wōre in his native place.

4. There wās snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The fōrest assumed a mōre cheerful appearance, the leaves put fōrth their buds, and before he was aware of the completenèss of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring.

5. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the sōngs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a lōng and elevated ridge, on the vĕry top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

6. The young Chippewayan began to tell his stōry; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inqui'ries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, they bōth issued fōrth to the lodge door.

7. "You see yŏnder gulf," said he, "and the wide-stretching blue plains beyŏnd. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you can not take your body alŏng. Leave it here with your bow and ărrōws, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he reëntered the lodge, and the freed traveler bounded forward as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings.

8. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded acrŏss his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and spōrted in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadōws of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows.

9. When he had traveled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shōre. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the agèd man had told him this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side.

10. They at once pushed out from shōre and began to crŏss the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallōw them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up.

11. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it, was the *clearnèss of the water*, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however,

decreed to let them pass, for the actions of nēither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks, were there: some passed and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves.

12. At length every difficulty was gŏne, as in a momènt, and they bōth lēaped out on the happy island. They felt that the vĕry air was food. It strengthened and noŭrished them. They wandered togĕther over the blissful fields, where every thing was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes: no one suffered for hunger—no one mōurned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air *itself* was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obligèd to go back for his body. He *did not* see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a sŏft breeze.

13. "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yĕt come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him and you shall afterward rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrā'tor awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

IV.

144. WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-LAND?

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where hath the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze, hath flown?
And the stars answered me—"We rōll
In light and power on high;

But of the never-dying sōul,
Ask things that can not die!"

2. O many-tōned and chainlèss wīnd,
Thou art a wanderer free,
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmured in reply—
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billōws high,
But not what thou hast lŏst."

3. Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathlèss in thy heart
For that which can not die!"

4. Speak, then, thou voice of Gŏd within!
Thou of the deep, lōw tōne,
Answer me! through life's restlèss din,
Where hath the spirit flown?
And the voice answered—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfill—
Thine is to trust in Heaven!" FELICIA HEMANS.

SECTION XXXI.

I.

145. FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN.

PART FIRST.

[King John instigates Hubert to assassinate Arthur Plantagenet, nephew of the king, and rightful heir of the crown of England, usurped by John.]

Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

KING JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary[1] oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishèd.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. J. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yĕt ;
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yĕt it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But, let it go :
The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
Attended with the plĕasures of the world,
Is all too wanton,[2] and too full of gauds,[3]
To give me audience :[4]—
If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrŏngs ;
Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,—
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle mĕrrimènt
(A passion hateful to my purposes) ;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit[5] ălōne,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pōur my thoughts :—
But ah, I will not :—yĕt I love thee well ;
And, by my trŏth,[6] I think thou lov'st me well.

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[1] **Vŏl' un ta ry**, willing.

[2] **Wanton**, (wŏn' tun), sportive ; frolicsome.

[3] **Gauds**, (gâdz), showy things to attract attention ; ornaments.

[4] **Aud' i ence**, a hearing.

[5] **Con cēit'**, an image in the mind ; power of seeing and understanding quickly and easily ; fancy.

[6] **Trŏth**, truth ; belief ; faith.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct[1] to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. J. Do not I know thou wouldst?—
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yŏn young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a vĕry serpent in my way:
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me:—Dost thou understand me?—
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. J. Death!
Hub. My lord?
K. J. A grave!
Hub. He shall not live.
K. J. Enough.
I could be merry, now:—Hubert, I love thee—
Well. I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember:——

II.

146. FROM THE TRAGEDY[2] OF KING JOHN.

PART SECOND.

[Interview of Hubert with Arthur, in which Hubert purposes to fulfill the murderous commission described in the preceding exercise, on which he was sent by King John.]

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants.

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras:[3] when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1*st Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

---

[1] Ad'junct, joined to or united with.

[2] Trăg'e dy, a poem prepared for the stage, representing some action having a fatal and mournful end; any event in which human lives are lost by human violence.

[3] Ar'ras, tapestry; hangings woven with figures, made first at Arras, the capital of Artois, in the French Netherlands.

Hub. Uncléanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.
[Attendants *retire.*
Young lad, come fórth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Good-mórrów, Hubert.
Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be móre prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been mérrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yét I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonnèss. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be mérry as the day is lóng;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum![1] [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous[2] torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out bóth mine eyes?

[1] **Rheum**, (rōm), tears. [2] **Dis pīt'e ous**, malicious; furious

Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had—a princèss wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time:
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron, of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Reënter Attendants, *with cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angerly;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torments you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
1*st. Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[Attendants *retire.*
Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem hŏrrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? Go to; hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; oh, spare mine eyes:
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my trŏth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy,
Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,—
Being create[1] for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;

[1] **Cre āte'**, poetical license for *created.*

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And like a dŏg that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre[1] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrŏng
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,—
Creatures[2] of note, for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the trĕasure that thine uncle owes;
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same vĕry iron to burn them out.
Art. Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no mōre. Ádieu!—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dŏggèd[3] spies with false repōrts.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtlèss, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence: no mōre. Go closely in with me:
Much dānger do I undergo for thee.

III.

147. FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN.

PART THIRD.

[Prince Arthur is supposed to have been assassinated.]

Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

HUBERT. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

---

[1] **Tarre,** (tăr), to excite; to set on.

[2] **Crēat′ ure,** (krèt′ yer), any thing created; hence Shakspeare here calls fire and iron *creatures.*

[3] **Dŏg′ ged,** surly; obstinate; sullen; sour; severe.

K. J. Five moons?

Hub. . . Old men, and beldams,[1] in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and ranked in Kent:
Another lean, unwashed artif'icer[2]
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. J. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! Why, did not you provoke me?

K. J. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. J. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,

---

[1] Bĕl' dăm, grandmother; an old or scolding woman; a hag.

[2] Ar tĭf' i cer, an artist; a mechanic; one who makes or contrives.

Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhŏrred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in dānger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. J. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in ex'press words:
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break ŏff,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yeā, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which bŏth our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me mōre!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of fŏreign powers:
Nāy, in the body of this fleshly land,[1]
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hŏstility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies;
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yĕt
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slandered nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

[1] "Fleshly land," "kingdom," "confine of blood and breath"—these expressions mean his own body, or person.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensèd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy features; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IV.

148. THE HISTORY OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

PART FIRST.

AT two-and-thirty years of age, in the year 1200, John became king of England. His pretty little nephew, Arthur, had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the trĕasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

2. The French king, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherlèss boy: it merely sūited his ambitious schemes to oppose the king of England.

3. So John and the French king went to war about Arthur. He was a handsome boy, at that time ōnly twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament;[1] and, besides the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband.

[1] **Tournament**, (tŏr′ na mĕnt), a mock fight by a number of men on horseback, practiced as a sport in the middle ages.

4. She took Arthur, upon John's accession,[1] to the French king, who pretended to be very much his friend, and made him a knight,[2] and promised him his daughter in marriage; but who cared so little about him in reality, that, finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little prince, and heartlessly sacrificed[3] all his interests.

5. Young Arthur, for two years afterwards, lived quietly; and in the course of that time his mother died But the French king, then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretense,[4] and invited the orphan boy to court.

6. "You know your rights, prince," said the French king, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king!"

7. "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen, who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping king of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy."[5]

8. Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau[6] because his grandmother Eleanor, was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king, your uncle, to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty; but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower.

9. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with his army. So here was a strange family party! The boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him.

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[1] **Accession**, (ak sĕsh′ un), coming to the throne; becoming king.

[2] **Knight**, a military dignity; an officer of rank in old times.

[3] **Sacrificed**, (săk′ ri fīzd), destroyed, or gave up for something else.

[4] **Pre tĕnse′**, a show of what is not real; a holding out of something feigned or false; that which is pretended; excuse.

[5] **Nor′man dy**, an ancient province of France, bounded north and west by the English Channel.

[6] **Mirebeau**, (Mē`re bō′), a town of France, department of Vienne, 16 miles N. N. W. of Poitiers (pwȧ`te ā′).

V.

149. THE HISTORY OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

PART SECOND.

THIS position of affairs did not last lŏng. One summer night, King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's fŏrce, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself, in his bed.

2. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts, drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.[1]

3. One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mōurnfully thinking it strānge that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small windōw in the deep, dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was sŏftly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadōw of the archway, looking very grim.

4. "Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes mōre on the stone flōor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentlenèss, the friendship, and the truthfulnèss of your loving uncle?" "I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restōre to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question."

5. The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy clōse prisoner," said he to the warden of the castle. Then the king took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles, how the prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him hanged." Others, "Have him poisoned."

6. King John, feeling that in any case, whatever was done afterward, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out, that had looked at him so proudly, while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons.

7. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourg, the warden

[1] Falaise, (fȧ lāz'), a town of France. The castle occupies a commanding ...n, and before the invention of gunpowder was a place of great strength.

of the castle, who had a love for him, and was a merciful, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor, he prevented the torture from being performed; and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

8. The chaffed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next; and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain.

9. But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellōw. "To dispatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

10. King John, vĕry well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he evasively sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, dispatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen.[1] Arthur was soon fōrced from the kind Hubert,—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then,—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison: where, through his grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rippling against the stone wall below.

11. One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming, perhaps, of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hŭrriedly dressed himself, and obeyed.

12. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur, in the darknèss, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary bōat; and in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

13. He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Dĕaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him, and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower-door was closed, the bōat was gŏne, the river sparkled on its way, and never mōre was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes. CHARLES DICKENS.

[1] Rou′ en, (rō′ en), a city of France, sixty-eight miles N. W. of Paris.

SECTION XXXII.

I.

150. THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strŏng passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and mŏral endowments.[1] Clēarnèss, fōrce, and earnèstnèss are the qualities which produce conviction.

2. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in evèry way, but they cannot compass[2] it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

3. Affected passion, intense expression, the pŏmp of declamation, all may aspire after it: they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting fōrth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous,[3] original, native fōrce.

4. The graces taught in the schools, the cŏstly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lŏst their power, rhetoric[4] is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

5. Then, pātriotism[5] is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception,[6] out-running the deductions[7] of logic,[8] the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntlèss spirit,

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[1] **En dow′ ments**, gifts, qualities, or faculties, bestowed by the Creator; that which is bestowed, or settled on.

[2] **Compass**, (kŭm′ pas), surround; secure; gain.

[3] **Spon tā′ ne ous**, arising from internal feeling; voluntary; springing up of itself.

[4] **Rhĕt′ o ric**, the science of oratory; the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and force.

[5] **Pā′ tri ot ism**, love of one's country; the passion which aims to serve one's country.

[6] **Con cĕp′ tion**, apprehension; ideā.

[7] **De dŭc′ tions**, inferences drawn from assertions; conclusions.

[8] **Lŏg′ ic**, the art of thinking and reasoning justly.

speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action. DANIEL WEBSTER.

II.

151. ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty,—and died!—
It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates[1] the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield,—
She must not fall: her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.

2. Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,[2]
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.
It did depend on one indeed:
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.

3. Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the rising storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

4. But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won:—
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,

---

[1] **An nĭ' hi lāte**, to reduce to nothing; to destroy.

[2] **Host**, an army; a number of men formed into a body for war; a multitude or throng; any great number.

As if his dearèst friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried—
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

5. Swift to the breach his cŏmrādes fly—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

III.

152. CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightèst prejudice. I would not do him the smallèst injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishmènt of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination,[1] may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

2. Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. An agèd man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night hold him in their sŏft, but strŏng embrace.

[1] As săs' sin ā' tion, the act of murdering by secret assault, or by sudden violence.

3. The assassin enters through the windōw, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiselèss foot, he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent' of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chāmber. Of this he moves the lock, by sŏft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

4. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocènt sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his agèd temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

5. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yĕt plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.[1] He even raises the agèd arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard![2] To finish the picture, he explōres the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no lōnger!

6. It is accomplished! The deed is done! He retreats—retraces his steps to the windōw, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

7. Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whōle creātion of God has nēither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestōw it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds evèry thing as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe: "*murder will out.*"

8. True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore evèry man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears cătch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene;

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[1] **Bludgeon**, (blŭd'jun), a short stick, with one end loaded, or thicker and heavier than the other; a thick stick or club.

[2] **Poniard**, (pŏn'yard), a small dagger.

shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightèst circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

9. Meantime the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself—or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself—it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to Gŏd or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance ēither from heaven or earth.

10. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whōle world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the vĕry silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence.

11. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater vīōlence to burst fōrth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

IV.

153. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

IT had been a day of triumph in Căpuă.[1] Len'tulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace, with the spōrts of the amphitheater, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious[2] city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

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[1] **Căp'u a**, a fortified city of Naples. It was built out of the ruins of ancient Capuă, the city here referred to, the remains of which, about two miles E., include a gate, and portions of a very large amphitheater.

[2] **Luxurious**, (lug zū're ŭs), delighting in the pleasures of the table; devoted to pleasure

2. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus[1] with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its stŏry to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

3. In the deep recesses of the amphitheater, a band of glădiators[2] were assembled,—their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yĕt lingering on their brows,—when Spar'tacus,[3] starting fŏrth from amid the thrŏng, thus addressed them:

4. "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve lŏng years, has met upon the arēna evĕry shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yĕt lōwered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand fŏrth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

5. "And yĕt, I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still mōre savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I spōrted; and when, at noon, I găthered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook togĕther our rustic meal.

6. "One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my

[1] **Vul tur' nus**, now Volturno, (vol-tŏr' no), a river of Naples.

[2] **Glăd' i ā tor**, a swōrd-player; a prize-fighter.

[3] **Spar' ta cus**, a celebrated gladiator, a Thracian by birth, who having escaped from Capuă along with some of his companions, was soon followed by other gladiators, and by slaves, robbers, pirates, and other desperate men. After having defeated four of the consular armies of Rome, he was met and completely routed by the pretor Crassus, having lost not less than forty thousand of his followers. Spartacus behaved with great valor; and when he fell, B. C. 71, it was upon a heap of Romans whom he had sacrificed to his fury.

grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon[1] and Leuctra,[2] and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

7. "That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph.

8. "I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,—'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-*gladiators*, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

9. "O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of ruggèd brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe!—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he

[1] **Măr′ a thon**, a plain of Greece, not many miles from Athens, renowned for the victory of Miltiades, over the army of Xerxes, B. C. 490.

[2] **Leuctra**, (lŭk′ tra), a maritime village, now called Leftro, in Morea a peninsula, the S. portion of the kingdom of Greece.

shall pay thee back, till the yĕllōw Tiber is red as frŏthing wine, and in its deepèst ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

10. "Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-mŏrrōw some Roman Adōnis,[1] breathing sweet per'fume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sĕsterces[2] upon your blood! Hark! hear ye yŏn lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-mŏrrōw he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

11. "If ye are *brutes*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife: if ye are *men*,—follow me! strike down yŏn guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ![3] Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O cŏmrādes! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves;* if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors;* if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!" ELIJAH KELLOGG.

SECTION XXXIII.

I.

154. ONE YEAR AGO.

WHAT stars have faded from our sky!
What hopes unfolded but to die!
What dreams so fondly pondered ō'er,
Forever lost the hues they wore!
How like a death knell sad and slow,
Tōlls through the soul, "one year ago."

[1] **A dō' nis**, in mythology, a youth famed for his beauty, the son of Cinyras.

[2] **Sĕs' terce**, a Roman coin, about four cents.

[3] **Ther mŏp' y læ**, a famous pass of Greece, about five miles long, and originally from fifty to sixty yards in width. It is hemmed in on one side by precipitous rocks of from four hundred to six hundred feet in height, and on the other side by the sea and an impassable morass. Here Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans died in defending Greece against the invasion of Xerxes.

2. Where is the face we loved to greet,
The form that graced the fireside seat,
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That blessed our life-path day by day?
Where fled those accents, soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago!"

3. Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won, no longer there;
From door and hall, from porch and lawn,
The echo of the voice is gone;
And we who linger only know,
How much was lost "one year ago!"

4. Beside her grave the marble white,
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of footsteps o'er her lowly bed;
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life "one year ago!

5. But why repine? a few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led;
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "ONE YEAR AGO!"

C. C. Cox.

II.

155. DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life: not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger

would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strŏng heart of its child-mistrèss was mute and motionlèss forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gŏne. Sŏrrōw was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happinèss were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

3. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this chānge. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the dōor of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the āngels in their majesty, after death.

4. The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small, tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if implōring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ān-cient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiselèss haunts of many a thoughtlèss hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yĕsterday—could know her no mōre.

6. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

7. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier pōrtion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man:

they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she ŏften said "Gŏd bless you!" with great fervor.

8. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which she said, was in the air. Gŏd knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes at last, from a vĕry quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forgĕt—and clung, with bŏth her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained: but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnèst and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

9. The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be vĕry quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day lŏng when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

10. Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favŏrite, he was moved as they had not seen him yĕt, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone togĕther.

11. Soothing him with his artlèss talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to găther fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

12. And now the bell—the bell she had so ŏften heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn plĕasure, almost as a living voice—rung its remorselèss toll for her, so young, so beau-

tiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helplèss infancy, pōured fōrth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to găther round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old; the dĕaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms,—to see the closing of that early grave.

13. Alŏng the crowded path they bōre her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that pōrch where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

14. They carried her to one old nook, where she had, many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden sŏftly on the pavemènt. The light streamed on it through the colored windōw—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day lŏng. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

15. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sŏrrōw. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

16. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that vĕry spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with a pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldèst there, that she had seen and talked with ăngels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

17. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing

down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place: when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave; in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

III.

156. THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst;
And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

2. After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,
And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Al'pine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

3. They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadows' tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb
To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

4. But nought can tempt the timid things
The steep and ruggèd path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared belōw the pastures lie,
Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedlèss of the rifts and breaks,
They follōw on ō'er rock and snow.

5. And in those pastures, lifted fair,
Mōre dewy-sōft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs togĕther feed.
This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

6. A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses swāy
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry wāy,
Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice alŏng the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me." MARIA LOWELL.

IV.

157. THE SLEEP.

OF all the thoughts of Gŏd that are
Bōrne inward unto souls afar,
Alŏng the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He givèth His belovèd, sleep?"[1]

[1] "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so *he giveth his beloved sleep.*" (Psalm cxxvii. 1, 2.)

2. What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
The pātriot's voice, to teach and rouse;
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth *His* belovèd, sleep."

3. What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved;
A little dust, to over weep;
And bitter memories to make
The whōle earth blasted for our sake?
"He giveth *His* belovèd, sleep."

4. "Sleep sŏft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *His* belovèd, sleep."

5. O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold! the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that ō'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth his belovèd, sleep."

6. His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More sŏftly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He givèth His belovèd, sleep."

7. Ay, men may wonder when they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But ängels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He givèth His belovèd, sleep!"

8. For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the mummer's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
"Who giveth His beloved, sleep."

9. And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,—
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SECTION XXXIV.

I.

158. QUEEN ISABELLA, OF SPAIN.

HER person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair, a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome.

2. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums[1] so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry[2] of features, with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

3. Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability[3] which flowed from the kindliness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love.

4. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the

[1] **En cō′ mi um**, a high commendation; praise.

[2] **Sym′me try**, a due proportion of the parts of a body to each other.

[3] **Af` fa bil′ i ty**, easiness of approach; readiness to converse.

peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries[1] in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When traveling in Galicia,[2] she attired herself in the costūme of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating depōrtmènt, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendency[3] over her turbulent[4] subjects, which no king of Spain could ever bōast.

5. She spoke the Castilian[5] with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discōurse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate, even to abstemiousness,[6] in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine; and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses of herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty dūcats.[7]

6. She was equally simple and ēconŏmical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence;[8] but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels, as presents to her friends.

7. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusemènts which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the cōarser and less intellectual plĕasures to which they were addicted.

8. Among her mŏral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps,

[1] **Nŭn′ ne ry**, a religious house for females called nuns, who have forsaken the world.

[2] **Galica**, (gal lsh′ o å), an old province of Spain.

[3] **As cĕnd′ en cy**, superior or controlling influence.

[4] **Turbulent**, (tĕr′ bu lent), riotous; violent; mutinous.

[5] **Castilian**, (kas tĕl′ yan), the language spoke in Castile, considered the most elegant dialect of Spain.

[6] **Ab stē′ mi ous ness**, a sparing use of food, or strong drink.

[7] **Dŭc′ at**, a coin of several countries in Europe, struck in territory governed by a duke. A silver ducat is generally of nearly the value of an American dollar, and a gold ducat of twice the value.

[8] **Mag nĭf′ i cence**, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.

was her magnanimity.[1] She betrayed nothing little or selfish, in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents, or sinister mĕasures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy[2] of others.

9. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes[3] in all his obnoxious[4] but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny[5] of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova;[6] and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt, by bŏth, as the last of their good fortune.

10. Artifice[7] and duplicity[8] were so abhŏrrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that when they appear in the fŏreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust, or lātent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even, sometimes, advances, to those who had personally injured her.

11. But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind, was piety. It shōne fŏrth from the vĕry depths of her soul with a heavenly rādiance, which illuminated her whŏle character. Fortunately, her earliĕst years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of

[1] **Măg`na nĭm′i ty**, greatness of mind; dignity or elevation of soul, which meets danger with calmness and firmness, which raises the possessor above revenge, which makes him hate injustice and meanness, and moves him to act and suffer for noble objects.

[2] **Per′fi dy**, treachery; falsehood.

[3] **Cardinal Ximenes**, (zĭ mē′ nēz), born 1437, died 1517. He was the queen's confessor.

[4] **Obnoxious**, (ob nŏk′shus), odious; unpopular.

[5] **Căl′um ny**, the uttering of a false charge, proceeding from hatred against another.

[6] **Gonsalvo de Cordova**, (gonsăl′vo dā kôr′do vā), called also "the Great Captain," was a Spanish warrior, distinguished by his victories over the Moors in Spain, and the French in Naples. Born 1443, died 1515.

[7] **Ar′ti fice**, an artful or skillful contrivance; a fraud or trick.

[7] **Du plĭc′i ty**, double-dealing; deceitfulness.

a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion, as nothing in after life had power to shake.

12. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's cōurt; but its blandishments,[1] so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers; for she was surrounded by a mŏral atmosphere of purity, "driving far ŏff each thing of sin and guilt." Such was the decōrum of her manners, that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightèst reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious[2] court.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

II.

159. BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR is king! Belshăzzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his bōard;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man lovèth runs redder than blood;
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout, till the vast roofs ring—
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

2. "Bring fōrth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold
Which my father tōre down from the temples of old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!" and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Bāäl,[3] and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals[4] ring,—
"Praise, praise to Belshăzzar, Belshazzar the king!"

3. *Now* what comèth—look, look!—without menace,[5] or call?
Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?

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[1] **Blănd'ish ment**, words or actions expressive of affection or kindness, and tending to win the heart, or to flatter.

[2] **Ca lŭm' ni ous**, slanderous.

[3] **Bā' al**, an idol or false god of the Assyrians and Chaldeans.

[4] **Cym' bal**, a flat musical instrument, in a circular form, producing, when two are struck together, a sharp ringing sound.

[5] **Mĕn' ace**, the show of an intention to inflict an evil; a threat; the show of probable evil to come.

What piercèth the king like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read—and Belshăzzar is dead on the ground!
Hark! The Persian is come on a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

B. W. Procter.

III.

160. CHARACTER OF HENRY CLAY.

HE was indeed eloquent—all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards[1] within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was, nevertheless, ōnly an instrumènt, and one of many that he used.

2. His conversation, his gestures, his vĕry look was magisterial,[2] persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefăt'igable. Defeat ōnly inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers.

3. His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefèst among them was that one which the great Italian (ĭ tăl'-yăn) poet designated as the charity of native land. In him, that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him mōre impartial between conflicting interests and sections, than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution.

4. Thus, with great versatility[3] of talent, and the most catholic[4] equality of favor, he identified evèry question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Trĭbune[5] of the people. He

[1] **Wards**, the inner parts of a lock.

[2] **Mag`is tē'ri al**, like a master; commanding.

[3] **Ver sa til'i ty**, the faculty of easily turning one's mind to new subjects.

[4] **Căth'o lic**, embracing the whole; liberal.

[5] **Trĭb'une**, in ancient Rome, an officer chosen by the people to protect them from the oppressions of the nobles.

needed only to pronounce in favor of a mĕasure, or against it, here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the senate-chamber.

5. In this way, he wrought a chānge in our political system, that, I think, was not foreseen by its founders. He converted this branch of the legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium between the executive and the house of representatives, into the active, ruling power of the republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent, or even permanent.

6. Certainly, sir, the great lights of the senate have set. The obscuration[1] is no less palpable to the country than to us, who are left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with self-distrust. The time, too, presents new embarrassments.

7. We are rising to another and more sublime stage of nătional prŏg'ress—that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrand'izement.[2] Our institutions throw a broad shadōw acrŏss the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyŏnd the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central Amĕrica, while the Sandwich Islands and the shōres of China rĕc'ognize their renovating[3] influence.

8. Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated, not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield?

9. Commerce has brought the ăncient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions—perhaps connections or colonies there—and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations, their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles, or indifference extinguishes, the fires of freedom in fŏreign lands.

10. Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that

[1] **Ob`scu rā' tion**, the state of being obscured, or darkened.

[2] **Ag grănd' ize ment**, exaltation; the act or state of becoming great or greater in power, rank, or honor; augmentation; enlargement.

[3] **Rĕn' o vāt ing**, restoring to a good state; renewing.

eternal line of separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit ōnly to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, east and west, shall come under our own protection, or be left to ăg'grandīze a rapidly spreading domain of hŏstīle despotism.

11. Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation.[1] With them there will remain, also, the protection and favor of the Most High, if, by the practice of justice and the māin'tenance of freedom, we shall deserve them.

12. Let, then, the bier pass on. We will follow with sŏrrōw but not without hope, the reverend form that it bears to its final resting-place; and then, when that grave opens at our feet to receive so ĕs'timable a trĕasure, we will invoke the Gŏd of our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instructions.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

IV.

161. LAST HOURS OF WEBSTER.[2]

AMONG the many memorable words which fell from the lips of our friend just before they were closed forever, the most remarkable are those which have been quoted by a previous speaker,—"I STILL LIVE." They attest the serene composure of his mind; the Christian hĕroism with which he was able to turn his consciousnèss in upon himself, and explōre, step by step, the dark passage (dark to us, but to him, we trust, already lighted from above), which connects this world with the world to come.

2. But I know not what words could have been better chosen to express his relation to the world he was leaving—"I still live." This poor dust is just returning to the dust from which

[1] **Em`u lā'tion**, effort to equal or surpass.

[2] **This extract** is the concluding portion of a speech delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 27th of October, 1852.

it was taken, but I feel that I live in the affections of the people to whose services I have consecrated my days. "I still live." The icy hand of death is already laid on my heart, but I shall still live in those words of counsel which I have uttered to my fellow-citizens, and which I now leave them as the last bequest of a dying friend.

3. In the lŏng and honored career of our lamĕnted friend, there are efforts and triumphs which will hereafter fill one of the brightèst pages of our history. But I greatly err if the closing scene—the height of the religious sublime—does not, in the judgmènt of other days, far transcend in interèst the brightèst exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene of which we shall not readily find the parallel.

4. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the King of Terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation: the thoughtfulnèss for the public business, when the sands were so nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife and children and kindred and friends and family, down to the humblèst members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when "all that was mortal of Daniel Webster should cease to exist!" the dimly-recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray;[1] the last faint flash of the sōaring intellect; the feebly-murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all the resōurces of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayers. Oh! my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation[2] over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed ages after the glōries of the fōrum and the senate are forgotten.

5. "His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

[1] **Thomas Gray**, the poet, author of the "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard," was born in 1716, and died in 1771.

[2] **Cŏn`sum mā´tion**, the act of carrying to the utmost extent or degree; completion; termination; close; perfection.

6. "But ere the Sun, in all his state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
He passed through glōry's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise." EDWARD EVERETT.

V.

162. LAST HOURS OF J. Q. ADAMS.

THE distinguished characteristics of his life were beneficent[1] labor and personal contentment. He never sought wealth, but devoted himself to the service of mankind; yet, by the practice of frugality and method, he secured the enjoyment of dealing fōrth continually no stinted charities, and died in affluence.

2. He never solicited place or preferment, and had no partisan combinations or even connections; yet he received honors which eluded the covetous grasp of those who formed parties, rewarded friends, and proscribed enemies; and he filled a lōnger period of varied and distinguished service than ever fell to the lot of any other citizen. In evèry state of this prōgress he was content. He was content to be president, minister, representative, or citizen.

3. Stricken in the midst of this service, in the vĕry act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of conscript[2] fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened, and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief period. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous.

4. His weeping family and his sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal ĭmpōrt. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse.

5. He could not shake ŏff the dews of death that găthered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up

[1] **Be nĕf' i cent**, marked by charity, kindness, or active goodness.

[2] **Cŏn' script**, written; enrolled. *Conscript fathers*, the senators of Rome, the name having been applied first to certain new senators *enrolled with* the original body, and afterward to all of them.

before him. But he knew that eternity lay close by the shōres of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived.

6. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man, "this is the last of earth." He paused for a moment, and then added, "*I am content.*"

7. Angels might well have drawn aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when, in mortal agony, One who spake as never man spake, said, "*It is finished.*"

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

SECTION XXXV.

I.

168. SCENE FROM THE COMEDY OF "MONEY."[1]

[EVELYN, *a rich man of fashion*—STOUT *and* GLOSSMORE, *violent politicians of opposite parties*—SHARP, *a lawyer.*]

Enter EVELYN, *meeting* STOUT, *who comes in out of breath, with haste*—SHARP *is seated at a desk.*

EVELYN. Stout, you look heated!

Stout [*with great eagerness, but pompously*]. I hear you've just bought the great Groginhole property.

Evelyn. It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month—excellent creature, the dearest friend I have in the world—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! Popkins intends to start for the borough[2] the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election. Now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that's bigoted, here comes Glossmore!

[1] In the following dialogues, which are supposed to be copies of the conversation of ordinary life, the style of the reader should be spirited, unrestrained, and perfectly free from effort and declamation.

[2] Borough, (bûr′ rō), an incorporated town that is not a city; in England, a town or village that sends members to parliament.

Enter GLOSSMORE.

Gloss. [*eagerly*]. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not lŏng for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so vĕry ungentleman-like!) Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. This is an awful momènt—the *constitution* depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

Stout. Popkins is your man.

Evelyn [*musing*]. Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher. Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I *am* puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

Stout. Your *property's* known there!

Evelyn. But purity of election—independence of voters.

Stout. To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably.* Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins.

Evelyn. Right! down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have fifty thousand a-year: Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of fifty thousand a-year will be affected by the motion.

Evelyn. Right; for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That *is* law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy: there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker five thousand a-year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money.

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveler.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Gloss. A bigot, sir!

Stout. Yes, a bigot! [*Puts his hat on, and with his hands in his pocket looks fiercely at Glossmore.*]

Evelyn [*laughing*]. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all. Did you ever play at *battledoor?*

Both. Battledoor!

Evelyn. Battledoor—that is, a contest between two parties:

bŏth parties knock about something with singular skill: something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledoors! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feathers! —Go and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it.

Stout [*aside*]. Sad ignorance! Ar'istocrat![1]

Gloss [*aside*]. Heartlèss principles! Parvenu![2]

Stout. Then you dŏn't go *against* us! I'll bring Popkins tomŏrrŏw.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era[3] in history. [*Goes out.*

Gloss. I must go to the club: the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gŏne. [*Goes out.*

Evelyn. All parties alike! nothing but money! Money *versus*[4] Man!—Sharp, come here!—let me look at you. [*Sharp rises from the desk.*] You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of businèss. I believe you honèst;—but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches pocket! Observe, I lay this piece of yĕllŏw earth on the table—I contem'plate you bŏth;—the man there—the gold here. Now, there is many a man in those streets as honèst as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form, impĕrishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man? No! it is the fault of mankind. Gŏd made man; behold what mankind has made a god! By the by, Sharp, send a hundred pounds to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt down yĕsterday.

Sharp. Yĕs, sir.

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[1] **Aristocrat**, (ăr' is to krat), one who favors, in principal or practice, a form of government whose power is vested in the chief persons of a state; a haughty, proud, or overbearing person.

[2] **Par've nu**, an upstart; one lately come into notice.

[3] **E' ra**, a fixed point of time from which any number of years is begun to be counted.

[4] **Ver' sus**, against.

Evelyn. Well, man, don't stand gaping there: have you no bowels? Go and see to it immediately. [*They go out at opposite sides.*

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

II.

164. SCENE FROM "THE POOR GENTLEMAN."

Characters: SIR CHARLES CROPLAND—WARNER, *his steward*—OLLAPOD.

WARNER. Your honor is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles. A very tedioŭs time—three days, Mr. Warner.

War. Ah, good sir! things would prosper better if you honored us with your presence a little mōre. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it vĕry difficult to live upon their estates.

War. The country about you so charming!

Sir C. Look ye, Warner: I must hunt in Leicestershire[1]—for that's the thing. In the frŏsts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

War. The mōst beautiful part of the country!

Sir C. Hang beauty! We don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent——

War. A land of milk and honey!

Sir C. I hate milk and honey!

War. A land of fat!

Sir C. Melt your fat! Listen to me: my estates being in Kent——

War. So woody!

Sir C. Burn the wood! No, that's wrŏng; for it's convenient—I am come on purpose to cut it.

War. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then, the ax to the root! Money lŏst at play, and then, good lack! the fŏrest groans for it.

[1] **Leicestershire**, (lĕs'ter sher), an inland country of England, near its center.

Sir C. But you are not the fŏrest, and why the deuce do you groan for it?

War. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber[1] the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir C. And I shall have views for my posterity: I shall take especial care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my pĕr'emptory[2] order, sir.

War. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart. Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forgĕt some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir C. What do you mean by duties?

War. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfill: such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honor of old England; to promote the welfare of his honèst tenants; and to succor the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I *shall* obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir C. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by *no* means unin'teresting, nor his services inconvenient. [*Enter* Ollapod.] Ah! Ollapod!

Oll. Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave! Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Oll. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association cŏrps of our town. *It*

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[1] En cŭm' ber, embarrass; to load with debt.

[2] Pĕr' emp to ry, that puts an end to all debate; positive.

fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going ŏff of a field-piece, or an alderman in apoplexy.

Sir C. Explain.

Oll. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to spōrt, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Gālen's[1] Head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir C. Well, no mōre on that head now. Proceed.

Oll. On that head! [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! That's vĕry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when who should strut into the shop but Lieūtĕn'ant Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel'! I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

Sir C. Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a favorable sort.

Oll. Ha! ha! That's vĕry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before I had killed six brace[2] of birds. I thumped on at the mortar. We then talked of physic; I told him, the day before I had killed—lŏst, I mean, six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eying him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belŏng to the cōrps. The medical and military bōth deal in death, you know—so, 'twas natural. He! he!—do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Take! Oh, nobody can miss.

Oll. He then talked of the cōrps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of

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[1] **Gā'len**, or in Latin, Claudius Galenus, a celebrated physician and most prolific and able writer, was born about 131 A. D. At the age of thirty-four he settled at Rome, where, soon after, he became physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Medicine and every science allied to it are under great obligations to Galen. He was a man skilled in all philosophy, a profound reasoner, an ardent admirer of truth, and a worthy member of society.

[2] **Brāce**, a pair; a couple.

the association, dose the men, and drench the horses, he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C. Well, you jumped at the ŏffer?

Oll. Jumped! I jumped over the counter; kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieūtĕn'ant Grains' smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel'; embraced him and his ŏffer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Gālen's Head, of the Association Cōrps of Cavalry, at your service!

Sir C. I wish you joy of your appointmènt. You may now distill water for the shop from the laurels you găther in the field.

Oll. Water for—Oh! laurel-water. He! he! Come, that's vĕry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Why, I fancy fame will follōw, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir C. A mistake!

Oll. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diĕt-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and floŭrished, with great *éclat;*[1] but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a deuce of a hurry, I presented, neck fōremōst, the diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented by the jolting of my horse, it fōrced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C. Ha! ha! ha! A mistake, indeed.

Oll. Rather awkward!—But, Sir Charles, excuse me—your servant! I must march—patients impatient. You take?

Sir C. Oh, yĕs; and so will they, I fancy, before you've done with them.

Oll. Ha! physic—certainly! Salts, rhubarb, senna, coloquĭn'tida, scammony, gamboge.[2] Good, good! thank you, good sir; I owe you one! [*They go out at opposite sides.*

COLMAN.

[1] **Eclat**, (e klă'), brilliancy of success or effort which attracts admiration and applause; striking effect.

[2] **Gamboge**, (gam bŏj').

III.

165. THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hŏss shāy,
That was built in such a logical[1] way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it——Ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay—
Scaring[2] the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

2. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus[3] was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon[4] town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's[5] army was done so brown,
Left without a scălp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hŏss shay.

3. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakèst spot—
In hub, tire, fellōe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crŏssbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—

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[1] **Logical,** (lŏj′ĭk ăl), according to the rules of correct reasoning and thinking; discriminating.

[2] **Scaring,** (scâr′ing).

[3] **Georgius Secundus,** George II., king of England, born in 1683, and died October 25, 1760.

[4] **Lisbon,** (lĭz′bon), a city of western Europe, capital of the kingdom of Portugal, situated on the right bank of the Tagus, near its mouth, in the Atlantic Ocean. The earthquake here alluded to threw down a considerable part of the city, and destroyed about 60,000 of its inhabitants.

[5] **Edward Braddock,** Major-general and Commander-in chief of the British forces in America, conducted an expedition against Fort Duquesne (du kân′), now Pittsburg. On the 9th of July, 1755, while attempting to invest the fort, he fell into an ambush prepared by the Indians and the French, in which he lost nearly one-half of his troops, and himself received a mortal wound (wŏnd).

Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyŏnd a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

4. But the Deacon *swore*—(as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")—
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:—
"Fur, said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strŏng uz the rest."

5. So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strŏngest oak,
That could n't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
The crŏssbars were ash, from the straightèst trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs from lŏgs from the "Settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they could n't sell 'em—
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bōlt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finèst, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

6. Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, bēards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconèss dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?

But there stood the stout old one-hŏss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

7. Eighteen Hundred—it came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strŏng and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kĕrridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then came fifty—and Fifty-five.

8. Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundrèdth year
Without bōth feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a mŏral that runs at large:
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

9. First of November—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hŏss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay—
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strŏng as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the flōor,
And the whipple-tree nēither less nor mōre,
And the back crŏssbar as strong as the fōre,
And spring, and axle, and hub *encōre*.[1]
And yet, *as a whòle*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *wōrn out!*

10. First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson[2] takes ă drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hŏss shay,

[1] **Encore**, (ŏng kōr′), once more; again; the same;—a word used by the auditors and spectators of plays and other sports to call for a repetition of a particular part.

[2] **Parson**, (pär′sn), a clergyman.

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

11. The parson was working his Sunday text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First ă shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sĭtting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

12. What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.—
End of the wonderful one-hŏss shay.
Logic IS *Logic*. That's all I say. O. W. HOLMES.

SECTION XXXVI.

I.

166. ASCENT OF POPOCATAPETL.

THE ascent had now become vĕry difficult, and was not entirely free from danger; for the steep plain or valley was partially covered with fields of snow, which, after having been sŏftened by the heat of the previous day, was now hard frozen, and afforded a very insecure hold. Supporting ourselves on the snow by means of our pointed poles, and assisting our footing in other places by the sharp stones, which were frozen in the sand, and protruded themselves above its surface, we continued to ascend gradually, but constantly. As the lines

which bounded the irregular inclined plain we were ascending converged to a point, the inclination became greater, and the increasing rarefaction[1] of the atmosphere added much to our difficulty and fatigue.

2. Before reaching the upper termination of this plain, the distant mountain-chains and deep valleys were indistinctly visible in the west, clothed in the illusive[2] charms of the early dawn. But it was when we were clambering up the steep acclivity which terminates this valley, a little below the Pico del Fraile, that the full glow of morning burst upon our view in its brightest effulgence.

3. The sun, as it rose unclouded in the east, lighted up in all the splendor of a morning in spring, the varying scenes which were spread around us. Nothing could be more beautiful or impressive than the changing tints which came successively over the brightening landscape, as the lofty mountain cast its conical[3] shadow across the valley, and on the distant hills, and on the clouds which curled around them, and for a long time, obscured the country and villages at its base in the uncertain gloom of early morning, while all beyond the clearly defined line of shadow was glistening in the bright beams of the sun.

4. Passing over the rugged termination of the valley along which we had ascended, the Pico del Fraile, a porphyritic[4] mass shooting up like a needle to the height of perhaps eighty feet, was in plain view and but a short distance above us. We reached this singular rock about twenty minutes past seven o'clock, A. M. It is situated about fifteen hundred feet, in vertical[5] height, from the peak of the mountain, on a bold and rocky ridge, once, apparently, a stream of lava, and which extends in a southwestern direction from the summit, and divides into the two ridges between which we had ascended. On a clear morning

[1] Răr`e făc'tion, the act or process of making rare, or of expanding a body; the distending or enlarging of a body by separating its parts.

[2] Il lū'sive, deceiving by false show; deceitful; false.

[3] Cŏn'ic al, having the form of, or resembling a cone; round and decreasing to a point.

[4] Por`phy rĭt'ic, pertaining to, resembling, or consisting of, porphyry, a rock of a compact or close base, through which crystals of feldspar are scattered. These crystals are of a lighter tint than the base, and often white. There are red, purple, and green varieties, which are highly esteemed as marbles.

[5] Ver'tic al, directly overhead; plumb; upright.

this remarkable feature may be distinctly seen from the city of Mexico, on the western profile[1] of the mountain.

5. My attention, upon reaching this point, was directed by one of the party to the appearance, at short intervals, of light clouds of smoke which were rising above the snow, considerably to the right of the summit. This served to indicate the position of the crater, and sufficiently explained the cause of the strong sulphurous odor we had encountered far down the mountain.

6. On the southeastern side of the ridge on which the Pico del Fraile is situated, extending from near the crater to the fŏrests about the waist of the mountain, is a deep valley whose bottom is covered with sand and ice. In order to reach the point indicated by the smoke, it was first necessary, on account of the many precipices which break in upon the unity of the ridge, to descend into this valley, which forms a practicable way through the rocky barriers. Having passed around the southern side of the base of the Pico del Fraile, we continued, for some time, to move in a horizontal direction, along the steep slope of the ridge which forms the western limit of the valley in question, until, having reached the bottom, we resumed the painful ascĕnt′ towards the crater.

7. The effort was difficult and laborious in the extreme to pass in safety over the smooth fields of ice, and amongst the wild crags which obstructed our path; and it required much caution to avoid a false step, which might have precipitated us far into the valley belōw. About six or eight hundred feet above the Pico, we clambered up a steep natural wall of rocks which was at the head of the valley, and entered at once upon an extensive glacier,[2] which filled an indentation in the conical part of the mountain, and extended almost to the summit.

8. The passage of this glacier was by far the most fatiguing pōrtion of the ascent. The surface of the snow, which had now become vĕry deep, was so much softened by the warmth of the sun as to be incapable of sustaining our weight, as we moved over the glacier to a solitary rock which, with the occasional puffs of smoke, directed us to the edge of the crater. The air, too, had become so much rarefied at this immense elevation, as

[1] **Profile**, (prō′fēl), the side face or half face; the outline of a figure or object.

[2] **Glăc′ier**, a moving field of ice and snow, formed in the valleys and slopes of lofty mountains.

scarcely to afford enough oxygen to sustain life. The slightest exertion was attended with great fatigue.

9. We found it necessary, as we advanced, forcing our way through the snow which covered the ice to the depth of more than three feet, to pause, for a few moments, after having taken three or four steps, in order to recover from our exhaustion. A sensation of dizziness, attended with a great oppression about the head, gradually came over us as we ascended; and we were much incommoded by inhaling the noxious gases which were ejected from the crater and dissipated in the surrounding atmosphere.

10. At ten o'clock A. M., the advance of the party reached the edge of the crater. The contrast presented by the bright glare of the snow which had so dazzled our sight during the ascent, and the dark abyss, which, upon climbing the last few feet, yawned suddenly before us, was striking in the highest degree. In the clear atmosphere of these elevated regions, it is difficult to form by the eye alone, an accurate estimate of the distances and apparent dimensions of objects which are at all remote from us. It is not strange, therefore, that the impressions made on the minds of the different individuals composing the party, should in some respects differ. For this reason, I will give only my own opinion of the dimensions of the crater—remarking that my estimates are as small as any which were made by the rest of the party.

11. Its diameter, I think, does not exceed the third of an English mile in length. The depth varies from perhaps four or five hundred to six or eight hundred feet;—the difference of depth in different places being caused by the *slope* of the mountain. The center of the crater is nearly southeast of the summit, which is so slightly removed from the highest part of the circumference that it may be regarded as forming one point of the lip. At the time we reached the edge of the crater, the smoke was issuing in a constant stream from a crevice near the eastern side of the bottom, nearly opposite the point where we stood, as well as occasionally from other parts of the interior. Considerable quantities of sublimated sulphur had been deposited on the bottom and interior conical surfaces; and the quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas evolved from the crater, was highly offensive and injurious.

12. Following along the lip of the crater, the first of the party

succeeded in attaining the summit of the volcano, the highest point of land, with perhaps a single exception, in North Amĕrica, at ten minutes past ten o'clock A. M., on the 11th of April, 1848. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock, having attached a small flag to one of the poles which had been used in making the ascent, we took formal possession of the subjacent country, and planted the "stars and stripes" firmly on the highest peak of the Popocatapetl, overlooking the dark crater which was smoking below.

S. B. BUCKNER.

II.

167. DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

THE discovery itself of the Amĕrican continent may, I think, fairly be considered the mōst extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and ŏften as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation.

2. That a continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united, spread out on bōth sides of the equator, lying between the western shōres of Europe and Africa and the eastern shore of Asia,[1] with groups of islands in ēither ocean, as it were stopping-places on the march of discovery,—a continent, not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of răti̇onal man,—that this great hemisphere, I say, should have lain undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep,—a mystery so vast, within so short a distance, and yĕt not found out,—is indeed a marvel.

3. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance[2] of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise[3] in the west. Dark-woodèd trees, unknown to the Europē'an naturalists, had from age to age drifted over the sea and told of the tropical fŏrests where they grew. Stupendous ocean cŭrrents, driven westward by the ever-breathing trade-winds,[4] had wheeled their

[1] **Asia,** (ā' shi a).

[2] **Prepŏn'derance,** greater weight.

[3] **Coun' ter poise,** a weight to balance another; a force or power sufficient to balance another.

[4] **Trāde'-wind,** a wind in or near the tropical countries, which constantly blows in the same direction. Trading vessels avail themselves of these winds, and hence their name.

mighty flexures[1] alŏng the Amĕrican coast, and returned to Europe with tidings of the everlasting breakwater[2] which had stopped their way.

4. But the fullnèss of time had not yĕt come. Egypt and Assyria, and Tyre and Carthage, and Greece and Rome, must floŭrish and fall, before the seals are broken. They must show what they can do for humanity before the vail which hides its last hope is lifted up. The ăncient civilization must be weighed in a balance and found wanting.

5. Yes, and mōre. Nature must unlock her rarèst mysteries; the quivering steel[3] must learn to tremble to the pole; the ăs'trolābe[4] must climb the arch of heaven, and bring down the sun to the horī'zon; science must demŏn'strate[5] the sphericity[6] of the earth, which the ăncients suspected, but could not prove; the press must scatter the flying rear of mediæval[7] darknèss; the creative instincts of a new political, intellectual, and social life, must begin to kindle into action; and then the Discoverer may go fŏrth.

EDWARD EVERETT.

III.

168. THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION.[8]

GREAT disasters are upon us and upon the whōle country, and without inquīr'ў how these originated, at whose door the fault should be laid, let us now, as common sharers of common misfortunes, on all occasions consult as to the best means, under the circumstances as we find them, to secure the best ends toward future amelioration. Good government is what we want. This should be the leading desire and the controlling object with all, and I need not assure you, if this can be obtained, that our

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[1] **Flexures**, (flĕk'shŏrz), windings.

[2] **Breāk'wa ter**, any mole, mound, or wall, raised in a river or harbor to break the force of the waves and protect shipping; any thing that stops or changes the current of water.

[3] **The magnetic needle**, or mariner's compass.

[4] **As'tro lābe**, an instrument formerly used for measuring the height of the sun or stars at sea.

[5] **Dē mŏn'strāte**, to prove to a certainty, or with great clearness.

[6] **Sphericity**, (sfē rĭs'i tĭ), roundness in every direction; the shape of a ball.

[7] **Mē`di æ'val**, relating to the Middle Ages, that is, from the latter part of the fifth to the fifteenth century.

[8] **From a speech made before the Georgia Legislature, Feb. 22, 1866.**

desolated fields, our barns, our villages and cities, now in ruins, will soon, like the Phœnix, rise again from their ashes, and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.

2. Wars, and civil wars especially, always menace liberty—they seldom advance it, while they usually end in its entire overthrow and destruction. Ours stopped just short of such a catăstrophè. Our ōnly alternative now is ēither to give up all hopes of constitutional liberty, or retrace our steps and look for its vindication and māin'tenance in the forums of reason and justice, instead of on the arēna of arms; in the cōurts and halls of legislation, instead of on the fields of battle.

3. I have not lōst my faith in the virtue, intelligence, and pātriotism of the American people, or in their capacity for self-government. But for these great essential qualities of human nature to be brought into active and efficient exercise for the fulfillment of their pātriotic hopes, it is essential that the passions of the day should subside, that the causes of these passions should not now be discussed, that the late strife should not be stirred.

4. The most hopeful prospect to this age is the restoration of the old Union, and with it the speedy return of fraternal feeling throughout its length and breadth. These results depend upon the people themselves, upon the people of the North quite as much as the South. The masses everywhere are alike equally interested in the great object. Let old issues, old questions, old differences, and old feuds be regarded as fossils of another ĕpoch.

5. The old Union was based on the assumption that it was for the best interest of the people of the United States to be united as they were, each State faithfully performing to the people of other States all their obligations under a common compact. I always said that this assumption was founded on broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet.

6. And now, after the severe chăs'tĭsement of war, if the gĕnèral sense of the whōle country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption, I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, we may not enter upon a new career, exacting increased wonder in the old world by grander achievements hereafter to be made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self-government. ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

IV.

169. THE FLAG RESTORED ON SUMTER.[1]

HAIL to the flag of our fathers and our flag! Glōry to the banner that has gŏne through fōur years, black with tĕmpèsts of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismembermènt! And glory be to Gŏd who, above all hōsts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace!

2. At a cannon shot upon this fort, all the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war which for awfulnèss rises into the first rank of bad eminence. The front of battle going with the sun was twelve hundred miles lŏng, and the depth, mĕasured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast a'reă more than two million men, first and last, for fōur years, have in skirmish, fight, and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts, while a coast and river line, not less than four thousand miles in length, has swarmed with fleets freighted with artillery.

3. The vĕry in'dustry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and with sudden wheel chānged its front from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange machines of war, iron-clad. And so in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there arose such a storm of war as blackened the whōle horī'zon and hemisphere.

4. Since this flag went down, on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to ăngels and men! The soil has drank blood and is glutted; millions mōurn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion; towns and villages have been razed; fruitful fields have turned back to wilderněss.

5. It came to pass, as the prophet said: *The sun was turned to darknèss and the moon to blood.* The cōurse of law was ended. The swōrd sat chief magistrate in half the nation; in'dustry was paralyzed, mŏrals corrupted; the public weal invaded by răpīne and anarchy; whole States were ravaged by avenging armies.

[1] Extract from the oration delivered at Fort Sumter S. C., April 14, 1865.

6. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sunk here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of prey had come fōrth to devour. That lōng night is now ended, and for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks.

7. We do not want your cities or your fields; we do not envy you your prolific soil, nor heavens full of perpetual summer. Let agriculture revel here; let manufactures make evèry stream twice musical; build fleets in every pōrt; inspire the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens, and we shall be glad in your gladnèss and rich in your wealth. All that we ask is unswerving loyalty and universal liberty; and that, in the name of this high sovereignty of the United States of America, we demand, and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, we will have!

8. We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restōre lawful government and a prosperity purer and mōre enduring than that which it protected befōre; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword, *Return to thy sheath*, and to the plow and sickle, *Go forth;* that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new năti̇onal life, compact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strŏng; not for aggression and quarrelsomenèss, but for *the peace of the world;* giving to us the glōrious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies; to sincerer friendship, to răti̇onal instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

9. Reverently, piously, in hopeful pātriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bōw was planted on the cloud, and with solemn fervor, beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree, that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

10. Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when, over North and South, this flag was honored ălīke by all? In all our colonial days we were one; in the lŏng Revolutionary struggle, and in the scōres of prosperous years

succeeding we were united. When the passage of the Stamp Act, in 1765, aroused the colonies, it was Gadsden, of South Carolina, that cried with prēsciĕnt[1] enthusiasm: "*We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men.* There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "Americans." That *was* the voice of South Carolina, that *shall be* again the voice of South Carolina!

11. Faint is the echo; but it is coming; we now hear it sighing sadly through the pines, but it shall yet break in thunder upon the shōre—no North, no West, no South, but the United States of America! There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner, but had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride? Has a fatal fury struck blindnèss or hate into eyes that used to look kindly tōward each other, that read the same Bible, that hung over the historic pages of our năational glōry, that studied the same Constitution?

12. To Thee, Gŏd of our fathers! we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought fōrth from such a harvèst of war the seed of so much liberty and peace. We invoke peace upon the North; peace be to the West; peace be upon the South. In the name of God, we lift up our banner, and dedicate it to Peace, Union, and Liberty, now and forevermore.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

V.

170. THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;
O, tell us what its name may be—
Is this the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

[1] **Prescient**, (prē′ shi ent), having knowledge of events before they take place; foreknowing.

2. In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

3. Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

4. The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land, as ocean, free,
And plants an empire in the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

5. Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float in dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love *thee*,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SECTION XXXVII.

I.

171. THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

WITH bray of the trumpet and roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle, the cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards, the bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nŏstrils the wild chargers fling.

2 Tramp! tramp! ō'er the greensward that quivers belōw,
Scarce held by the curb-bit the fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel, with ear-rending shout,
Peals fŏrth to the squadrons the order—"*Trot out!*"

3. One hand on the saber, and one on the rein,
The troopers move forward in line on the plain.
As rings the word "*Gallop!*" the steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed to a horse's hot flank:
And swift is their rush as the wild tŏrrent's flōw,
When it pōurs from the crag on the valley belōw.

4. "*Charge!*" thunders the leader: like shaft from the bōw
Each mad horse is hurled on the wavering fōe.
A thousand bright sabers are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses are dashed on the square.

5. Resistlèss and recklèss of aught may betide,
Like dēmons, not mortals, the wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!—for the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver like wind-shattered reeds.

6. Vain—vain the red volley that bursts from the square,—
The random-shot bullets are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorselèss, unerring as death,—
No saber that's stainlèss returns to its sheath.

7. The wounds that are dealt by that murderous steel
Will never yield case for the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those who but linger to die.

8. Rein up your hot horses and call in your men,—
The trumpet sounds "*Rally to color*" again.

Some saddles are empty, some cŏmrādes are slain,
And some noble horses lie stark on the plain,
But war's a chance game, boys, and weeping is vain.

F. A. Durivage.

II.

172. THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

ON came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercèst sweep of tempèst blast;
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths rōared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,[1]
The lancer couched his ruthlèss spear,
And, hŭrrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts'[2] eagles flew.

2. In one dark tŏrrent, broad and strŏng,
The advancing onset rōlled alŏng,
Fōrth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep stayed,
As dropped the dying and the dead."

3. Fast as their ranks the thunder tear,
Fast they renewed each'serried[3] square!
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again;

---

[1] Cuirassier, (kwē`ras sēr´), a soldier armed with a cuirass, or breastplate.

[2] Cō´hort, in ancient Rome, a body of about five or six hundred soldiers; any band or body of warriors.

[3] Sĕr´ried, crowded; pressed together.

Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume, and panoply[1]—

4. Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.
Then down went helm and lance,
Down went the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons[2] rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

5. Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host—
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

WALTER SCOTT.

III.

173. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE!
CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

[1] Păn′ o plў, a full suit of defensive armor.

[2] Pĕn′ non, a wing; a flag or streamer.

2.

"FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,—
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

4.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Rŭssian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered:—
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glŏry fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SECTION XXXVIII.

I.

174. A SISTER PLEADING FOR A BROTHER.

ISABELLA. I am a woful suitor to your honor;
Please but your honor hear me.
Angelo. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that mŏst I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must.
Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I *had* a brother, then;—must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look; what I will not, that I can not do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrŏng,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late? Why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again; well, believe this,
No ceremony that to the great belŏngs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon,[1] nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begŏne.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,[2]
And you were Is'abel; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit[3] of the law,
And you but waste your words.[4]

---

[1] **Truncheon**, (trŭn' shun), a short staff; a club; a baton, or military staff of command.

[2] **Pō' ten cy**, power; authority.

[3] **For' feit**, that which is lost by a crime, offense, neglect of duty, or breach of contract.

[4] **Words**, (wĕrdz).

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that are were forfeit once;
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of jŭdgmènt, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-mŏrrōw.

Isab. To-mŏrrōw? oh! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him.
Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offense?
There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict[1] infringe,[2]
Had answered for his deed. Now, 'tis ăwāke;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Or new, or by remĭssnèss new conceived,
And so in prŏg'ress to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yĕt show some pity.

Ang. I show it mŏst of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not knŏw,
Which a dismissed offense would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrŏng,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-mŏrrōw; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence:
And he, that suffers: oh! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.——Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splĭttèst the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,

[1] El' dict, proclamation; law. [2] In fringe', break; encroach upon.

Than the sŏft myrtle: Oh, but man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authŏrity,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the ängels weep.
We can not weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints,—'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.[1]
That in the captain's but a choleric[2] word,
Which in the soldier is flat blăs'phemy.[3]

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authŏrity, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltinèss, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, 'tis such sense,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-mŏrrōw.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you; good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.
Not with fond shĕkels[4] of the testèd gold,
Or stones, whose rate is ēither rich or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to-mŏrrōw.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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[1] **Prŏf'a nā'tion**, a violation of something sacred; irreverent or too familiar treatment of what is sacred.

[2] **Choleric**, (kŏl'er ik), passionate.

[3] **Blăs'phe mў**, irreverent or contemptuous words uttered wickedly against God.

[4] **Shekel**, (shĕk'l), a Jewish coin of the value of about sixty-two and one-half cents.

II.

175. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

WHAT then remains to Shakspeare? and what is there to show that he is not a plagiarist[1]? Evèry thing that makes *The Merchant of Venice* what it is. The people are puppets, and the ĭncidènts are all found in old stŏries. They are mere bundles of barren sticks that the poet's touch causes to bloom like Aaron's[2] rod: they are heaps of dry bones till he clothes them with human flesh and breathes into them the breath of life.

2. Antō'nĭō, grave, pensive, prudent, save in his devotion to his young kinsman, as a Christian hating the Jew, as a loyal merchant despising the usurer; Bassanio,[3] lavish yet prŏvidènt, a generous gentleman although a fortune seeker, wise although a gay gallant, and manly though dependent;

3. Gratiano,[4] who unites the not too common virtues of thorough good nature and unsĕlfishnèss with the sometimes not unserviceable fault of talking for talk's sake; Shўlŏck, crafty and cruel, whose revenge is as mean as it is fierce and furious, whose abuse never rises to invective, or his anger into wrath, and who has yĕt some dignity of pōrt as the avenger of a nation's wrōngs, some claim upon our sympathy as a father outraged by his only child;

4. And Pōrtia,[5] mătchlèss impersonation of that rare woman who is gifted even mōre in intellect than in lovelinèss, and yĕt who stops gracefully short of the offense of intellectuality; these, not to notice minor characters no less perfectly arranged or completely developed after their kind,—these, and the poetry which is their atmosphere, and through which they beam upon us, all rādiant in its golden light, are Shakspeare's ōnly.

5. And these it is, and not the incidents of old, and, but for these, forgotten tales, that make *The Merchant of Venice* a priceless and impĕrishable dower to the queenly city that sĭts enthrōned upon the sea;—a dower of romance mōre bewitching than that of her moonlit waters and beauty-laden bal'co-

[1] **Plagiarist**, (plā'jĭ a rĭst), one who purloins the writings of another, and puts them off as his own · a thief in literature.

[2] **Aaron**, (ār' un).

[3] **Bassanio**, (bȧs sä' nĭ o).

[4] **Gratiano**, (grā`shĕ ä' no).

[5] **Portia**, (pōr' shĭ ȧ).

nies, of adornment more splendid than that of her pictured palaces, of human interèst more enduring than that of her blood-stained annals, more touching even than the sight of her faded grandeur. RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

III.

176. THE TRIAL SCENE.[1]

Present the GRAND DUKE, SENATORS, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Rèady, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sŏrry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stŏny adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous cōurse; but, since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietnèss of spirit,
The vĕry tўranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the cōurt.

Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand befōre our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lēad'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt shōw thy mercy and remorse, mōre strānge
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:[2]

---

[1] **The Trial Scene,** from the play of "the Merchant of Venice," in which the merchant, Antonio, goes security for his friend Bassanio in the sum of three thousand ducats borrowed from Shylock. On failure to repay this sum, he is bound to forfeit a pound of flesh to Shylock, to be cut from his (Antonio's) body. After the forfeiture of the bond, owing to the merchant's heavy losses, this scene occurs in the fourth act of the play.

[2] **Cruelty,** (krō′ el tĭ).

And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not ōnly lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentlenèss and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his lōsses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To ŏffices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose
And by our holy Sabbath have I swōrn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand dŭcats: I'll not answer that:
But say, it is my humor. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand dŭcats
To have it bāned? What, are you answered yĕt?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he can not ăbīde a gaping pig:
Why he, a harmlèss necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
Mōre than a lodgèd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the cŭrrent of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offense is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the *Jew:*
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything mŏst hard,
As seek to sŏften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no mŏre ŏffers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand dŭcats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats,
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrŏng?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why swĕat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as sŏft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no fŏrce in the decrees of Venice!
I stand for jŭdgmènt: answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this cŏurt,
Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Solan. My lord, here stays without

A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Pădˈuă.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Enter NERISSA.

Duke. Came you from Padˈuă, from Bellario?

Ner. From bŏth, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our cŏurt:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendèth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or fŏur of you,
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the cŏurt?

Por. I am informèd thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and Shylock, both stand fŏrth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yĕt in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppèth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;

It blessèth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiëst in the mightiëst; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the fŏrce of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the *hearts* of kings,
It is an attribute to Gŏd himself;
And earthly power doth then show likèst God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the cōurse of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou fŏllōw, this strict cōurt of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yĕs, here I tender it for him in the cōurt?
Yeā, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ō'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the law to your authŏrity:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel villain of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd;
'T will be recorded for a prĕcedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it can not be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, mōst revĕrend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money ŏffered thee.
Shy. An ōath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut ŏff
Nēarèst the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been mōst sound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to jŭdgmènt:
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the cōurt
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appearèth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'T is vĕry true: O wise and upright judge!
How much mōre elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearèst the heart,—thōse are the vĕry words.
Por. It is so. Are there balances here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I can not find it; 't is not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself mōre kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hŏllōw eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me ŏff.
Shy. We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The cōurt awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from ŏff his breast;
The law allows it, and the cōurt awards it.
Shy. Mōst learnèd judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, con'fiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learnèd judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgèst justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice mōre than thou desirest.
Gra. O learnèd judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learnèd judge!
Shy. I take this ŏffer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learnèd judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut ŏff the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor mōre,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentiëth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scales do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou dièst, and all thy goods are con'fiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the ōpen cōurt;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then——
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yĕt another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the prĭvy cŏffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke ōnly, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which hŭmblenèss may drive unto a fine.
Shy. Nāy, take my life and all; pardon not that:

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gŏne, but do it. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

SECTION XXXIX.

I.

177. PASSING AWAY.

I ASKED the stars in the pŏmp of night,
Gilding its blacknèss with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower:[1]
And dirge-like music stŏle from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:—

2. "We have no light that hath not been given;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven;
We have no power wherein man may trust;
Like hĭm are we things of time and dust;
And the lēgend[2] we blazon[3] with beam and rāy,
And the sŏng of our silence, is—'Passing ăwāy.'

[1] **Dow'er**, that with which one is endowed or gifted; gift.

[2] **Lē'gend**, a story about saints which is appointed to be read; any remarkable story handed down from early times; any narrative or story.

[3] **Blazon**, (blā'zn), display; make public far and wide.

3. "We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strŏng,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze alŏng;
Though worshiped as gŏds in the olden dāy,
We shall be like a vain dream—Passing ăwāy."

4. From the stars of heaven and the flowers of earth,
From the pāgeant of power and the voice of mirth,
From the mist of the morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's sŏng and affection's vow,
From all save that ō'er which soul bears swāy,
There breathes but one record—"Passing ăwāy."

5. "Passing away," sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their cōurse by vale and hill:
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time;
And man at last, like his fathers grāy,
Writes in his own dust—"PASSING AWAY."

MISS M. J. JEWSBURY.

II.

178. LIFE.

IF all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's nărrōw bound;
If, travelers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh, what could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could plĕasure give?
Oh, who would venture then to die?
Oh, who could then endure to live?

2. Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy vail behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles benēath;
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who dwell in darknèss and in death?

3. And such were life, without the ray
From our dĭvīne religion given;
'Tis *this* that makes our darknèss day;
'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come. JOHN BOWRING.

III.

179. PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

IN evèry part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderněss the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It was at that age that Gŏd appeared unto Moses, when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people.

2. It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, "in days when the word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision." It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yĕt the youngèst of his father's sons, and when, among the mountains of Bethlehem, he fed his father's sheep.

3. It was at that age, also, "that they brought young children unto Christ, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

4. It these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! Rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the Gŏd of nature reveals himself to thy soul like the mild rādiance of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world.

5. If already devotion hath taught thee her secret plĕasures; if, when nature meets thee in all its magnificence or beauty, thy heart humblèth itself in adoration before the hand which made it, and rejoicèth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained; if, when revelation unvails her mercies, and

the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows with astonishment the glories of his path, and pours at last over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed; if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth on the wings of faith into that heaven "where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high," and seeth the society of angels and of the spirits of just men made perfect," and listeneth to the "everlasting song which is sung before the throne;" if such are the meditations in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys.

6. The world which is before thee, the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness, has no pleasures to bestow that can compare with these. And all that its boasted wisdom can produce has nothing so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, as this pure offering of thy soul. In these days, "the Lord himself is thy shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters" of youth, he now makes "thy soul in repose."

7. But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing, when "thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them;" and, as thy steps advance, "the valley of the shadow of death opens," through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

8. In these days of trial or of awe, "his Spirit shall be with you," and thou shalt fear no ill; and, amid every evil which surrounds you, "he shall restore thy soul. His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life;" and when at last the "silver cord is loosed, thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

ARCHIBALD ALISON.

IV.

180. THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN.

IF yon bright orbs which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here,—

How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,—
Meet soul with soul, and cleave the sky,
And sōar ăwāy from star to star!

2. But oh, how dark, how drear, how lōne,
Would seem the brightèst world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this!—
If there no mōre the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand ălōne can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mŏckery shine,
Mōre hateful as they shine forever.

3. It can not be; each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sŏrrōw hears,
When heaviëst weighs life's galling chain,—
'Tis Heaven that whispers,—"DRY THY TEARS,
THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN."

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

V.

181. SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sŏrrōw for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be dĭvōrced.[1] Evèry other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forgĕt; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the mōst tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament.

2. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forgĕt the friend over whom he mōurns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he mōst loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its pōrtals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgĕtfulnèss?

[1] Dĭ vōrced', disunited or separated.

3. No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblèst attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we mōst loved, is sŏftened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its lovelinèss, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadnèss over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the sŏng of plĕasure, or the burst of revelry?

4. No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than sŏng. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! It buries evèry error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious[1] throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mōldering before him!

5. But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in lŏng review the whōle history of virtue and gentlenèss, and the thousand endearmènts lavished upon us, almōst unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tendernèss, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiselèss attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities.

6. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one mōre assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited,[2] every past endearmènt unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

7. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sŏrrōw to the

[1] Compunctious, (kom pŭngk'-shus), repentant; sorrowful.

[2] Un're quit'ed, not repaid; not done or given in return.

soul, or a fŭrrōw to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom[1] that ventured its whōle happinèss in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindnèss or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wrŏnged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that evèry unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thrŏnging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard grōan, and pōur the unavailing tear, mōre deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

8. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of Nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile[2] tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitternèss of this thy contrite[3] affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living. WASHINGTON IRVING.

VI.

182. A POET'S PARTING THOUGHT.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever ō'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no mōre?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofōre?

2. When the great winds, through leaflèss fŏrests rushing,
Sad music make;—
When the swollen streams, ō'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,—
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mōurn for my sake?

3. When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,
With pūrèst ray,

---

[1] **Bosom**, (bŭz′ um).

[2] **Fū′ tile**, trifling; worthless.

[3] **Cŏn′ trite**, worn; sorrowful; bowed down with grief.

And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lŏst hopes all day?

4. When no star twinkles with its eye of glōry
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have, with their ruins hōary
Its lonenèss crowned,
Will there be then one, versed in misery's stōry,
Pacing it round?—

5. It may be so; but this is selfish sŏrrōw
To ask such meed,—
A weaknèss and a wickednèss to bŏrrōw,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-mŏrrōw
Shall never need.

6. Lay me then gently in my nărrōw dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start:
It were in vain,—for time has lŏng been knelling—
Sad one, depart! William Motherwell

SECTION XL.

I.

183. THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

PART FIRST.

GONE! gŏne forever!—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shōre
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

2. The gay spring,
With its young charms, has gŏne—gone with its leaves—
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds

Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.

3. And summer, with its dews and showers, has gŏne—
Its rainbows glōwing on the distant cloud
Like Spirits of the Storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers, and budding trees,
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants.

4. Autumn too
Has gŏne, with all its deeper glōries—gone
With its green hills like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their Gŏd—
Its cool winds straying mid the fŏrest aīsles
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging ō'er the west
Like banners from the battlements of Heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlit sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the earth;
And they are găthered to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to Eternity.

5. Nor have they gŏne alone. High human hearts
Of passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast, that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joys, that lēaped
Like ăngels from the heart, and wandered free
In life's young morn to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream,
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust.

6. Exultant Hope,
That roved forever on the buoyant winds
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,

And chanted to the ever-listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or sōared into the open sky, until
Night's burning gems seemed jeweled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voicelèss sepulchre.

7. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiēst shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
Whose purity and distance make it dear,
And dreamed of ecstasies, until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
Of the belovèd one—he too has gŏne
To his eternal resting-place.

8. And where
Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
At Glōry's fleeting phantom—he who sought
His fame upon the battle-field, and lŏnged
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood? He too has gŏne!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nervelèss on its clod—his vĕry name
Is but a meteor of the night of years
Whose gleams flashed out a moment ō'er the earth
And faded into nothingnèss.

9. The dream
Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
And life's deep idol memories—all have passed
Like the cloud-shadōws on a starlight stream,
Or a sŏft strain of music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billōw.

II.

184. THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

PART SECOND.

YET, why muse
Upon the past with sŏrrōw? Though the year
Has gŏne to blend with the mysterious tide

Of old Eternity, and borne alŏng
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glōry and of beauty—yĕt, why mōurn
That such is destiny?

2. Another year
Succeedèth to the past—in their bright round
The seasons come and go—the same blue arch,
That hath hung ō'er us, will hang o'er us yĕt—
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of day—and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the air with passion.

3. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections—Hope,
And Joy, and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen—and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tŏssing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundlèss depths,
And struggling to be free.

4. Weep not, that Time
Is passing on—it will ere lŏng reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Alŏng the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean[1] streams
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempèst, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hŭrries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains.

5. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom—and her stirring call

[1] Sŭb` ter rā' ne an, being or lying under the surface of the earth; situated within the earth, or under ground.

Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill-top of her western home—
And lo! it breaks acrŏss old Ocean's flood—
And "*Freedom!* FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.

6. The day-spring!—see!—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcāno's bursting flame,
Is sounding ō'er the earth.

7. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing!—Yŏn glōrious bōw
Of freedom, bended by the hand of Gŏd,
Is spanning[1] Time's dark surges.[2] Its high Arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells, that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Găthering the forms of glōry and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightnèss of the Heavens.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

III.

185. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frŏsty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, acrŏss the snow:
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

[1] Spăn′ning, measuring or reaching from one side to the other.

[2] Surges, (sĕrj′ez), rising billows; great rolling waves.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. ALFRED TENNYSON.

IV.

186. DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter-snow,
And the winter-winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low;
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

2. He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day:—
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the new year will take them away.

Old year, you must not go;
So lŏng as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

3. He frŏthed his bumpers to the brim;
A jolliĕr year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

4. He was full of joke and jest;
But all his mĕrry quips are ō'er.
To see him die, acrŏss the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead bĕfōre.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New year, blīthe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

5. How hard he breathes! ō'er the snōw
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadōws flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps—the light burns low—
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die!
Old year we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?—
Speak out before you die.

6. His face is growing sharp and thin;—
Alack! our friend is gŏne.
Close up his eyes—tie up his chin—
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standèth there alōne,
And waitèth at the dōor.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door. ALFRED TENNYSON.

V.

187. THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN this sober realm of leaflèss trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

2. The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

3. All sights were mellōwed and all sounds subdued,
The hill's seemed further and the streams sang lōw;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter-lŏg with many a muffled blow.

4. The embattled fŏrests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beated host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotèst blue.

5. On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

6. The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew,—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His ālien horn, and then was heard no mōre.

7. Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young:
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

8. Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallōws circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvèst and a plenteous year;

9. Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east,—
All now was sŏngless, empty, and forlorn.

10. Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

11. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

12. Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

13. Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

14. She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

15. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume,—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

16. Re-gave the swords,—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell, mid the ranks of the invading foe.

17. Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

18. At last the thread was snapped,—her head was bowed:
Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,—
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

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